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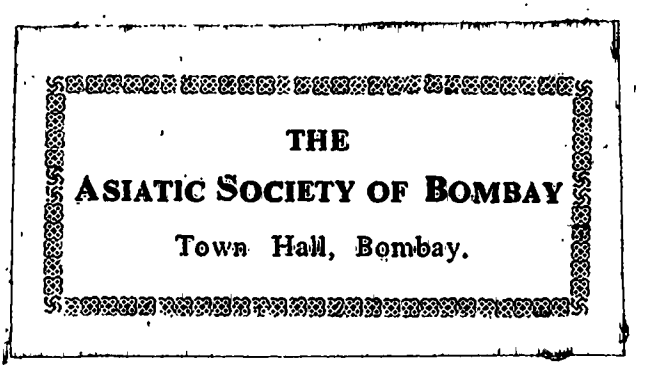

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KOSSUTH

AND

MAGYAR LAND,

OR,

Personal Adventures during the War in Hungary.

BY

CHARLES PRIDHAM, Esq., B.A., F.R.G.S.

LATE CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES" IN HUNGARY.

"Though ever and anon, as shrilly sounds
The ultramontane trumpet, and the deep
And gloomy beat of the barbarian drum
Heralds their German tyrants; to the pile
Where the Imperial Viceroy holds his state
And pallid councils, many a rancorous glance
Speaks hope of vengeance—'Tis in hours like these
Heroic souls are proved, and all men own
The magi- of a Leader."

D'Israeli's Revolutionary Epic.

32765

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32765

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TO

LOUIS KOSSUTH,

CASIMIR BATTHYANY,

AND TO

THE REMNANT OF THAT NOBLE BAND OF PATRIOTS,

WHO, AT THE RISK OF LIFE, FORTUNE, AND FRIENDS,

ROSE, REGARDLESS OF ALL,

AND BY PROCLAIMING THEIR COUNTRY'S LIBERTY,

SOUGHT TO ESTABLISH A NEW BARRIER AGAINST THE DESPOTISM

OF EASTERN EUROPE,

AND TO SUPPORT THE CIVILISATION OF THE WEST,

THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THEIR ARDENT ADMIRER

AND FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

For the fastidious reader, who demands, and is satisfied only, with the supremest elegance of diction—for the philosopher, who seeks materials for historical induction, as soon as the lapse of time shall have rendered the process more dispassionate, who requires a delineation of the idiosyncrasies of peoples and individuals, no less than an esoteric insight into the causes productive of the popular fermentation—for the liberal politician, who may look forward to a bounteous feast of information, either in respect to the advancement of his principles, or to their heroic assertion, this little book neither was, nor could be written.

Yet, it is hoped that each and all may derive from its perusal a certain degree of instruction and interest, where they are prepared to regard it in an indulgent

spirit, and with a disposition to overlook the imperfections to which the suddenness of the occasion has necessarily given birth.

Originally, the work was not intended for publication. Its material, in the form of notes, was preserved, rather to refresh the Author's recollection, than with the view of being arranged to meet the public eye.

An unlooked-for contingency has rendered its publication a paramount duty; and, from a paramount duty no free-born Englishman can, or ought, to shrink, whatever be the cost. A journal, grown hoary in political infamy, has stepped from out its line, as a public monitor, to traduce a noble cause and nation, —sacred to every Briton—through its most eminent citizen. It was not the friends of Kossuth who chose to narrow the rights of his unfortunate country, by an exclusive consideration of his personal merits, however illustrious. It has been reserved for the *Times*, acting under the inspiration of absolutism, to drag forward, and endeavour to steep in the mire of its calumny, the embodiment of Hungarian expression. The assertors of liberty, firm as was their confidence in his unsullied purity, knew too well, generally, the danger of hazarding the character of a contest for human rights on so perilous a die as the conduct of an individual, subject, like every one, to human imperfections. To them, it appeared monstrous, nay, positively silly, to resort to

such a standard of criticism. But no alternative was conceded to them. They soon found they were left to battle on an unequal field. The journal, their adversary, knew it lied—knew, too, that its falsehood had been disproved, but with a pertinacity, indefensible in the promotion of right, excluded all refutation from its columns, and proceeded in its career of traduction. Its charges and insinuations, a thousand times belied, have been periodically re-produced, as the struggle from time to time became critical, and have since been persevered in with the most unblushing effrontery. In vain did the persons, who only could authenticate or gainsay the assertions to which it afforded currency, give them one after another an emphatic contradiction. It heeded neither person nor thing, so long as they refuted its calumnies; and suffered not their antidotes to see the light. Iteration, once the motto of a barefaced Irish agitator, was unscrupulously dragged from the obscurity into which British intelligence had consigned it, and with the equally celebrated apophthegm of Danton, was employed to serve a threadbare but still appropriate purpose.

Conscious of the peculiar constitution of the English mind, but too well aware of its cautious and dilatory habits of induction, it has sought, by iteration, to render eventually palatable what had long been rejected with disdain. *Decies repetita placebit* has been the *rôle* it has assigned to itself. Shrewdly perceiving that the crassest

and most opaque of its readers would finally discover the drift of its diatribes, it resolved to diversify its aims, by calling into requisition the services of the perverse sycophants to be found in every community, who, in return for the permission of "beholding themselves" in its columns, are ready to act as its jackals; nay, more, if possible, to go beyond it in vituperation.

There are those who doubt the very existence of these contributors, who believe that they are sham Correspondents, puppets whom its Editors put forward the better to delude a too confiding public; but I, less reliant on human perfectibility, am quite content to believe that a Great Metropolis numbers among its inhabitants a sufficiency of unworthy individuals. To the uninitiated it must have been clear, at the outset, that the articles of the *Times* were either a malignant attempt to defame a great nation through an attack on the character of its greatest citizen, or a magnanimous effort to expose an impudent impostor. Fortunately, no sophistry or wriggling can extricate it out of the dilemma. How far the latter was its purpose, I shall not stop to inquire. The Public at large are now in a position to judge. Independently of its notorious tendencies, and its equally notorious associations, its antecedents debarred it from engaging with clean hands in such an investigation. Besides, for arriving at the truth, neither malice nor a suppression of facts are necessarily constituent elements. The friends of Kossuth

can afford to be generous. Satisfied with vindicating his reputation from the aspersions so malignantly cast upon it, they do not seek to pry into the mysteries of Printing-house-square, or to inquire into the character of its parasites. They are quite content to wait and see that huge automaton collapse of itself, or perchance be reformed before the awakening perception and indignant expostulations of those who have been hitherto its dupes. There is something far more rotten and corrupt than the Corporation within the precincts of the City. But a truce to the grounds for the appearance of this work, and a truce, therefore, to further animadversion upon the *Times*. As yet, I have only lifted the visor, let them beware ere they compel me to tear off the mask.

To those of my readers—and there will be such—to whom my adventures may appear to savour of knight-errantry, I have only to say: Place yourselves in the position in which I then found myself; imagine yourselves excluded from a country, simply because, avoiding all participation in Court favour, and every desire of basking in the smiles of Princes and Ministers, you manifest a disposition to promulgate the truth in its simplicity. Picture to yourselves obstacles closing you in, like a wall, on every side; suppose the guardian of military law chuckling to himself at having thwarted your individual will; and if a spirit of resistance does not arise within you, to overcome the

difficulties thrown across your path, I am much mistaken in our Saxon character. It was certainly with mingled feelings, from which gratification was not altogether excluded, that I regarded the obstacles, as each followed on another. I knew the pallor that comes over despots, when their crimes are dragged to light. If the *détour* I had to make, to regain the scene of operations, had been three times as great, I should not have hesitated in accomplishing it.

That I partially failed in the object of my ambition, and that I have not so much to record, either of Kossuth or his countrymen, as, at first sight, was to be expected, was not my fault, but my misfortune.

Little apparent relation, as the narrative of my journey through Albania, Macedonia, Servia, etc., may have with the Hungarian struggle; to have suppressed it would have been to disconnect and mutilate the thread of my story. It has, however, been compressed within as small a space as was consistent with the avoidance of that evil, and the furtherance of an idea I have simultaneously proposed to myself,—an attempt to interest, by my details, many who have been deterred, by unfounded rumours of danger, from exploring the beauties, and they are many, of the countries I have referred to. Visited as they were, moreover, under circumstances which rendered economy and the husbanding of one's resources a matter of imperative

necessity, they will, perhaps, furnish the reader with a clearer idea of the cost of transit, and of his maintenance during its continuance, than a more pretentious authority.

Lastly, I must apologise to the reader for the egoism which unavoidably creeps into every page. Other, and abler hands have dilated upon the history of Magyar Land and the Magyar, who have taken an active part in the Hungarian struggle; and many, equally able and competent to the task, who have not, have enlarged upon its aims, its conduct, and its sacrifices. I would only refer to the incidents in relation to it QUORUM PARS MAGNA FUI.

LONDON, *October 24th*, 1851.

KOSSUTH AND MAGYAR LAND,

ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Commencement of the Hungarian Struggle.—My own Views thereon.—How directed.—Departure from England as Correspondent of a London Journal.—M. Pulszky.—Hungarian Refugees at Folkstone.—Arrival at Paris.—Conduct of the Liberal Party in France towards other oppressed Nationalities.—Description of the Great Highway between Paris and Strasburgh.—Bombardment of Rastadt.—Alsace and the Bavarian Palatinate.—Proceed to Carlsruhe.—Political Aspect of Baden.—Stuttgard.—The Frankfort Parliament.—Condition of Wurtemburg.—Ulm.—Augsburg.—Munich.—Passau.—Linz.—Arrival at Vienna.—Political Excitement.—Emasculating System of Metternich.

It was in the spring of 1849, and after the completion of a long and laborious literary undertaking, that, with a view to recreation, I resolved on a trip to the shores of the Mediterranean, as the best calculated to secure the two-fold object I had in view; namely, the recreation before mentioned, and the collection of materials for the fourth volume of my general work on our transmarine possessions.

Circumstances soon, however, produced a modification of my plans. The struggle in Hungary to regain an independence, never wholly lost, had elicited the sympathy of every Englishman of liberal tendencies; and an early identification with her cause had led to my

constant attendance at the meetings of the committee for the promotion of her independence, which had for some time previously been sitting daily in London.

To nearly every member of that committee was assigned a special department of labour; and my efforts, such as they were, were confined to the use of my pen in her behalf. After no long interval spent in this manner, a correspondence passed between myself and an editor of a leading morning journal, when my services were engaged as correspondent in Hungary. I accepted the post with eagerness; for I longed for the opportunity of serving a gallant and oppressed people; and even should I have failed in that regard, I hoped, at least, to become the instrument of propagating correct information as to the legality of the struggle, and of producing an impartial narrative of facts.

With these views, I was furnished, previous to my departure, with a number of letters of introduction to Kossuth, Bem, Görgey, Guyon, etc., by M. Pulszky, the able representative of Hungarian interests in England.

That gentleman had formerly filled the post of Under Secretary of State in the Hungarian Chancery at Vienna, and, at an early age, manifested a degree of ability so remarkable, that, even had absolutism and oppression continued to hold uncontrolled sway in the person of Metternich and his satellites, they could scarcely have ventured to reject the claims of a man, who long an able publicist, promised soon to become a statesman. As soon, however, as the moment had arrived, when, through the medium of a legal and peaceable revolution, his country had freed herself from the fetters by which her energies had long been manacled, he hastened forward, regardless of fortune and family, and, to guide

and moderate the impetuosity of political passion, accepted that most dangerous of posts, a place in a transition government.

The vanguard of the revolution darting forward, as though to pioneer its way, soon, however, discovered that the men—the old impediments to progress, albeit for a time displaced—had again resumed all their pristine insolence and treachery, and with freedom on their lips, meditated, in her sacred name, and that of the now re-called watchword—Austrian nationality—to wage anew, though in a different guise, that old hostility with liberty, whether religious, social, or political, for which history had indelibly branded them.

Pausing for a moment, as if to reconnoitre the obstacle their too great faith in royal words had till now led them to ignore, they returned depressed, perhaps, but with faith in their lofty mission; and taking up their attendant train of patriots, boldly started on their onward course, and declared before God and the world that the nation of which they were the representatives now resumed all her ancient rights; that Hungary was *de facto* and *de jure* a free and independent nation, and renounced from thenceforth and for ever all allegiance to the House of Habsburg-Lorraine.

It is not within the province of a work intended rather for the perusal of partial friends, as a reminiscence of perilous personal adventure, than a history of a memorable struggle, to recite a thrice and better spun narrative. It will suffice to remark, that Kossuth had already been borne by the force of events from the prison, from which he had been only recently liberated, to the proudest position a citizen can fill in a free country, its Stadholderate; and that he lost no time in selecting as his agents abroad men who, by their

moderation no less than by their earnestness, had shown how clearly they understood the nature of the contest in which their country was on the point of engaging.

To M. Pulszky was accordingly allotted the representation of Hungarian interests in England; and how ably he performed the duty, his friends and enemies have been alike in a position to ascertain.

The Russians being at this moment on the point of entering Hungary, the crisis daily became more imminent, so that, although I had left private affairs in the most admired confusion, I was naturally anxious to betake myself at once to the theatre of war; and it was not without difficulty that I was persuaded to wait at Paris for the Magyar courier, who, from being acquainted with the most practicable route by which a passage could be effected through the Austrian lines, offered facilities I did not think it prudent to forego.

On my arrival at Folkstone, I found that a party of a hundred and forty Hungarians, accompanied by their captain, the whole of whom had originally deserted from the Austrian to join the Sardinian army, had just arrived from France, whither they had retired after the fatal battle of Novara, in the hope of returning through England to their own country, and participating in its unequal struggle with its gigantic assailants. In France, their reception had not been such as they had a right to calculate upon; and they had landed at Folkstone with only a few francs remaining.

A subscription, however, was immediately raised, through the active exertions of the Honorable Mr. M., and a plentiful dinner was provided for them in a field outside the town, a repast to which the half-famished men appeared to do ample justice. Means were also

adopted to supply their wants until such time as the ambassador had made arrangements for their passage back to Hungary; and the South Eastern Railway Company, in the most handsome manner, not only provided a comfortable shelter for them by night in their spacious premises, but furnished them with a free passage along their line on their departure.

On the return of their chief from London, I was requested to become the bearer of a despatch to Meszaros, the Minister of War, announcing their safe arrival on a friendly shore, which I subsequently found means to deliver. Before crossing the Channel, I was favoured with a sight of the national standard of Hungary, on which, beside the other insignia, were represented the four great rivers of the country—the Danube, the Drave, the Save, and the Theiss.

No sooner had I reached Paris, than I placed myself in immediate communication with the friends of Hungary located in that capital, including the Count Ladislaus Teleki, M. Szarvady, the intelligent Secretary of the Embassy, Mr. Sandford, etc. I could not help smiling, after my first interview with the ambassador, at the singular regardlessness of money he had displayed in the selection of apartments, at a moment so critical to his own personal interests. I afterwards became more fully alive to this singular trait in the Hungarian character, which is to be attributed perhaps, in some respects, to the Austrian monetary system, through which the precious metals are almost excluded from the circulation; partly, also, to the isolation of the country; partly to the quasi primitive mode of barter there prevailing, as much as to the national want of thrift and foresight. After a stay of some days at Paris, during which I remained without tidings of my

proposed conductor, I resolved to proceed to Munich, the place fixed upon for our ultimate rendezvous. Besides taking letters to the parties most able to further my views at Vienna, I was entrusted with the despatches of Count Teleki to Count Casimir Batthyany, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs; and carried, in addition, a number of tiny missives, folded into still more tiny dimensions, to all the principal chiefs of the Hungarian army and the civil departments. The latter were enclosed in a pair of gaiters, destined to play no inconsiderable part in my adventures, and were sewn into the lining by one of the prettiest of French *grisettes*.

Before I lose sight of Paris, I cannot help expressing my astonishment at the apathy, to use the mildest expression, manifested by the French people during the progress of this memorable struggle towards the gallant young nation, that, like them, on a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, unanimous in the intensity of their will, had thrice arisen, and thrice expelled the enemy from their frontiers. Solitary voices were heard, indeed, from amidst the silence, sounding forth generous instincts amid the dreary isolation; but the heart of France spake not, and to Victor Hugo in the Senate, and the "National" among the press, was it reserved alone to vindicate the claims of Hungary to French sympathy.

In analysing the principles which pervade nations during the various stages of a great revolution, it will be discovered that, although ideas the most alien, and motives to action the most dissimilar, are traceable throughout the whole course of the flow and ebb of the great human tide of passion, in general, notwithstanding, they are regulated in their turn by fixed laws, and admit even of a tolerably accurate classification, if

we but allow certain exceptions for national idiosyncrasies. Nations, however, in the conduct of a revolution, like individuals in matters of personal import, must keep in stedfast view some guiding principle, from which no collateral considerations should induce them to swerve, or they are pursuing a mere will o' the wisp.

Experience shows that from such guiding principle will radiate new, yet cognate elements, applicable to the various mutations of form a violent impulsion of public opinion may undergo. But it is in this view that France is to the last degree eccentric. She starts, floundering with great ideas borne aloft before her; but she seeks not to inquire by what means they are to be supported, when the illusions suggested by inexperience have been stripped from off her: the merest incident is sufficient to distract her attention from the paramount object to which her whole energies have need to be directed; her more generous impulses, which find their outlet in proffers of aid and sympathy to oppressed nations, during the first scene of the first act of her great drama, are the mere spasmodic throes excited by a previously unnatural political torpor, and collapse immediately when they are found, either to be less practicable than was originally supposed, or to clash with her own immediate interests.

Hungary humbly craved recognition of Cavaignac; she got but the dry crust of a used-up liberality. Rome asked not for help; she in vain demanded neutrality from De Tocqueville.

A volatility so fatal in crises so urgent to the weal or woe of nations, has lost for France, on the continent, whatever consideration she may have formerly earned for herself by her own hard-fought and sanguinary

struggles against the oppression of rulers, and Europe had not failed to perceive, even among her masses, the actual existence of a latent craving for self-aggrandisement, whether at the expense of Italian or German rights, which the expedition to Rome has since so unmistakeably developed. Wherever singleness of purpose may be brought to bear upon injustice, it will make itself felt through some medium or other. In this case, all that Rome demanded from her was simple quiescence; when, therefore, the world saw with dismay that the liberal party stood inert in the face of that dastardly outrage upon a nascent and sister republic, and that, instead of uniting their voices into one indignant protest, they were shrewdly calculating upon the spoils that might be shared, at the same time that they studiously abstained from involving themselves in the odium posterity were sure to heap upon the spoiler, then she finally despaired of France.

The arrow-like directness of the roads throughout Central France imparts a feeling of monotony and weariness to the inmate of a heavy, ill-arranged diligence, which is in no way relieved by the unvarying character of the scenery; and I can easily conceive how the Atlantic voyager would be loth to exchange his decade of sea-going perils for the half of that period consumed between Paris and Strasburg. Some three or four years hence the same journey will be accomplished by railway in from thirty-five to forty hours, and the reminiscences of its former tedium will fade away like the quaint dingy old towns that at intervals now dot the route, and already furnish unmistakeable signs of a speedy unregretted decay, or of the migration of their inhabitants to the busier haunts of industry. In no other country in Europe have the

towns of mediæval date so unprosperous and vacant an appearance. In England and Germany they are remarkable for their quiet, subdued taste; but none of the elegancies of modern life are wanting, and some local industry relieves them from an utter abstraction from the outer world. In Belgium and Holland they are not to so great a degree isolated from their younger rivals; and there agriculture diffuses more warmth and vitality over a surface everywhere densely peopled and well cultivated: but, in France, all these elements of support are either entirely wanting, or produce so languid an effect, as to be unavailable to check the progress of decay.

Meaux is one of these towns, which not even its cathedral seems able to redeem from the sentence that has gone forth against it. At Epernay we met with a welcome acquisition to our company in the person of a native of Baden, residing in the capital of Scotland, who had been purchasing extensively of its far-famed vintage, and was most anxious that I should bestow a practical opinion on the merits of the various specimens by tasting each.

The ancient fortress of Verdun (*Verodunum*), which we soon reached, differed little from the towns we had passed; but the scenery quickly improved, and became really picturesque as we approached the Belgian frontier, and intersected the course of the meandering Meuse, which here rolls lazily through the town. A few moments only could be snatched, for recalling the historical recollections of that once famed stronghold, alternately the prey of the French, Spanish, and German conqueror, ere we were again in motion, with the prospect before us of a nocturnal journey to Metz, to the inconveniences of which my companions resigned them-

selves with characteristic apathy. Among them were persons of almost every grade of society, yet one and all had neglected the brief opportunities which a wholesome regard to purification might have readily suggested; and even our Parisian fellow-travellers seemed to pride themselves on remaining the Great Unwashed to the completion of the journey. What an apparently instinctive aversion have all the Celtic races to the use of soap, water, and fresh air! Even when they wash, how imperfectly is the operation performed! and how coyly they wring their hands, as if to protest against the harsh requirements of nature!

The fortifications of Verdun occupy probably a greater extent of ground than her rival of the Moselle; and, from the cursory view which I could obtain of the locale, I might venture to surmise they would cost an invading army a longer time to reduce: but, in beauty of position, the latter will be generally allowed to bear off the palm. The road by which we entered Metz largely partook of all the natural beauties of the country, and the descent to the town equally surprised and gratified me. The utmost taste has been displayed in adorning that lovely spot with the choicest trees; and I almost sighed with regret as our cumbrous vehicle entered the groaning drawbridge of the fortress, to bid adieu to that charming vista which rock, river, forest, and town, here combine to form.

Metz (*Divodurum*) possesses so many of the attributes of a German town, whether we regard the regularity and cleanliness of its streets, or the character of its population, that my German companion appeared equally astonished with myself when, in reply to our demand for breakfast, we were assured that it should be ready *tout de suite*. If we were to judge, however, by our

experience on this occasion, of the merits of that constantly recurring response to all propounded queries, in producing the desired result, we felt we would gladly have exchanged it for its more peremptory English or Italian synonyms. Ferociously hungry as our drive had rendered us, we were compelled to wait a full hour before the desiderata could be procured; and, when set before us, they demanded our concentrated energies to masticate and digest, and when to be paid for, the sublimest patience in the liquidation.

Sallying forth in disgust, we visited, in their turn, the stately cathedral, the capacious market, and the well-ordered streets and quays, and then betook ourselves to the boulevards of the fortress, to catch a glimpse of the sparkling Moselle, and enjoy our cigars on the shaded ramparts, to the pleasing accompaniment of military music. We quitted Metz in the afternoon, taking up a number of German peasants, who, after having assisted in securing the early harvest of Lorraine, were now on their way homewards to reap the tardier offerings of autumn. Everywhere the crops, in despite of negligent husbandry, gave evidence of unusual plenty, and even the Vosges, in unfolding to us their undulating expanse of waving white corn, betokened the rapidly approaching season of harvest and rejoicing.

On reaching Strasburg, we discovered, to our chagrin, that serious impediments, arising from the political commotions in Baden, were interposed to our proceeding by railway to that place; and that our best course would be to take the steamboat to the station on the right bank of the Rhine, opposite Carlsruhe.

In consequence of this arrangement, we had a few hours to spare for lionising in Strasburg. After breakfast, therefore, we visited the majestic cathedral, with its

wondrous appendages, the market-place, the statue of Guttenburg, and the other notabilia of the town.

The streets and squares have a very imposing appearance, and justly earn for the place its high position as the third city of France.

At eleven o'clock the steamer weighed anchor from the canal, which connects the town with the Rhine, and in a few minutes we were launched upon that noble river. Our course lay through a marshy country, extending a long distance inland from either bank, the horizon being bounded to the west by the mountains of Alsace, and to the east by those of the Black Forest. The scenery is sufficiently tame; and, except that it is somewhat varied on the east bank by the picturesque hills around the celebrated fortress of Rastadt, might be pronounced monotonous. As soon as we approached Rastadt, it became every moment more and more evident that a terrible conflict was there raging. No sooner were we fairly abreast of it than the steamer was stopped, and the whole scene was brought vividly before us. We were now some three or four miles distant, so that there was nothing to impede the view of the bombardment which the Prince of Prussia, at the head of a large force, was directing against the doomed citadel. Every shot and shell, ere it was spent, returned an echo from the mountains of Alsace, while the hills of the Black Forest, ever and anon lit up with the lurid flame of the booming artillery, yielded an impression in strict consonance with the scene in progress in the immediate vicinity.

On resuming our course, we soon approached the Bavarian Palatinate, a country that nature would seem to have allotted to France by a sufficiently bold line of demarcation, but one that she has peopled with as

sturdy and stolid a race of Swabians, as Würtemberg itself. At the first station of this incongruous territory we embarked on a larger steamer, and, after waiting to land a number of passengers and goods, proceeded on our way.

A gentleman of German extraction, who had all along been bent on drawing us into conversation, here took occasion to observe, that his countrymen in Alsace regard the cession of their country to France with anything but feelings of satisfaction, no less from the ever-varying complexion assumed by French policy, than from the lack of sympathy existing between diverse races. Yet, as we proceed further north, we find opposite tendencies at work, and, by the time we reach Cologne, hear of a longing for a union in Alsace everywhere regretted.

On quitting the steamer we entered a landau plying between the station and Carlsruhe. The plain appeared fertile and highly-cultivated, considering the minute subdivisions of property which prevail. Carlsruhe had only been evacuated by the insurgents the day before our arrival, and bore the devastating traces of shot and shell on the walls of many of its public buildings. The place was still in a state of siege, and the Prussians were in occupation, but the Grand Duke had returned to his palace, and the country promised to resume its wonted tranquillity as soon as Rastadt should have capitulated.

The prisons and many of the public buildings were choked with persons under arrest, whose treatment seemed sufficiently lenient, for the Grand Duke is reputed to be anything but a harsh master. Various causes were assigned for the late political explosion; by some it was simply referred to the electrical effect

worked upon the people by the *bouleversement* of the Orleans dynasty; by others to the outbreak at Vienna: but a learned Professor, clad in ponderous armour, naïvely assured me it was to be traced to the heating wine, and fiery blood of the south.

Carlsruhe, like most of the German cities built to order, is constructed after a very regular plan; and the public buildings are so grouped as to produce a fitting effect, yet the want of animation and vitality in its *ensemble* is very perceptible. Among the more remarkable public edifices are the palace, to which are attached handsome gardens and shady groves, the observatory, the museum, and the great church. The railway station is one of the largest and most complete in Germany, and, judging from appearances, greatly disproportionate to the requirements of the place. The line not being as yet completed to Stuttgard, we proceeded to that place by *diligence* through a fertile undulating country, interspersed with several important towns, including Ludwigsburg, a royal residence, presenting everywhere an appearance of cleanliness and activity.

We entered Stuttgard on a Sunday morning, and, after partaking of the spare breakfast of the country, inspected the palace and its magnificent grounds, the cathedral, etc., and embraced the *coup d'œil* of the city from the hills, within which it is embosomed in the form of an amphitheatre.

The squares and streets of Stuttgard are spacious, well kept, and adorned with some very handsome public buildings.

Würtemberg we found agitated by political excitement from its centre to the very extremities, and a second insurrection was daily looked for with anxiety, in order to rid the country of its perfidious ruler, who had

already broken, within two months, most of the pledges he had contracted at the beginning of that period.

The remnant of the parliament of Frankfort, coerced into the abandonment of the Paulskirche, had, for the last fortnight, taken up its residence in the capital of Swabia: but the fates had already doomed it to dissolution; and, on receiving his orders from Vienna, the king had commanded the members to quit Stuttgard without delay. Such was the *finale* of that half-serious comedy, in the earlier scenes of which kings disdained not to play a part when their sceptres were as unstable as nine-pins, yet were now ostentatiously eager to consign to ridicule and oblivion!

The railway from Stuttgard to Ulm passes, for the most part, through the charming valley of the Neckar, and then, by comparatively easy gradients, ascends the Rauhe Alp, until it reaches the valley of the Danube. In consequence of the cuttings and tunnelling in the hills, its construction cannot fail to have been prodigiously expensive; but the question of cost scarcely enters into the consideration of a German government in public works, as the palatial edifices, called, with a pleasant humility, stations, everywhere amply attest; nor can there be a doubt that, with the exception of the short lines, where the country admits of the rails being laid down without a cutting, the receipts of the German railways will not meet the current expenses.

In entering Würtemberg, the traveller cannot fail to be struck with the dull, lead-like physiognomy of the people, and the utter absence of all personal beauty which prevails from the western frontier to the Austrian boundary. One scarcely, indeed, traces the German features in the Sclavonic-like build and bull-shaped head of the Swabian.

In our progress up the Rauhe Alp, we obtained a fine view of a portion of the French territory in Alsace, soon after which the bracing air suggested repose to one so thoroughly wearied as myself with passing in succession so many sleepless nights (night being usually the time selected for commencing a long journey on the continent); and I had fallen fast asleep, when I was at length aroused by the shrill voice of the guard, announcing to some gentlemen loitering on the steps of a roadside inn, that there was an *Engländer* inside. Now, by reason of our seldom frequenting this line of road, and its own inherent isolation, we are, when we appear, looked upon as so many lions for native diversion, and are consequently at a high premium. Sensible of my importance under this aspect, I assumed rather a *nonchalant* air, when solemnly invited to join the party of sportsmen to whom the guard had announced my nationality. They were not, however, to be diverted from their purpose by my affected shyness; and the guard protested he would wait, however long a time we might consume over the repast laid before us.

I was somewhat taken aback at the political interrogatories of my friends, more especially when they came to question me as to the actual power possessed by the people of England. What and how great or little that is, we are so rarely accustomed to test in its practical application, that one is really at a loss to reply unless indeed we boldly aver that our constitution is, in many respects, a well-organised sham. Even were we to assume the fact, which experience daily belies, that our great representative assembly, as at present constituted, is an adequate reflex of public opinion, still it is as clear as the hills, that much of the vitality of the legislation founded on so partial a basis evaporates in its transition

to its final depository—the executive power—and is frequently interpreted in a non-natural sense.

Were the banks of our representative system further extended, in the proportion education is becoming diffused among the masses, and made to present the smallest possible amount of curve, an army of lawyers and technologists would soon be at work to gnaw out bays, gulfs, and perhaps bights, until it had once more become more picturesque perhaps, but again inadequate to political exigencies.

They must, then, be either idiots or knaves who deny to any tax-payer, who can write and is of legal age, the right to which nature reserved him. We must have septennial Reform Bills, if necessary, until the middle classes are allowed to enjoy the inalienable right, of the exercise of which they are to this day deprived—a share in the executive government of the country. At present we are only represented by Under-Secretaries or clerks in the minor offices of state. In every other country in the world, despotic or republican, the burgher class is, *cæteris paribus*, preferred above the higher.

In theory, we are the ruling power; but it is a very sorry theory; for if we attempt to grasp anything more substantial, we are peremptorily told to "move on." Now and then we are exposed to direct insult; for instance, when a Premier gets up, and coolly idealizes the whole British people as if it were some Mrs. Harris, whose opinion is no sooner invited than it is to be ascertained, and then dares to speak of this imaginary people as being immoderately attached to aristocratic traditions and averse to all change. You and I, perhaps, long for some opportunity of showing him how grossly he defames us; but we are mere units, and, if we were thousands, we might strive long enough before we set

in motion those millions of ants, who are too absorbed in their material progress to think of the shape they will give to their emanations.

And thus, in the middle of the nineteenth century, we find, in England alone, we have no less than sixty small towns sending representatives to Parliament, which you and I would efface from the political map, for the very good reason, that they are strictly agricultural boroughs, and are generally the property of one or two great landed proprietors, both of which interests are either already represented in the counties or through the other house of Parliament.

From the time of our departure from the inn no long interval elapsed ere we reached Ulm, a town of mediæval date, and one of the most picturesque it was ever my lot to behold. The cathedral towers above the town in a style of massive grandeur, such as is seldom seen on the continent. The houses assume, perhaps, hardly so antique an appearance as those of Chester; but, in their loftiness, beauty of proportion, and in the noble effect they produce, they far surpass them. The federal fortress of Ulm, important from its close proximity to the French frontier, and long since remarkable for its strength, has lately received considerable accessions, and now commands the road along the mountains, the town, and the valley of the Danube.

Ulm was occupied at this moment by Bavarian, Würtemberg, and, I believe, Prussian troops. In quitting it, we passed over one of the fine bridges here thrown over the Danube, already a considerable stream. No sooner had I fairly emerged from the outskirts than I discovered, to my consternation, that I had been duped by the maitre d'hôtel, at which I had dined, into the belief, that the sorry vehicle, in which I was now a

passenger, was the only one plying between Ulm and Augsburg, notwithstanding that there was a diligence, a far more rapid mode of conveyance. In consequence, I was destined to spend the afternoon, night, and some hours of the morning on the route.

We passed some very pretty towns, adorned with fine churches, and streets kept in the greatest order. At the second of these places we rested some hours. During the night, our road lay, for many miles, through an extensive forest, which we did not leave in the rear until break of day. Early in the morning the actual diligence passed us, having been scarcely half the time on the road, and I began to entertain some fears that we should be too late for the Munich train, which were agreeably relieved, when, on our arrival, we discovered that we had an hour to spare.

A curious trick was played upon me here by a person connected with one of the principal hotels. He had already recommended the house he frequented, and I thanked him for his attention, little dreaming of his meditated onslaught on my luggage. While, however, I was absorbed in admiring the stately quaintness of the ancient city of Augsburg, and, on descending from the vehicle, was hastily interrogating the landlord of one of the hotels as to the hour of departure, my luggage had mysteriously disappeared. In vain I enquired of the bystanders to what place it had been removed; no one had noticed its disappearance, and I began uneasily to reflect, that if it was not already lost beyond discovery, I should be at least detained here for the day, when it occurred to me to go in quest of my fellow-traveller, whom I at length found with all my traps in his room. I explained that I had never

intended to remain at Augsburg; and, ordering its removal, started immediately for the station.

On my way, I observed numerous reminiscences of the times of Charles V., in the shape of arches and monuments. The Augsburg, like all the railway stations, is perfectly out of character with the largest amount of traffic ever likely to exist on the road; yet, as the country which the line traverses is perfectly level, it must be reckless management alone which will cause a failure.

The great central plain of Bavaria, including within its limits the country between Ulm, Augsburgh, Munich, and Passau, is most favourably adapted for a continuous line of railway; for it presents scarcely an undulation along its entire surface. On reaching Munich, I hastened from the magnificent station to the Ober Polinger, the hotel fixed upon by the Magyar courier as a rendezvous. As he had not arrived, I determined on proceeding alone the same afternoon, and left by the malle-poste for Passau. Our road lay through the great plain already referred to, but comprehended, in addition, a view of the Salzburg mountains on the east, and those of Franconia on the west.

An English traveller, ere he has been seated long in a Continental diligence, arrives at the conclusion that any change must be for the better. It is not because the vehicle is much less comfortable in the interior than our mail-coaches were formerly; but there is an utter absence of the elements necessary to form an harmonious whole. Let us look how the case stands. First, we have the clumsiest vehicle in the world; the clumsiest and most spiritless of horses; a loutish coachman, who delights in cracking a whip fitter to drive a span of

Cape oxen, than a diligence and four; a guard, equally devoid of intelligence, who glories in blowing a most uncouth horn: secondly, gear always at sixes and sevens; to which, if you add dusty or indifferent roads, you will form a picture of travelling in Bavaria.

We passed through several of the charming little towns which characterise Central Germany, but the aspect of nature was unvarying in the extreme, until we arrived within a few miles of Passau, and approached the banks of the Inn, where smiling vineyards and apple-orchards heralded our advent into a new region. We snatched a hasty breakfast at Neuhaus, a place I had afterwards reason to remember, and then traversed a road more picturesque and beautiful than any we had seen for many a long day. Below us rolled somewhat impetuously the silvery Inn, laving banks of exquisite loveliness. Here and there some ivy-clad castle, still proud in ruin, and surrounded by a sylvan landscape, burst upon the view. Anon the winding river coquettishly changed its course, and became metamorphosed into quiet lake-like reaches, while the road, beset with gladsome cottages, wound in cork-screw fashion round the sinuous stream.

In entering Passau, a most magnificent view of the mighty Danube diverts the enraptured traveller. Since we left her at Ulm, she has received the tributary waters of the Lech, the Altmühl, the Nab, and the Iser; and from Ratisbon downwards she can float the smaller steamers.

Passau, like most of the larger towns of Bavaria, boasts of a collegiate establishment and a splendid cathedral, the interior of which is most gorgeously adorned. In its streets and squares, it resembles most of the other cities of Germany; but in its picturesque position, and

the rural charms of its vicinity, it stands almost unrivalled. The traveller generally seizes the brief interval that elapses between his arrival and the departure of the steamer to take a hot bath at the establishment on the other side of the river, which is anything but unwelcome after many days of uninterrupted travelling.

The grand scenery of the Danube reaches its culminating point a little below Passau, where it receives the waters of the Inn. I have since traversed its banks in various degrees of longitude, and have, therefore, had ample opportunities of comparing it with its western rival, and have no hesitation in pronouncing, that, between Passau and Linz, and Belgrade and Orsova, there is no river in Europe to approach it in the sublimer features. At one time reflecting on its limpid surface ruined castles, rocks, and forests; at another, leaving mountains and rocks far in the back-ground, and presenting instead a verdant expanse of vineyard or corn land; now bearing on its bosom rude timber-rafts and bullock-barges, plied by boatmen in fantastic costumes; at another point contracting into the narrowest gorge-like channel, with towering grotesque rocks, impending as if to arch it; anon exhibiting a cheerful village, and its extending farm-yards; anon a series of sloping vineyards; now placid lake-like reaches; now shallows of sand, or equally hazardous rapids; again, bold and almost unfathomable depths; now flowing past princely palaces, or far-spreading convents; again, enclosed by huge perpendicular masses of rock, lit up by the sun into a thousand fantastic colourings. In short, always changing, and yielding momentarily fresh and ravishing objects of admiration to the astonished traveller.

Such is the Danube here. Seven miles below, it is

the very antipodes of this description; there it is a surly whimsical river, still abounding in shoals and shallows, but intersecting dreary marshes as far as the eye can pierce, and its only distinctive feature an occasional change of bed.

The bounds of the Austrian territory are distinguished by posts placed on the banks of the river, and painted with the odious Imperial colour,—black and yellow. The panorama of Linz, the capital of Ober Œstreich, presents itself immediately on entering a bend of the river. There our luggage, more especially books, was rigidly examined, and I all at once gained an insight into the depth of Austrian financial debasement.

The precious metals, always excepting the copper kreutzer, were nowhere to be found, the smallest change even as low as 2½*d.* English, was given in paper. Terrorism pervaded the district. No man was allowed to discuss politics; and if two of the most intimate friends were overheard canvassing the merits of such and such a person, or such and such a measure, by the spies to be found in every place of public resort, they were in imminent danger of being hurried off to prison. All commerce was at an end; for all confidence had vanished, and suspicion had taken her place.

After scanning for some moments a physiognomy anything but German, among the company at the hotel, I ventured near the object of my curiosity; he turned out to be a Magyar, and intimated, in course of conversation, that the most conflicting statements were in circulation as to what was transpiring in Hungary, but that all disbelieved the Austrian version, in consequence of the severe measures taken to prohibit the spread of intelligence.

Linz is a very well-built town, with one of the finest

squares, called the Graben, to be found in Austria. It is much frequented by pleasure-seekers, and justly, for the scenery of the contiguous country, whether inland towards Styria, or along the banks of the river, is, in the highest degree interesting.

After passing Linz, the traveller embarks in a larger steamer, and soon enters on the confines of Unter Œstreich. Ere long the spire of St. Stephen's is seen to loom in the distant horizon. We landed at a station some two or three miles distant from the city, for the Danube here leaves Vienna to pursue a more northerly course, and does not admit of a nearer approach.

The western faubourgs present little to interest the stranger; and the only object to excite the attention were the ravages occasioned by the recent insurrection, the traces of which were still everywhere visible. As we approached the heart of the town, commonly denominated "the city," we were struck, notwithstanding the irregularity of their contour, with the lofty proportions of the houses and public buildings, an impression considerably heightened by our sudden entrance into the Stephen's platz, the focus of Viennese grandeur.

Having been recommended to an hotel in the Leopoldstadt, we bent our way thither, and soon began to study the state of public feeling, an undertaking by no means difficult in the then prevailing excitement. The pulse of the people had long stood at fever heat, and not all the official bulletins with their studied mendacity, nor all the well-executed lithographs in the print-shops, that portrayed the Austrian army everywhere trampling upon its recumbent foe, could banish the all-pervading conviction that an ill-disguised hoax was being pertinaciously played upon the besotted citizens.

Yet none could gainsay that the modern Machiavelli

had perfected his singular destiny. Humanity bore everywhere its sickening traces. Absent though he might be from the laboratory, his spirit triumphed still in his successors. There he sat, still the guiding automaton. What if Gentz were supping with Pluto, Werner still survived to proclaim the divine right of kings, and to make men crouch before the abstractions he had set up. All those chymical processes, which had emasculated the soul of man, were again in motion, distilling drop by drop from the mental pores.

That infamous market, where the robbed senses of humanity had so long been trafficked in, had been closed only for a brief interval; what, if a resistless impulse of the popular will had for a time reinstated man in his pristine dignity, he was again despoiled of all his spiritualism, and the same system which he fancied he had overthrown was again in full activity. Henceforth nature seemed to decree that any remnants of political energy should alternately subserve the anarchy of despotism, or combine to exhaust their force in the paroxysms of an anarchy scarcely less fatal,—that of the revolution.

Nor was the loss of the spiritual elements compensated by the baser triumphs of materialism. Foreign commerce scarcely ever existed on that ungenial soil; and domestic commerce, always palsied by monopolies, was now forbidden alike from road and river, such were the insatiate demands for the conveyance of the soldiery. The towns appeared to be converted into camps; the country to be the area on which men were to march from place to place. Already conscription followed quick on conscription, and blubbering children were torn from the plough to moan unheeded beneath ramparts, or to cover war with what quixotism had covered

chivalry—contempt. Think not monkery and priest-craft were all this time cowering after their recent appearance from their hiding-places. Demure a month ago, they are already defiant and truculent. They are always at home at the death-fête of liberty. Soon they feel the cord will be drawn still more tight, and they shall then reap a share of the spoils in enlarged concordats—perhaps the right of persecution.

Aye! but why wear so ghastly a laugh all men alike? Ah! the Russian. Well, but you have always been his slaves. Your Machiavelli was always his middle-man. To him he long ago surrendered your honour; you have kept your territory, but by no allodial right. You were his serfs, whether it were to march against the high-souled Mussulman, or his vanguard, to quench nascent freedom in the West. Ah! you laugh, gamester-like: it is your last die. Well, you have won. The Muscovite will spare you once more; but where are his wages? Wallachia and Moldavia! Already he lords it over the north of the Danube, your birthright. And you, too, laugh; for you have no longer a country. Austria is the Cæsar's, not yours. The Sclave, though a bear, may be generous. Well; sit there, and brood over anarchy.

The age of alchymy, a tale of the past in Western Europe, yet lingers in the East, aiding the tyrant to abstract his quotidian essence from human intelligence. Hark! from every quarter of the horizon issue sweet strains, and Strauss, lord of the galops and waltzes, revels fitly on the unearthly scene, while a blood-sucking bureaucracy are forging anew their fetters. Melody, as in China, soothes the opiate-tranced soul, and drowns the groans echoed from the dungeons of Spilberg. Yet but three months since, and Strauss warbled nobler

music—strains, breathing a future for his kind, yet their notes have already faded on the ear, and the iron hoofs of tyranny are once more rampant in high places. Thrice unhappy Viennese! why did ye linger over pæans, when ye should have shouldered the musket; or chant *Io triumphes!* in the place of the war song? Is history ever to be profitless, and did ye think ye had slain the snake ye had but scotched? Not even a Bem can drag ye from the slough of imbecility. Fools! has not your history alternately been a tragedy and a comedy? Why speculate on the unity of an unreal drama, while Windischgrätz, already in sight from St. Stephens, is hastening to exhibit you a real one? Soon ye may have part in a stake God deigns not in every age for man. Alas! ye are not his soldiers; his are not yon men in stage properties, with flaunting feathers: his are men of modest carriage, but iron will; ye lack them there.

A rhapsody such as this may be thought inapplicable even to scenes like these. Stay, sober reader, tyrants were all this while indulging in stilted sentences, and peoples had found vent for their pent-up passions only through a similar medium.

CHAPTER II.

Author's Reception by the Police.—Letter-opening Bureau.—System of Espionage, and its Effects.—The present Austrian Administration.—The Hereditary Nobility.—Attempts of the Government to raise a Loan in England.—Financial Position of the Country.—Interview with Baron Werner—Mr. Magenis.—The American Ambassador.—Interview with Lord Ponsonby.—Conversation with Prince Schwarzenberg.—Failure to obtain a legal Admission into Hungary.—Resolve to attempt it in a less regular Form.—Proceed into Styria.

I HAD scarcely been twenty-four hours in Vienna, before I learnt how systematically her bureaucracy went to work, and over what minute ramifications they extended their toils. Not the least noticeable of these is the Post Office, where, it is notorious that, a bureau is established for the purpose of overhauling every foreign letter *in transitu*. To such a degree of perfection has long practice conduced to bring the art, that, in nineteen cases out of twenty, detection is impossible; examine every letter you receive as minutely as you may, and it is only at intervals, when the veil is thrown aside, and you learn the unfortunate correspondent of some German journal in the north has fallen into the hands of these Philistines, that you can bring yourself to believe in its reality. Yet two ambassadors assured me that, for years, their local correspondence had been thus

supervised; and one, unwilling to employ a courier for the express conveyance home of his despatches, was fain to accept the agency of the representative of a kindred nation.

Thus enlightened, I did not fail to catch an inkling from the mysterious and storm-portending visage of M. Brodie, of the Stadthauptmanschaft, who insisted upon my personal attendance at that place, that I was far from a welcome visitor; and it was with some difficulty that I could procure permission to remain. While, however, the authorities betray so laudable an anxiety to fathom the epistolary secrets of natives and foreigners alike, it must be owned they are equally impartial in their inquisition into their daily avocations and places of resort. There is not a café of any note without its spy; not a hotel without its waiter, who will carefully inspect the *sancta sanctorum* of your luggage; not a railway train without its keen observer; nor a railway station without its hanger-on. Still less is there a foreign embassy without its domestic traitor, and you need not be of an inquisitive turn of mind to learn that the penetralia of your own representative contains within its walls a hired reporter, by whom its secrets are punctiliously transmitted every twenty-four hours—aye, and that in one country in Europe, at all events, an Englishman's house is no longer his castle.

You may be prone to inquire of what avail are all these finely spun meshes so indiscriminately thrown over a vast political area, and how, in the process of sorting, each atom is evolved from the mass into its own department: but bear in mind that they are elaborately systematized, and, though you may often elude them through employing their own machinery, you will be infallibly worsted in the end. Rather cast an eye on

their morality. What a cheerful, joyous country, must this Austria be! how loyal her citizens! how honest her men! what frank companionship! what truthfulness of purpose must there prevail! what soul-inspiring deductions must each individual citizen draw, for his own edification, from such an administration of the interests of the many! what a tender interest must he take in a government which casts its protecting ægis over him with an attention so distressingly assiduous, that he cannot eat or drink, walk, or clothe himself, write or be written to, converse or act—one might almost say, think or be thought of—without meeting everywhere that benignly peering eye, which, in his folly, he calls malevolent.

To accomplish his profoundly devised scheme of eradicating every trace of freedom from the soil of Austria, Metternich never, at any time, enlisted men from the higher walk of rank or intellect into his service. He knew full well they would soon be ill at ease, and perhaps eventually dethrone him. Gentz hung on the skirts of his master, as much of an imitator as a disciple, but the others were pliant agents he had patiently moulded to his will, and employed solely to execute his behests. Werner was a man of this class, and Werner is filling the same post now. None of them were men calculated for office in a constitutional country. In England you would find them behind the merchants' desk, occupied, perhaps, with settling the preliminaries for the departure of the *Sarah Ann* to Ningpo or Shanghae, or the *Roving Mary* to the Bahamas.

With one or two exceptions, their aspect is anything but prepossessing; and they look like men appalled at the late popular outburst, more as having broken through the dikes they had raised at such a cost of

labour and anxiety, than as if they were persuaded of the ultimate failure of their devices to repair them. Bach, the Minister of the Interior, is a renegade from the barricades, possessed of a surprising elasticity of conscience, and noted for his hatred to the Magyar. Brück and Kraus are said to be men of probity, but one of them is a wild financier, and expects to save his country by some supernatural agency, rather than by a well-devised economy and the development of its resources. We must not look to him to furnish the tax payer with an account of the annual receipt and expenditure, a methodical and well-digested budget, nor is he the man to propose a civil list in lieu of the revenues of the imperial domains.

Enter we on another stage of our inquiry; the effects of Metternich's system on the nobility of the country. We have already marked the absence of their participation in his great political plot; we may add, they were never called upon to perfect the destiny to which an aristocracy, in other countries, has been beneficially linked in promoting the social progress of mankind. Their career was cut short, like that of the old noblesse of France, by one who shrewdly perceived that to work out his own schemes, he could not, with safety, permit two centres of attraction. Equally too proud and untamed to take part in his policy or lie quiet, when gorged, as his "happy family," he encouraged them to follow the profession of arms, in which they could not come into collision with him, or to enlist in the diplomatic service, where they might impoverish their fortunes, in attempting to vie with the wealthier of other lands. At times he found an opening for them in the church, where he could frock them at pleasure; at

times he invented for them a monopoly: he had better have made them pensioners of the state.

Forbidden to serve in the van of a sound indigenous progress, they have introdueed either the traditions of a foreign and ill-accordant civilization, or clung with tenacity to the now *effete* pomp of the days of Maria Theresa. And hence it arises that you search in vain for a public opinion, for high-souled intelligence, for public virtue, for harmony in the elements that go to form the social fabric. In their place you find the barbaric pearl of an obsolete chivalry; detect intrigue everywhere in motion, and too often perceive shameless debauchery flaunting alongside of virtue with impunity.

The Austrian government appeared, at this moment, most solicitous to procure a loan in Great Britain and Holland; a project I was, on many grounds, equally anxious to defeat. Even had its principles of action been such as to deserve the co-operation of the capitalists of a free country, and responsible as such, its notoriously insolvent state, and, what is worse, its more than suspected misappropriation of the public revenue, would have furnished ample reasons for denouncing the scheme.

Our country, under the influence of a perversity unprecedented in the annals of finance, has, during the last half century, been tempted by a knot of sordid capitalists, only less vile in our eyes than men of the Hudson stamp, because they have escaped, through some morbid lens of the public eye, its just appreciation, to squander some hundred millions of its hard earned superfluity over worthless swindling states, while the only capital she has advanced her children—well

able to repay her—in the Southern Seas, has been an accession of some thousand brawny arms.

The result shows, that we have reaped as we have sown. With the exception of Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and the United States of America, most of which have, and all of which will eventually extinguish their debt, every other loan has lost for the country fifty per cent. of the original capital: the less we say of interest the better. The process has been a very simple one. It is a wonder it did not suggest itself, in the amptitude of its deductions, to Mr. Micawber. It is only complex in the various hues of turpitude it assumes.

Your stock is originally denominated Active, and active it is, forsooth, and ingenious too; for it pays you interest out of your capital for a year or two, *pour vous encourager*. Suddenly, and as soon as the various instalments have been received, it assumes the name of Deferred. You become impatient under the calamity. *Presto!* a Conversion is demanded, why, you cannot see, till you are wheedled by your own agents into a belief, that it is some new way of paying off old debts. You give way, but you have sacrificed a portion of your capital; your debtor, with inherent modesty, announces, to your surprise, that *he* considers the transaction to have been so profitable, and the stock so safe and desirable an investment, that he demands a reduction of the interest on the reduced capital to the rate of three per cent., about what you get for a *bonâ fide* investment in your own country's stock, with your capital intact. He pays you your dividends for half a year, minus all sorts of deductions, on every imaginable pretext, till he again comes to a dead lock, and your stock is all at once Passive; and you, putting him down for a swindler,

have just bethought yourself of writing the affair off as a bad debt, when guano, or some other windfall, comes to his rescue. You again take him in hand. He always meant to be honest, he says, but times are hard, and he coolly proposes another onslaught on your capital, and interest on it as reduced, upon your acceptance of which there are a certain amount of dollars awaiting your disposal. You have an itch to finger the money: you take it. If things go on well, you receive your dividend for a time, until the game is played out. During this lengthened period, should you have sold out, you have, of course, realised about twenty per cent. of your original subscription.

Such is but an average specimen of our foreign creditors; some are worse, and you have never received beyond a year's interest, in which case your capital may be said to be sunk; some are better, but ruinous are the best, even in this category. Had you, on the contrary, carefully invested your money in one of the many openings offered you in the British colonies, you would have equally benefited the mother country, colony, and yourself. Our more immediate offspring might then have approached in wholesome rivalry our first-born in America, and exhibited results more worthy of the British name.

Austria has thrice declared herself insolvent within the past forty years; and had she succeeded in raising the projected loan, every fraction would have been sunk. She cannot now pay beyond five shillings in the pound, and only bides her time to declare herself insolvent for the fourth time. Owing to her innate faithlessness, and perpetual instability, she cannot commute her floating debt into stock, or raise the sum she requires to destroy a portion of her paper; for she has no gold to offer, and

gold shuns to pass her frontier, as if it were a plague spot. From her mines she procures scarcely £50,000 per annum, and the balance of trade is everywhere against her.

One source of extrication offers itself; but, for two reasons, it does not avail her. She might sell her crown-lands and state-domains to our capitalists, and, in return, she would get our gold; but our operations would be hampered at every step by her despotic whims, as our profits would be curtailed by her clumsy prohibitions. Commerce requires ventilation, and droops under a hot-house temperature. Moreover, by disposing of her territory, she would be obliged to depart from her system, which would no longer revolve round its axis, were she to confide to a diet the settlement of a civil list. With truth, then, it may be said that her case is desperate.

One of my first aims on arriving at Vienna had been to procure a passport, which should enable me to enter Hungary at pleasure. For this purpose, I lost no time in seeking an interview with Baron Werner. The baron received me with great politeness, but refrained, in the absence of his chief, from holding out a promise of compliance with my request. Some remarks, however, which he let fall, as to the devotion of the journal I represented to the interests of the Imperial family, led me, notwithstanding, to indulge a prospect of eventual success.

He advised me, meanwhile, to seek out Mr. Magenis, secretary to the British embassy, and its vice-gerent in the absence of Lord Ponsonby, and endeavour to persuade him to accompany me to an interview with Prince Schwarzenberg. I followed his advice, and called upon Mr. Magenis. Mr. Magenis is an Irishman—not that he speaks the brogue in any way alarmingly—and has wormed himself into his place with the

success which none better than an Irishman, with his supple ductile philosophy and sly superficialism, could succeed in accomplishing. He has climbed already most of the steps of the diplomatic ladder. It is no longer necessary, therefore, for Mr. Magenis, like Mr. Heep, to be "very humble." But Mr. Magenis is the direct antipodes of Mr. Heep. He is, by very much, the most important man in Vienna; and he will pity or scorn you, as he is in the humour, if you do not of your own accord make the discovery. A frigid manner sits easy enough on the Saxon; but the Celt quickly betrays his origin in assuming it. They cannot separate bounce from hauteur.

Thus, when I entered Mr. Magenis's apartments, and found him couched in luxury, indulging in all the airs of a Nawaub of the Deccan, I intuitively read the lineaments of his mental expression. If you are in a genial vein, you will perhaps laugh at Mr. Magenis; if you are in a serious one, you will certainly be annoyed at his impertinence. Mr. Magenis scarcely appears to look upon a British embassy as a fitting place of resort for British citizens; nor does he seem to consider it a part of his study, in any way, to further your individual interests. A British embassy, sir, was destined for obsolete intrigue, for a *salle-a-manger* to an itinerant aristocracy, or an agreeable refuge for a troublesome Milesian. Such being its vocation, I need hardly say my application was fruitless, Mr. Magenis having taken Baron Werner's advice in high dudgeon; and I postponed renewing my solicitations until the return of Lord Ponsonby, which was then daily expected.

At a short distance from the British lies the American embassy. Thither I next directed my steps. In the person of Mr. Stiles, the ambassador, I met with a

finished gentleman and a profound jurist. Mr. Stiles, as I soon discovered, had directed considerable attension to the Hungarian struggle, and the past history of that country. He assented readily to the opinion I expressed, that it would be difficult to find an impartial jurist in Europe or America, who would take other than one view of that important question. He had been made a medium of communication with the Austrian government by Kossuth, but the nature of the proposals now made by the former was of so impracticable a character, supported as they were by the Russians, as to appear altogether untenable.

At length my principals in London, growing impatient at my prolonged stay at Vienna, informed me that they waited with anxiety the issue of my plans for forwarding them more direct intelligence than it had hitherto been in my power to transmit. This letter could only bear one construction; and finding that Lord Ponsonby had returned, I immediately waited upon him. He received me with great kindness, and conversed with me a long time on the Hungarian, the all-absorbing question. After imparting his own opinion, he was naturally anxious to elicit mine; but I was a diplomatist for the nonce, and saw the necessity of withholding it, if I were to accomplish with success the object upon which I was now bent—a legal admission into the country.

After the dinner to which he invited me that evening, he again entered largely on the same topic; and as his despatches have since been made public, it will be no breach of confidence on my part to observe that his Lordship's opinions were diametrically opposed to those of nineteen-twentieths of the British people, and that his reasoning would have been equally applicable and

as decidedly antagonistic to the revolution of the Netherlands against Philip II. of Spain, and the Haynau of those days, had he represented the interests of England at the Spanish court.

His Lordship having promised to write to Prince Schwarzenberg, and prefer my request for a passport, I waited patiently for a reply; but on finding that it was unfavourable, I resolved on obtaining a personal interview with the Prince. I must do the present Austrian Government the justice to say that they are very accessible, and never resort to unworthy pretexts to avoid a conference.

I found the Prince busily engaged at his escritoire; but he rose and received me with an easy, unaffected manner that quite won upon me, and we were soon engaged in an animated conversation. If you search Europe through, you will scarcely find a man of nobler bearing, or a more majestic mien. To say that he is the first gentleman of the Continent is only his due; for out of England such men are seldom or never to be found. In fact, his aspect is essentially English, perhaps from his having so long dwelt among us. He is now far advanced in years, yet he is scarcely less energetic than ever; and, judging from his remaining attractions, you cease to wonder at the love-conquests of his prime.

"Ah!" he apostrophised me. "Well, you belong to the ———. Now that is a journal I can't, for the life of me, understand. Can you explain away its monthly gyrations? Your *Daily News* and *Examiner* I can comprehend, they are our declared foes; but your journal mystifies us with its intelligence, only to stultify us with its leaders. Pray what is to be the term of its tergiversation?"

"And yet, Prince," said I, "in a recent interview he did me the honour of granting me, Baron Werner held the directly opposite view."

"Indeed! what did he say?"

"He said the journal had manifested great devotion to the Imperial family."

"Well, so it may have done. It is true they have been of service to us, and perhaps they will be again. Lately, indeed, and since we have been victorious, they have discovered the justice of our cause. Well, now what do you want me to do for you?"

"I want you to give me a passport for Hungary."

"Well, but there is a civil war."

"I know it, Prince, and am prepared for every risk and contingency that may occur."

"That is always the way with you English. Such daring, reckless beings! I repeat this is a civil war; and your Italian correspondent, by his passing and repassing from camp to camp, greatly hampered our operations during the war with Sardinia. Besides, I cannot answer for your life for even a day or an hour. You are ignorant of Magyar, and you say you speak German anything but fluently. Both parties are highly exasperated with each other. To both you will be an object of suspicion."

I now discovered, from his manner, and with as much certainty as if I had seen the medium of information, that the Prince had been duly apprised of my political leaning; and that, in point of fact, he viewed me in the light of a political enemy.

"You want information," he continued, "you shall have it. Where is your hotel? You shall have the *Wiener Zeitung* regularly transmitted to you."

"I am highly obliged, Prince, for your kind offer;

but, to speak frankly, I fear the people of England will not believe the *Wiener Zeitung*. They require original information, and that from the hands of one of their countrymen."

"I am sorry I cannot serve you. Stay; wait here for a few days, and I may be enabled to give you a passport for Pesth."

It was evident that his object was to play with me until the war should have been transferred, by the combined armies, to the banks of the Theiss. I felt, therefore, that no time was to be lost; and having procured Artusa's Map of Hungary, I hastened to the money-changers in the Stephen's Platz, to convert my *Napoleons d'or* into Austrian paper. The reader will comprehend, in some degree, the bathos of Austrian credit at this moment, when I inform him that for those coins of the value of 15*s.* 10*d.* English, I received, in *Conventions Münz*, eleven florins, thirty-six kreutzers, equal to £1 3*s.* 2½*d.*

I was now resolved upon entering Hungary at all risks, regardless of the failure hitherto experienced by the numerous German medical practitioners from the north, who, though speaking the language of the country, and acquainted with every opening by which it could be penetrated, had returned unsuccessful. In point of fact, the Austrians have from time immemorial treated Hungary in the light of a foreign country, although it is a circumstance they are sometimes pleased to ignore, and have most effectually encircled it with a perfectly organised military cordon; hence all the experience they had acquired of its localities in time of peace, was brought into practical and most serviceable requisition during the hostilities.

With a view to lull suspicion as to the object I had

in view, I caused my passport to be *viséd* for Trieste, towards which my route really lay for the greater part of the way.

And here I may be allowed to inquire why the promoters of liberty, in every part of Europe, have been denounced by certain mercenary journalists for venial deceptions such as this; while their patrons, God's anointed, have been allowed to break their kingly words, as opportunity may offer, with impunity, and, through their satellites, to hang, to shoot, or, what is perhaps worse, to immure in dungeons, destined to be their graves, the men whose lives they have so strictly guaranteed?

Say, Emperor of all the Russias, whether of the two is the most enormous and inexpiable sin — my little piece of casuistry, or the wholesale falsehood you persuaded stockjobbers to endorse? Answer, Kaiser von Œstreich, and King of Crown lands, which exceeds in villany—my petty flam or your foul and oft-repeated perjury? Tell me, King of the Two Sicilies, where is now the constitution you so solemnly and spontaneously swore to observe? Declare, König von Bayern, has all the chivalry of which you have the heir-loom restrained you from abetting a tyrant? Speak, Kings of Wurtemburg, Saxony, and ye öther Princes of Lilliput, have ye never sworn a lie, and dragooned men for too practically reminding you of your oaths?

And you, Otho of Bavaria, suckled as an archbishop in embryo, ill-chosen by the dice for a king, methinks you have sworn fealty to human rights on two sacraments. Yet, where are they now? Hymettus spurns you as a traitor; Pentelicus frowns sternly on you every time you pass her. You pretend to keep to your constitution to the letter; you determined to squeeze out its spirit

as soon as the people had dispersed from your palace windows.

Not even your parish-vestry mind, petty Tyrant of Hesse, could rescue you from seeking to graduate in the honors of iniquity by the side of mightier potentates. Descend we a step, and the felon Haynau, the hero of Bankside, is presented to our view. But stay, we are getting into the Chamber of Horrors, and we have but just emerged from the Hall of Kings.

Henceforth, then, ye journalists, whose inspiration is drawn from the wealthy sibyl of Chandos-house, if ye value your own consistency, suffer Mazzini and other high-minded patriots to assume the name of De Lancy or Mynheer von Hartz, if they should thereby hope to advance their own or their country's cause, without shooting forth your poisoned arrows against a reputation you will nevertheless vainly attempt to sully. "Our Own Correspondent" necessarily dwells in this glass house, therefore refrain from throwing stones.

CHAPTER III.

Baden. — Disabilities of the Austrian Press.—The Hungarian Magnates. Their Pusillanimity and Treachery.—Gloggnitz and the Styrian Alps.—Details of my Route.—Enter Friedberg.—Succeed in averting the Suspicion of the Police.—Pinkafeld.—New Interrogatory.—A Hebrew Schoolmaster.—Strike direct for the Platten See.—Am challenged and arrested.—A Court-Martial.—Imprisonment at Friedberg.—Removal to Hartberg under a Guard.—Their Behaviour.—Critical Position at the Hotel at Hartberg.—How I escaped the Danger.—Am sent on to Grätz.—Description of the Country.—Refusal of the Governor of Grätz to my Request to be permitted to proceed to Trieste.—I am transferred to Vienna.—My Gaiters and their Disposal.—Correspondence with the Austrian Government.

THE country between Vienna and Baden partakes of the characteristics of the great plain of the Danube, of which it comprises a section, as far as Gloggnitz, at which place the mountains, which have thus far environed it, embrace and unite to form the Styrian Alps, and there the railway for the present terminates. Along the line on either side, the vine is extensively cultivated, until you reach Baden, the Leamington of Austria, and a place much frequented by the Viennese. The plan of the town, if town it can be called, is very irregular; but the hotels, boarding-houses, and casinos are on the same enormous scale as in other German places.

The attractions of Baden, however, are wholly of an extraneous kind; and it is its grounds, its forest-clad hills, together with the magnificent panorama of Hungary, Upper and Lower Austria, Moravia, and part of Styria, which you command from them, rather than from its archducal palace, summer theatre, and varied diversions, that render it so crowded a place of resort.

Before leaving Vienna, I had been accosted by a peculiar-looking old gentleman, by the side of whom I had seated myself at the refreshment-room of the station. Upon my arrival he was apparently deeply absorbed in his book, which turned out to be the poems of a British bard, Walter Savage Landor; but, seeing that I was an Englishman, his anxiety to learn the state of public opinion in England, with respect to the Russian intervention, overcame his inclination to read. I discovered his nationality in a moment by his ill-concealed chagrin at the turn events were now taking, and listened with much curiosity to his recital of the disabilities under which the Austrian press then laboured. Although a pensioner on the bounty of the Archduchess Sophia, and attached to the Court by some sorts of *liaisons* with its chiefs, he had ventured to divert his numerous readers with some well-pointed hits at its frivolities, and, growing bolder, had finally launched some sly political inuendos at the measures of the government. From his statement, it appeared that the young and thin-skinned Cæsar had immediately sent for him, and rated him soundly for his ingratitude; while the Minister of the Interior had duly warned him of the penalties he would incur in case he repeated his transgressions.

Thus were the few waifs and strays of truth which might chance to percolate into the public ear hermetically excluded, even though in humorous guise; the

English reader will, therefore cease to be surprised, when he is told that our friend *Punch* was, if possible, more rigidly tabooed within the Austrian dominions than the greater part of the more serious English journals. I afterwards discovered that the very existence of that hebdomadal laugh-compeller was unknown in Hungary. In the latter country, moreover, Galignani was then prohibited; and even in Vienna, anything like a dubious tendency in the journals occasionally admitted, was sufficient to cause their expulsion, even from the solitary casino, that was for the most part supported by the friends of the government.

The great frequenters of Baden, and those to whom it was formerly indebted for its chief support, were the Hungarian nobility, whose lavish expenditure led to corresponding exertions on the part of the Germans to entertain them. One of the chiefs of the Palfy family, and a man of prodigious wealth, contributed largely from his own purse to the musical festivals of the place. Now, however, in consequence of his known devotion to the interests of their enemies, his tenantry had withheld their rents, and he had been therefore compelled to curtail his largesses.

In general, unhappily, the Magnates, with some honorable exceptions, had forsworn the ties of nature, traditions, and kindred, to take part with the relentless foe of that nationality which men are supposed universally to hold so dear; yet Kossuth, with the romantic generosity of his character, had forborne from confiscating the estates they had so justly forfeited by their truckling behaviour, and they were in general left free to act as their morbid tastes inspired them; and yet their names, methinks, will be handed down by every Magyar father to his offspring, branded with an

indelible infamy; nor need the meanest mind envy the niche to be filled in his country's history, by the Zichis, Esterhazys, or the Palfys. It is difficult, even now, to determine what might or might not have ensued had they stood by the land of their sires. Görgey might then have remained faithful to his oaths, and Hungary, recovering her sons from the service of the foreigner, might have, single-handed, hurled back the Cossack to his steppes, and dictated her own terms to the Germans at Vienna.

Let not these perfidious men seek to persuade us that their Conservative principles on the one hand, and their hopeless involvement in debt on the other, offered temporising as the sole resource in the emergency.

To the first plea there is a ready answer. The constitutional destiny of their country had been left undetermined. What right then had they to surmise that she meant to throw herself without reserve into the arms of democracy? What principle within them was it that whispered her desire for a republic? Was it their vices, subserviency, and extravagance, which suggested that the many would be uneasy in witnessing a privileged class composed of such unworthy items of humanity? Were they the reminiscences of their base slavery to Metternich which now recoiled only to urge them onwards to treason?

Will the other plea better avail them? Would their grateful compatriots have made no sacrifices in their behalf, had they enlisted the influence that remained to them in the service of their country, instead of that of the stranger? Had they worn so threadbare the once powerful panoply of feudal rights, that not a fragment survived with which they could make a stand to renew it? Was the genius of their country so decidedly

republican, as in their pusillanimous infidelity they thought it, that not a return to patriotic impulses would suffice to bury former misdeeds in oblivion? Was their *prescience* of the future so storm-enveloped that it could not penetrate the brilliant dawn liberty would have assuredly called up from every quarter of the horizon? Had they not, in fine, the experience of all ages to reassure them that, without liberty, agriculture, commerce, and every branch of industry must languish; and that with it the most sterile of rocks, the most pestilent of swamps, the most noxious of climates, may add its quota to the merchant navies of the world? O Faith! goddess who deignest to smile only on the true and the brave who are inspired of thee, say, why didst thou form of a pilgrim-band the second nation in the universe, and, heart-stricken, turn away thy face from the banks of the Theiss and the Danube?

On arriving at Wiener-Neustadt my passport was examined and *viséd*, and at Gloggnitz I left the train. I soon found that I had become an object of suspicion to a party at the hotel adjoining the station, and could not help overhearing the various surmises formed as to my designs. My scanty luggage, consisting of a small carpet bag and an umbrella, naturally suggested them; and I had to remain for a considerable time before I could effect a retreat. At length, watching an opportunity, I escaped unobserved, and, after posting a letter to Lord Ponsonby, advising him of my project, pursued my course through the village.

The scenery of this narrow valley of the Styrian Alps, exquisitely beautiful as it is from whatever point you may survey it, in general presents features similar to those of the Tyrol, such as finely wooded mountains, huge rocks, at times impending as though to crush the

passing traveller, picturesque villages, and softly murmuring streams. Everywhere I fancied the people divined my errand by their anxious scrutiny and animated conversation. The soldiers, notwithstanding, suffered me to pass the two roadside posts without inquiry; but, after a walk of three hours, I determined to abandon the road, along which I conjectured other military posts were stationed at short intervals, and climb the almost perpendicular mountain on my left, apparently nearly 4000 feet high. The ascent was equally tedious, perilous, and laborious; for I could only maintain my footing at each step by clinging to the trees, and the difficulty was greatly augmented in all three particulars by the burthen I had to carry. After some hours' exertion, however, I succeeded in gaining the summit; and half an hour's additional walking brought me to that little nook of Hungary, some distance south of the Neusiedler See, which was from hence distinctly visible. There I encountered a young peasant who informed me I was already in Hungary. Delighted with the intelligence, I liberally rewarded him, and pursued a south-easterly course. Twilight was fast approaching; I had re-entered the forest, and heard the shouts of the woodmen whom I had startled in their solitude. Prudence suggested my seeking a shelter for the night, and having at length reached a village, I persuaded a gaunt old shepherdess to act as my guide to a small hostelry, some two miles distant. The image of that woman is still fresh in my mind. Some seventy summers had done their work, and left her, to all appearance, an awkward shrivelled up hag, yet she tripped over the rocks with the same facility as the goats which she tended, and at a speed that shamed my pedestrian powers. Twilight had now overtaken us,

and not all the severe exertions I had to make to keep up with her could efface from my mind the impression that I was being led by some mountain elf possessed, like the fairies of old, of supernatural power, into one of her trackless haunts.

At last I arrived at the hostelry, and learnt that I had re-entered Steiermark. After a frugal supper, I was conducted to my sleeping apartment, in an adjoining outhouse, but not before I had replied to numerous interrogatories as to my object in traversing that secluded region. It now became clear that I was pursuing what was next to an impracticability, and, to aggravate my position, I found I had lost Artusa's Map of Hungary, and had now only to trust to a pocket compass, itself in a damaged state.

I rose early the next morning, and, while breakfast was being prepared, seized the brief interval for a survey of the delightful retreat into which I had so unexpectedly stepped. What a contrast did nature offer in the tranquil scene before me to the tumultuous hopes and fears that heaved, for the moment, within my own breast! The hostelry, to which a mill was attached, occupied a beautiful site on the impetuous Leitha, over which and the surrounding landscape the sun was strewing his orient pearl. How forcibly did the scene remind me of the vanity and nothingness of all human efforts and aspirations, when compared with the work of that great symbol of our Maker!

At breakfast I met with a new inquisitor in the person of the village schoolmaster. My answers appeared, however, to satisfy him, and I was suffered to depart. My route lay through the same sort of mountain valley I had traversed the day before from Gloggnitz, with this addition, that groups of Styrian peasantry were

defiling along the sinuous passes, and all on the *qui vive* at my approach. This imparted a novelty and animation to the scene.

After a walk of some miles through the romantic valley, I came upon a cotton factory, the machinery of which was propelled by the Leitha. I discovered, too late, that it belonged to the Messrs. Smith, English manufacturers, or I should have sought advice as to the proper course to pursue. In emerging from the village I was alarmed by the shouts of men, as if in pursuit, and in a moment three individuals, whom I did not immediately recognize, had overtaken me. My fears were soon quieted by the frank welcome of one of the party, who turned out to have been a fellow-traveller the day before from Vienna to Gloggnitz; and it was in his character as landlord of the village inn, that he had come to proffer a passing hospitality. In the house were a number of peasantry quaffing a sourish wine, but the idol of all, and the source of amusement to each, as well by his lore as from the capers he from time to time cut, was the Magyar blacksmith, one of the chief of the village potentates. He was clearly of gipsy extraction; and, though dwelling among the stranger, scorned to conceal the hate he cherished for the enemy of his father-land. Even into this secluded nook the notes of Anglo-Saxon sympathy had penetrated; and I dwell with pride on the beaming exultation with which this manly fellow spoke of our country.

At length I reached a country town. It was market-day. How curious are the costumes that peasantry retain with such tenacity; and see those cadaverous-looking pigs, exposed for sale, how are they ever to be fattened? As soon as lunch was dispatched, I was again in motion, and entered another picturesque

village, rejoicing in a noble château, the property of some great proprietor; for English horses were being exercised by grooms, and there was an English air about the mansion. How few and far between are country seats in these regions! Some dozen only was it my lot to behold in my long pilgrimage. Onwards I proceeded, I was still on the borders of Styria; for in every hostelry was a daub of the Ban. What cutting irony, Ban, to make thee galloping over the prostrate Magyar! Thy speed was always reserved for the flight!

Again I come upon a town; but how can I pass those sentries, that legion of soldiery? See those officers communing earnestly. The thing is ridiculous. I shall be stopped. Well, what shall be your plea? Put on a bold face, you are now past the head quarters; you have still a long street to ascend, it is true, and see, there are sentries again at a closed gate higher up; but stay, here is a waggon just about to pass through, overtake it, walk on its left, and there is still a chance for your escape in the dusk. It is done. Two miles further, a patrol, as if in pursuit. Well, you must run into the coppice, and hide till they pass. Such were alternately the reflections and resolves of the day.

I now determined to avoid entering a town, unless compelled by some unforeseen event. The road lay through a wild mountain country, not without its pretensions to grandeur. Towards midnight I entered a field, skirted by a wood, and pitching my umbrella as a shelter, and making my carpet-bag a pillow, I endeavoured to snatch a brief repose. Before the lapse of an hour a heavy rain came on; and the cold in these regions being almost unsupportable by night, I judged it more

prudent to resume the march, than remain exposed to the attack of the two elements. All mankind were asleep. Even the swine herds, leaving their grunting charge, had sought the shelter of the wayside inns. Village after village did I leave behind during that dreary night, my only stimulant a great purpose, and the desire to aid, as far as lay in my power, the efforts of a gallant, but oppressed people.

The rain had reduced the road to a complete slough, and I had great difficulty in retaining my equilibrium in descending the steep hills. At four, A.M., the town of Friedberg lay at my feet; I was faint, weary, and dispirited. The rain seemed, if anything, to increase in violence. Moreover, I had no alternative. I entered warily, still hoping to shun observation, and passed the sentinel, fast aleep at his post. But there is the village inn, how it addresses itself to the corporeal cravings! Besides there will be other sentinels posted at the other extremity of the town. I enter. The host is churlish, and it is long before I can persuade any one to obey my requisitions.

After breakfast, two police officers appear. They scan me minutely, and pore over my passport, in vain seeking a solution to my mysterious appearance. Truly, the Austrian is not the most acute of the peoples of Europe! It never occurs to them, lost in unravelling absurd minutia, to ask why I honour Friedberg with a visit, in passing between Vienna and Trieste. The magic name of Brodie, the seal of the Stadthauptmanschaft, and my own finesse, dissipate one by one, all doubts and suspicions, and the passport, wrong on the face of it, is politely returned to me as correct. In the outskirts of the town I meet with a party of soldiers, and, a few hundred paces further, some officers.

They stand staring at me, and talk loudly to one another, but I affect not to regard them. Some miles further, I descry a military post in the distance. I had better avoid it. See, the road, after passing it, throws off a branch to the north-east. That forest, I think, will offer me a parallel course. It is skirted by villages, but I shun them, with one or two exceptions, and hide in the thickets when the foresters approach. I am now in Hungary again; but the people are German. I have bidden adieu to those sylvan glades, and there is a large town, Pinkafeld, before me. A terrific thunder-storm is about to burst over my head. I am emboldened by recent impunity. I reach the town just as the storm explodes. Its streets are converted in a moment into impetuous torrents. I seek cover under a shed; it is shared by a hundred soldiers. I am refused shelter at one hotel; I seek another,—and am admitted. The civic magnates have already demanded my passport—how sorely they are puzzled at its contents! See, they are spelling it syllable after syllable. They evidently imagine they can detect the arcana by the process. To their comprehension, it might as well have been in Cochin Chinese. They give it up in despair to the Hauptman. He is a Croat; I know it by his savage leer. Well, if he can't decipher it, his awe-inspiring visage betokens his suspicion of its having some hidden import.

Ultimately, a Jew is sent for; he is the schoolmaster of the place. The company defer to his intellectual superiority. He, they are sure, is not the man to be duped. He commences by propounding some searching interrogatories, and ventures on a sly remark or two in reference to my pursuing so singular a route from Vienna to Trieste. There is no accounting for tastes.

Soon he changes the scene to Old England. He had once lived at Oxford; so had I, but four short years ago. At what college? Lincoln, in the Turl. Ah! he knew it well; he had once got inside with his wares. He fancied, somehow or other, he recollected my face. Perhaps I remembered his. Could anything possibly be more conclusive? a talisman had been at work, and, in a twinkling, mistrust disappeared from the countenance of the Son of Israel. Even the barometer of the Hauptman's scowling physiognomy had an upward tendency; for no long time had elapsed, ere he pledged me in a bumper of Hungarian wine.

In taking leave, the Jew expressed a desire to see me before I left in the morning, with which I now regret I did not comply, but the fear of a second, and still more elaborate inquisitorial, and the dread of any unforeseen casualty, combined to deter me. Accordingly, quitting Pinkafeld early in the morning, I struck in a direct course for the Platten See, on the banks of which an Hungarian force was alleged to be posted. The people in the villages, who were principally of German extraction, appeared greatly solicitous to learn my errand; but as sympathy for the Magyar cause could not be expected in the same degree as among the more mixed population in the interior, I refrained from satisfying their curiosity. Yet many of them assumed a sad expression of countenance in their allusions to the catastrophe impending over the country.

In turning suddenly a corner of the road, I came quite unexpectedly upon an Austrian post, and before I had time to effect a retreat, I was greeted by a sentinel on the look-out, with the startling challenge, *"Wass machen Sie?"* The guard turned out in a twinkling. Every officer chanced to be absent from the post, or my fate

might have been reserved as heretofore, but the soldiers, in their ignorance, were naturally disposed to view the incident under its more serious complexion, the more that they were unable to decipher a syllable of my passport; and after a long consultation, as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, it was finally resolved that I should be forwarded to the next post in charge of three of the men. I gathered from my guard that we should find a subaltern stationed there. Having once been stopped, however, the officer, regardless of the proofs which the passport afforded of my having passed through Friedberg and Pinkafeld unmolested, decided, after a conference with his subordinates, on sending me to his superior at the next post; and in this manner I was ultimately transferred to Friedberg. The civil commissioner happened to be on session. I entered the bureau of the police with a cigar in my mouth, but removed it immediately upon coming in presence of the magistrate. He eyed me, however, in a manner so vindictive, and assumed a scowl so savage and insolent, that, on perceiving he intended to continue smoking himself, I instinctively resumed it, determined rather to commit a breach of decorum, than manifest the slightest symptom of trepidation. He ordered me to extinguish it. I replied, that I should be happy to comply, the instant he set me a better precedent. For a moment he hesitated, and then removed his pipe; but while in the act of following his example, my cigar was dashed from between my teeth by one of the bailiffs in attendance. A momentary scuffle ensued between myself and my assailant, but I was in an instant surrounded, while the latter retreated in the rear.

I now underwent a most rigorous search, and my scanty baggage was dragged from its receptacle and

overhauled. At the same moment, my braces and cravat were duly probed, and my unfortunate brandy-flask was returned to me smashed in the inside. The searchers passed their hands several times up and down my legs. Fortunately, I had previously turned up the part of the gaiters overlapping the shoes, and thus removed the greatest source of peril. But too cognizant of their dangerous contents, I could distinctly hear the crackling of the silver-paper on which the letters were written, yet, by a miraculous interposition, their ears were as much at fault as their sight and sense of touch, and I, for the first time, escaped the terrible ordeal in triumph.

At this stage of the proceedings, the colonel of the regiment stationed at Friedberg entered the court, and seated himself by the side of the local magistrate. He seemed disposed to adopt a summary course of proceeding, and talked of shooting me without any ceremony. I must do the commissioner the justice to say, that he, on every occasion, interposed to check the violence of his coadjutor. Both, however, concurred in the opinion, that I was neither more nor less than a Hungarian spy, and appealed from the passport, which declared me to be an English advocate, to what they were pleased to call my military aspect and bearing, and even to the dress I then wore.

At length, a suggestion of the commissioner's, that I should be sent off under escort to Grätz, in order that the pleasure of the Imperial government might be taken as to my fate, prevailed; and I was removed to the den in which I was destined to pass the night, and remain until one o'clock the next day. The place was about six feet square, and dismal enough to make a dog howl. The money I carried on my person had been seized;

no food was provided, and a dirty earthenware pot of water was placed at such a distance from without the bars of the cage that it could not be reached.

I passed as good a night as the litter of dirty straw provided for me would permit; and at one o'clock was summoned again to appear before the commissioner. I was once more searched. No inquiry was made as to whether I had tasted food for the last twenty-four hours, and, however faint and weary, I was myself too much absorbed, at the possible discovery of the gaiters, to ask for any. Intense as was the heat at midday, I was brought out to march at once to Hartberg, between a file of soldiers with fixed bayonets.

And well did the soldiers fulfil their brutal mission. Not a drop of wine or water was I permitted to taste during the first stage of eight miles, and it was not until we had reached the next stage (the escort, it may be mentioned, was relieved every eight miles) that I was permitted a moment's refreshment. In vain I adduced the insufficiency of the food so dearly paid for; I was forbidden any further rest, and when in a state of exhaustion I attempted to snatch a brief respite on a bank by the road-side, I was struck by the escort with the butt-end of their muskets, and experienced every kind of evasion at the next post, when I endeavoured to obtain the name of the principal offender.

The third party, composed like the preceding of savage Croats, fitting agents of such a government, behaved, if possible, more brutally still, and actually proceeded so far as to prick me with their bayonets, for the purpose of expediting my movements, when I suddenly started up, and pointing to my heart, intimated that they might run me through, but that I neithe could nor would then move. Seeing that I was deter-

mined, they desisted from their persecution, and, sitting down by my side, lit their pipes. It needed the soothing influence of the weed to tame their baffled passions, and I watched with some interest its slow but sure effects on their swarthy fiend-like countenances.

A subsequent brutal proceeding of these men so exasperated me, that for an instant I canvassed in my mind the chances I should incur were I to seize the bayonet of the man before me, and transfix him in my rear. I was saved, however, from a very dangerous, but I feel not an altogether impracticable attempt, by the approach of two officers, to whom I repeated in broken German the brutal treatment I had experienced. They addressed the men im some Sclave dialect, so that I could not comprehend their observations; but they spoke in an admonitory tone, for the remainder of the march was performed in peace, though in the most intense agony, produced by the swelling of the instep and the appearance of a sore. This becoming aggravated by the friction of the leather and the intense heat, resolved itself into a frightful ulcer by the time I reached Hartberg, and rendered me for a long time unable to put on a shoe.

At Hartberg I was left for some hours in the barrack-yard, among the soldiers, without refreshment, until a senior officer, less devoid of humanity than the others, happening to be passing, and seeing that I was half insensible, ordered my removal to a bed.

Soon after the commissioner arrived. I must acknowledge that while he performed his duty to the letter, he displayed considerable feeling under the circumstances. Our conversation was in Latin, for he could not speak French; but as neither of us could express ourselves sufficiently fluently in a *lingua mortua*

at such a moment of excitement, we found it necessary to betake ourselves to the rector of the place, who spoke French. To him I declared that I never had the slightest intention of joining the Hungarian army in a military capacity, but that I had merely wished to be in as close a proximity as possible to the scene of war, in order the better to carry on the correspondence with which I was entrusted. My statement appeared in some degree satisfactory, and the commissioner resolved that I should be permitted to take up my quarters at an hotel for the night; but he intimated that he should deem it his duty to keep a light burning in the room, and to place a sentinel by my bed side. As a preliminary, I was taken to the bureau to be once more searched. Nothing was discovered; but still the danger was not a whit the less imminent.

After supper I was shewn into my apartment, and now I foresaw that the real crisis of peril was at hand. I had hitherto been couched on straw, and had therefore remained in my clothes; now, however, it became necessary to disrobe. Fortunately, the commissioner was not present while I was getting into bed, and that little accident, together with the circumstance of the sentinel's being aware of my having been previously several times searched, it was, which offered me a ray of hope at this forlorn moment. I resolved, therefore, to seize every opportunity that an imperturbable coolness could alone furnish me with for carrying out my designs. Taking off the dreaded gaiters with the same *sang froid* with which I had taken off my coat, I contrived, by a little sleight of hand, in getting into bed, to whip them under it. Five minutes afterwards the commissioner entered the room, and enquired of the guard whether they had perceived anything of a suspicious tendency,

and whether I had attempted concealment in any shape. They replied that I had divested myself of everything in front of them without hesitation, and that there was nothing to warrant a remark.

So the commissioner retired, first giving orders, at my request, that the lights should be extinguished, and the sentinels should remain outside. Neither of these instructions were, for some reason or other, obeyed; and if I contrived to doze for a few minutes, the gleam of the pale moon beams piercing through the windows, and lighting up the soldiers' bayonets, effectually dissipated sleep. The soldiers, too, dozed once or twice for a few moments during the night, till, disturbed from some cause or other, they would suddenly start up, as if under the impression that I was making my escape. Then for an hour or two they would direct their glistening orbs upon the spot where I lay, as they thought asleep, watching my very breath.

During one of the occasions on which I found them napping in this manner, I contrived to draw up the gaiters from their concealment under the bed, and to place them on the chair alongside of my other garments. As soon as it was light I rose, and put on every article of apparel in the same open manner that I had divested myself of it on the night previous. As soon as the commissioner arrived, he put the same questions as before to the sentinels, and they gave a similar answer. I now began to breathe more freely. After breakfast the commissioner conducted me to a landau in waiting at the door, and gave orders to the two Italian corporals, my conductors, that I should be driven to Grätz.

At one of the places on the road at which we stopped to take refreshment, we encountered Hantsch, the commissioner of Friedberg. I could not avoid the conclusion

that forced itself upon me, in a review of his repulsive features, that I had never seen a more stolid-looking boor in all my experience of mankind, and that such a being would scarcely have been deemed eligible for a village schoolmaster in England.

I can hardly now say whether it was my lot always to meet the Austrian character under its more revolting phases, or whether such are its positive and distinguishing characteristics. If the former, all I can say is, that in their aggregation of facts the fates were uncommonly unkind. Here were we, four of us, and all heavy men too, to accomplish a journey of forty-five miles, perpetually up hill and down dale, over roads not everywhere in the best condition, with a horse that we should have long since consigned to the knackers; and I shudder in saying it, only one brief respite was given to the wretched beast, and then it was only to offer it some hay. Poor brute, how thou wert tortured and mangled during the live-long journey! Truly there is ample scope here for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Are we to infer that the human animal, oppressed and emasculated under a sordid and heartless despotism, revenges unconsciously on the brute his own deprivation of established rights?

The country between Hartberg and Grätz is composed of a series of undulations, at times elevated into ranges of hills, everywhere highly picturesque, but devoid, as elsewhere, of the accompaniments we consider essential to the landscape. Nowhere is a château to be seen, seldom, indeed, a farm-house; every village is a peasant settlement, with its attendant priests, reputed to be little in advance of their parishioners in intelligence. As you approach Grätz, however, one of the most magnificent views in Europe lies at your feet. At

hand is the Mur, and a little south of it is the Drave, which Nature, in one of her capricious moods, has destined to traverse unheard-of plains, in the place of emptying herself into the contiguous Adriatic.

On reaching Grätz I was again searched, with the same result as before; but, owing to the absence of the authorities, I was left without refreshment. Next morning, however, the brother-in-law of the commissioner who was well acquainted with English, arrived, and at once interested himself in my behalf. By his means a protocol of my case, as it is here called, was drawn up and despatched to the governor of Grätz.

The governor, in his reply, notified that it would be necessary for me to go up to Vienna, and if I had any complaints to allege of the treatment I had undergone, I had better make them there. I begged him, nevertheless, to release me from arrest, and suffer me to remain a day or two at Grätz, from which the correspondence could be conducted equally well; but he was obdurate to my appeal, and the next day I was transferred to Vienna, apparently without an escort, but in point of fact under surveillance, as I was not long in discovering after I had entered the railway carriage.

On arriving at Vienna, my first aim was to discover, whether or no I was followed; but, failing to notice any person, whom I had reason to suspect, in immediate sequence, I hastened to the house of a Magyar friend, in the Herrengasse, since the author of a very able work on the war in Hungary. To him I related my adventures, and requested permission to take off my gaiters, and deposit them there. He somewhat demurred to my request, at first, on the ground of its peril to himself, and the probability of an officer being on watch outside. His lady, however, who is an

Englishwoman, protested against these prudential considerations, and taking the gaiters from me, threw them on the floor of an ante-room, remarking that secret correspondence was not likely to be sought for there.

I was now left at liberty to communicate * with Prince Schwarzenberg on the treatment I had undergone, and to prefer a demand for satisfaction, which should embrace the removal of the Commissioner Hantsch, the punishment of certain of my escort for brutality, and a pecuniary recompense for my detention in prison and loss of time.

* I shall not trouble the reader with the first letter of the correspondence; for it is a mere recapitulation of facts with which he is already conversant.—(See Appendix).

CHAPTER IV.

Application to the Austrian Commanders for Passes to their respective Camps.—How frustrated.—Klapka's Sortie from Comorn.—Military Pusillanimity.—Summons to attend at the Stadthauptmanschaft. — Am re-placed under Arrest. — An Order is read to me from Marshal Welden directing me to quit Vienna, and the Austrian Dominions, within twenty-four Hours.—Character of my Conductors.—Nature of our Conversation.—Perils environing the Austrian Monarchy.—Character of the Imperial Family.—My new Position, and the Train of Reflection evoked by it.—Description of the Mode by which I eluded the Austrian Police.—British Representatives at the Court of Vienna, Sir R. Gordon, Lord Ponsonby.—Erroneous Impressions formed by both the Austrian Court and People as to the True Principles that actuate the Nation through such media.—Enhancement in Price of Provisions throughout Austria.—Description of Ober Œsterreich.—State of Agriculture. —My Route.—Arrival at Scharding.—Scene at parting with my Conductor.—Reception at Neuhaus. — Social Aspect of Bavaria.—Utter Uselessness of a British Ambassador at Munich.—Life of an Attaché.—Scene between the American Minister and Prince Schwarzenberg.—Munich.—Road to Innspruck. — Description of that City.—Austrian Spies.—Road through the Passes of the Tyrol.—A Croat Officer.—The Italian Tyrol.—Trento.—Verona., Maestra, etc.—Italian Landlord.—Am invited by the Austrian Officers to join their Circle in the Evening.—Unpleasant Discussion and its Consequences.—Venice and the Bombardment.—The Venetian Deputies.—Tranquil Appearance of the City.—Treviso.—Review the Site of Charles Albert's Campaign.—Arrival at Trieste.—Am informed by the Vice-Consul that the Austrian Government has some Inkling

of my Designs.—Observe a Vienna Police Agent at Lloyd's.—Withdraw, and go on board a Steamer departing for Corfu.—The Austrian Lloyd's and the Economy of their Steamers.—On reaching Corfu receive Tidings of Görgey's Defection.—Wait for a Confirmation.—None arriving, cross over to Albania with the view of re-entering Hungary.

HAVING failed, in the manner I have described, to enter Hungary by stratagem, I again resorted to the more legal method of securing the object I had in view, and addressed letters to Haynau, Paskewitch, and the Ban, requesting a pass to their respective camps. The *dénouement* of my late adventures was, however, being gradually consummated, and was shortly to prevent my receiving a reply to these communications. In the interval I devoted myself earnestly to my correspondence. It was some consolation to find, that if my mission, in so far as concerned its higher aims, had eventuated in failure, it had enabled me to lay bare the Austrian system of finance, and to render hopeless all the efforts of her government to entice the small capitalist of Britain, the widow and the orphan, within her ill-concealed meshes.

The week was pregnant with great events. The exhaustion and disorganization of the Hungarian armies in the East were, for the moment at least, compensated by Klapka's gallant sortie from Comorn, which had struck terror and dismay into the very heart of the empire, and, when taken in connection with the general conviction which prevailed of imperial deception in withholding every narrative of reverses, and as pompously parading the smallest item of success, appeared to the Viennese to forbode a crisis nearer home, perhaps the transference of the war to the neighbourhood of the capital. Nor were the panic-struck citizens to be all at

once re-assured by their natural protectors. Already had the soldiery caught the prevailing infection, and two regiments ordered out to Presburg, as a reinforcement to the army of Western Hungary, had remained immoveable on the glacis, bewailing in tears their sad fate, and declaring their determination not to march out to be butchered like their predecessors. In vain did their officers seek, now by every blandishment, now by menaces of the severest punishment, to change their determination. For several hours they remained obdurate alike to appeal or argument; but, stratagem being resorted to, they were at length, almost unconsciously, led on to share the fate of their comrades.

One evening, towards the close of the week, at a late hour, I received a summons from the commissioner of police, requiring my attendance at the Stadthauptmanschaft on the following morning. I hurried down, half expecting an apology for the ill usage I had lately experienced. In its stead an order was read to me, purporting to emanate from Marshal Welden, governor of Vienna, directing me to quit that city and the Austrian territory by extraordinary post, within twenty-four hours, and in the meanwhile to consider myself under arrest. I demanded an interview with Marshal Welden. It was refused. I demanded permission to see or communicate with the British Ambassador. It was denied me.

Seeing that I was powerless, and in unscrupulous hands, I required that I should be sent out of the country at their exclusive cost, to which they acceded after considerable demur, the only other concession granted being a permission to accompany the police officers to my hotel, to arrange for the removal of my effects. A *chef de bureau* accompanied me the first stage

on the road, and then returned to Vienna, leaving me in the charge of one of his subordinates, an intelligent and well-behaved man, who endeavoured to anticipate all my wants, and to console me in my affliction with every kind attention.

Previously to his departure we had interchanged ideas respecting the future reserved for the country. Beneath the thin and transparent veil of hope, which he affected to assume, were displayed sentiments ill at ease, and contradictory to his most cherished inferences. The man was half a patriot without knowing it, and I felt I was treading on delicate ground, as I heard how he sighed when, in allusion to the impotency of the country of his birth, he confessed she could only look for deliverance to the barbarian of the North.

"And yet I believe the revolution has died in the birth," interjected he.

"In that you will be found to be wrong," replied I. "Such a notion coincides neither with the teaching of history, nor with the unity of a drama which never develops itself in fragments. Depend upon it, Sir, the revolution is a drama in five acts, replete with life and passion, not one of which it will be baulked of, unless, placing honest men at the wheel of its destiny, you rob it of its aliment, God's dispensation to revenge political crime. In that case your own profession would cease, as it has in England, to be devoted immediately to the repression of human cravings after progress, and would only operate against man where he came into collision with society by violating the laws of its Founder."

"And am I to understand, then, that with you political misdemeanours are unknown, and unvisited by the correction of the police?"

"Not exactly so, but among us they are reduced to a

compass the most narrow; and it is only where the party transgressing exceeds the limits of discussion, and the legitimate agitation of grievances, and, when he openly professes his design of subverting the framework of society, that the law steps in and disarms him. Up to that period he is ignored, and, depend upon it, he is not the gainer by the omission.

Should he involve the country in anarchy, he is severely punished; for surely it is only criminal to transgress the law where there prevails a reciprocity of right. The antithesis of tyranny is rebellion, and under tyranny insurrection is a sacred and indefeasible right. Do not misunderstand me. I am not employing the term in the sense in which it has been adopted by certain *exaltes,* but in the restricted meaning in which it was applied by our Saxon forefathers."

"I comprehend you, sir. What a happy country must England be! How I should like to visit it!"

"I wish you could. You would no sooner set foot in our metropolis, than you would learn one instructive lesson."

"What is that?"

"That while you have a garrison of 30,000 men employed in the defence of your walled capital, with a population of 400,000, we, with one more than six times as numerous, require scarcely 2,000 soldiery to protect our metropolis—the metropolis of the world, and the emporium of its wealth — which remains without any external defence other than that I have described.

"While I am holding up to your view and contrasting the two pictures, in a manner, I fear you may deem invidious, let me somewhat qualify that which appears at present all *couleur de rose.* I should be sorry were

I to lead you to infer, that we have arrived at administrative perfection in England. Very far from it. It is to our future that we look with the least apprehension. In the vista are seen hope commingled with faith.

"Our experiments in testing the strength of its materials have conduced to the discovery, that our constitution possesses an elasticity adequate to every emergency. Hitherto, we have been engaged in mere surface diggings, profitable no doubt, and yet more suggestive; but the ulterior development of the precious metal is to be arrived at only by the application of machinery to the quartz rock below. We have scarcely done anything towards the removal of the foul air perforating every gallery, in the shape of jobs, pensions, sinecures, monopolies, favouritism. There is also an untold depth of water to be removed in the shape of useless offices, and antiquated abuses.

"Some years hence we shall substitute a senate for that which you everywhere consider a bauble, our House of Lords. Previously to that we shall have purified the Commons; first, by extending the franchise to every man who can read and write, and by insisting on every representative's being selected from the class of burgesses, as was originally intended by the royal founder of that assembly. The selection of the sons and dependants of the aristocracy, under any pretext however specious, is so palpable and glaring a monstrosity, that it is really past belief how men could have been found audacious enough to intertwine such a parasite with the fair oak of our constitution. It is no more a part of the fabric as originally devised, than the whitewash which secretes the richly wrought tracery and exquisitely carved oak of mediæval art.

"But to revert to the topic we began with. The police with us is the organ of the civil executive in its

last resort, and is not employed in insatiate inquiries into the thoughts, words, aud incidents of daily life, or the altars of domestic privacy. I should be almost ready to revisit Vienna, for the purpose of congratulating you, when I learn that the Stadthauptmaunschaft limits its cognizance of offences to the bounds prescribed by reason and right."

At this moment, a richly decorated carriage, drawn by four handsome English greys, and bearing the mother and brother of the Emperor, dashed rapidly past us, and the colloquy terminated.

More than one opportunity had been furnished me, at the Bourg theatre and other places of entertainment, of surveying the facial lineaments of the Imperial family. I know not from what cause, but the Cretin-like expression of the features of Francis and Ferdinand pervades also, and reigns dominant in the expression of their collateral descendants. The very portraits of the young Kaiser carry with them the settled melancholy, which he has inherited with his Spanish lineage, and though pains have been taken to blazon forth his latent administrative talents and military ardour, they are neither justified by appearances, nor fortified by the results.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," writes our great British bard. Uneasy, truly, even where coexistent with constitutional right! How appalling then must be the vista opening for this youthful monarch, were he never so bold and intelligent! On every side he catches his own shadow, the representative of unjust and plundered prerogatives, which he is perforce compelled to retain. What conflicts in embryo, whether or no he relax his hold! Of what daily and hourly arbitrary acts is he the nominal perpetrator! What an array of witnesses, accusers, condemners, aye, and it may be requiters, does he lay up in store.

Let the dykes again burst their bounds, is he to expect an acquittal for the violation of laws, the tampering with justice, the floggings, imprisonments worse than death, the merciless executions, the hundred other excesses committed in his name. What an accumulation of vengeance has he contracted! Will he die king of Hungary, unless he be prematurely snatched from his career of trouble? Dare his lithest courtiers flatter him so? Bears Galicia no reminiscence of the murder of its nobility, encouraged and promoted by the minister of his predecessor? Has Bohemia never pronounced against his sway? Are even the favoured Dutchies an exception to the universal rule? Are Lombardy and Venetia happy under the tutelage of the bi-headed eagle? Does Dalmatia never recall with ecstasy the republic crushed under Austrian talons? Are the Viennese so contented under his paternal government, that, while they are allowed their music and scenic representations, they have no aspirations beyond martial law? Is it abroad that we are to look for his deliverance? May not Russia at length arrive at the conclusion, that it is more to her purpose to partition his provinces than to acquire a right to a homage and gratitude devoid of sincerity? Has Prussia to add no new item to the score she will one day require at his hands? Will Turkey have cause to weep at a fate which his predecessors had scrupled to avert from herself in the hour of her agony? Has Sardinia no hereditary aspirations to gratify at his expence? Could not France acquire the principalities of his most doting allies by a day's hostilities? Has the head of the Anglo-Saxon family no old grievances to avenge? Was it not the very same state which denounced Hungarian independence, and stigmatised her patriots as traitors,

that craftily stepped forward to recognise American? Do not the mighty offshoots of England everywhere regard her with the contempt and indignation with which the heirs of a noble birthright are wont to approach the embodiment of tyranny? However, then, the subversion of the Austrian dynasty may for the moment be stayed, it cannot, in the nature of things, be averted.

We found some difficulty in procuring relays of horses at the different stages on the route, in consequence of the number retained for the Imperial travellers. Everywhere in the towns that we passed, we found the military drawn up to receive them, and crowds of gaping rustics, attracted by the serenity of the weather, were expecting their appearance. At one stage we were in advance of them, at another they had gained on us, and when this was the case, we had leisure to amuse ourselves at the expense of the dismounted postboys, who, as though discrediting the amount of the ample largess, seemed never to be tired in counting the paper treasure they had received as a gratuity for their accomplished service.

The sluggish progress of the (so-called) extraordinary post, which maintains an average speed under five miles an hour, served to recall my actual position to my mind. My first idea had been to return into Hungary by Constantinople, and, in that case, to take a passage thither by a French steamer from Marseilles. Such was the resolve which I had in part communicated to my fellow-traveller, and such had been the first crude project of my own conception. Further consideration and a regard to the words endorsed on my passport,* suggested a course of procedure, perhaps, more perilous, but not altogether impracticable, as experience ultimately

* "To return to his own country."

proved. It lay in throwing my companion off my trail by a very facile stratagem. By mystifying him as to my route, when I should be set at liberty; by posting to Munich, before any other communication could supersede to thwart me; by obtaining a new passport under another name, and therewith re-entering the Austrian territory.

To circumvent him, in the first instance, I determined to leave behind me in the carriage, from which we should alight at a succeeding stage, two overcoats, and not to apprize him of the loss, until their immediate recovery should be unattainable. I perceived he had noticed their value, and I naturally inferred that he would consider them in the light of a gage for my adopting a line of conduct in accordance with the particular object of regaining them.

As I surmised, so it happened. As soon as I discovered the loss, he bade me be at ease, for he would send orders by the guard of the *malle-poste*, to have them forwarded to Vienna, whence they could be sent to Passau by steamer, and I could wait for them there. I affected to coincide with the arrangement; but on arriving in Bavaria, I posted to Passau, and gave orders to the agent of the Danube Steam Navigation Company to forward them to the American Consul at Trieste; then retracing my steps to Munich, I at once procured a new passport, *viséd* in the usual manner by the Austrian ambassador, and prepared for my departure, through the Tyrol and Italy, to the rendezvous agreed upon. But I am anticipating the course of events.

My companion, being tolerably conversant with French, soon became very communicative, and disclosed a few particulars respecting the *attachés* of the British Embassy, and their secret correspondence with the

Austrian police, which equally surprised and incensed me. I had been made aware, more by the ostentatious manner in which he vaunted his hateful ideas, than from any importance the world in general attached to them, that the chief party implicated was really more actively engaged in doing the dirty work of the vilest Austrian bureau, than in the more legitimate occupation for which he received a large yet ill-earned annual salary. Himself a vain, frivolous butterfly, fitter to strut down Pall-mall, than to serve in a profession which, if it is not, under the altered circumstances of our time, positively mischievous, demands at all events the highest energy and intellect in all concerned in it; the only claim he could prefer to the post, which he so unworthily filled, was based upon his forming one of a family of ubiquitous, yet still increasing placemen, whose counder had once stood in the van of a veteran band of reformers, but was destined to leave behind him a son more of an Austrian than the Austrians themselves.

From time immemorial the interests of the British nation have been woefully misrepresented at the Court of Vienna. Under Sir Robert Gordon was attained the grand *climacteric* of disgrace; and since then some improvement for the better was inherent in the nature of circumstances, unless, repudiating the principles of the Holy Alliance at home, we were resolved to render them the normal starting point for every political truculency abroad. There are persons now living in the consular service, who could narrate facts and incidents which occurred during that period that would be fit to make our very Saxon flesh creep with disgust and horror.

No wonder that despotism, hearing from a distance of our love of freedom, but catching its echo only from the uncertain sound trumpeted forth by our diplomatists,

should come to regard our instincts as only separated in name from its own, and point with pride to the undeviating adhesion of England, "its ancient ally," to every repressive measure it judged it necessary to enforce.

I bear willing testimony to the improved tone assumed by our diplomacy under the direction of Lord Ponsonby. His lordship was far too high-minded and dignified to serve in the leading strings of men like Metternich and Schwarzenberg. He never forgot that he represented the first country in the world; and his chivalrous attitude at the least invasion of her rights, proceed from whatever quarter it might, was in the highest degree commendable.

Unfortunately, although an adherent in theory to the school of Fox, he appeared, in practice, scarcely prepared to cope with the conclusions, which, valuable as they might be from their inevitable tendency, our more advanced progress has already rendered so many obsolete traditions.

To some such cause as this, perhaps, was to be attributed the ill-concealed antagonism of our veteran diplomatist to the momentous struggle of right against might. That struggle was now being waged by a country to which Western Europe had once looked with confidence as its bulwark against the Osmanli, which she now yearned towards with a deeper sympathy as her vanguard in the East against a still more formidable enemy —despotism. Or shall that result be assigned to that tendency to conflict between the liberalism of our youthful principles and the more prudential and sedative considerations suggested by advancing years?

Could you have recalled forty years of his lordship's career, you might have found him secretly rejoiced,

nay, willing, as far as he legitimately could, to espouse the cause of an oppressed nation—oppressed, because exhausted by her countless efforts in defence of imperilled civilisation, she had insensibly fallen into the arms of a wary, insidious, and strength-reserving neighbour.

Like all the public men of his generation, he had been, if not a party to, at least an interested witness of that partition of Europe, yclept a settlement, in which the meaner animals of prey, the wolf, the jackall, the bear, and the bi-headed eagle, a monster in ornithology, a monster by her instincts, had appropriated nationalities, as though they were the figures of a chessboard; while the lion, forgetting in somnolency his nature, had been mesmerized into accepting much of the odium of the wrong, and for his share, the mere offal of that feast of plunder.

But a truce to reflection; let us revert to our main purpose. Deeply regretting that we could not extend a hand to the succour of a gallant and chivalrous people—a people, too, whose virtues are engraven so deeply on our hearts, whether it be their free and ungrudging hospitality, their kindred traditions and customs, the love they bear us, and their time-honoured reminiscences, I yet found a modicum of consolation in the reflection that, if the strict observance of international faith forbade the intervention of force, our country had supported their cause, with one or two infamous exceptions, through her press, by the arms of some of her children, by public and earnest demonstrations, by her moral influence throughout the globe, by the kindly, though negative, sympathy of her statesmen, by the hearth we have offered their exiles, and that, by a felicitous conjuncture of events, public

opinion at home had not been smothered by our having been wedded with absolutism abroad. Happily, our tendencies are not soon likely to be Aberdeenwards again. They are every day advancing quietly, but surely, beyond the present more liberal depositaries of power, and ripening towards a development full of hope and vigour. That little focus of intellectual sovereignty, cherished within the bosom of every free nation, has, within the last twenty years, periodically emitted its vitality over the whole political atmosphere, melting before its genial sway many a harsh inequality of surface, and probing beneficially many an obscure corner, where abuse and its satellites had long reigned triumphant. Day by day it is receiving accretions, and expanding its circumference, until, like a summer's sun, it shall feel its power, and, shedding its warmth over our whole Saxon land, make its vibrations felt wherever her children canopy.

We found the enhancement of the price of all the necessaries of life, caused by the insatiate demands for the supply of three vast armies, together with the debasement of the paper currency, to extend to the utmost limits of Upper Austria, in a proportion scarcely less perceptible than in the provinces nearer the theatre of operations; so much so, indeed, that my companion assured me he had paid a florin and a half for a breakfast, consisting of eggs, bread, and coffee, for which he would have been charged less than a third of the sum two years ago.

The same exorbitant charges prevailed at all the roadside inns, although my fellow-traveller was well known in these parts, having, as an itinerant dealer attended every market in the province previous to his present appointment. Upper Austria is a fertile, and,

for a proprietary without capital, a well-cultivated country, abounding in romantic scenery, for the most part comprised within the Bohemian mountains to the north, and the Noric and Solker Alps to the south. From its proximity to the capital, and the facilities for transport afforded by the Danube, together with the natural drainage secured to it by elevation of surface, it is, for its size, the wealthiest, best favoured, and most productive portion of the empire.

Yet, for all these advantages, I cannot say I, anywhere, saw the result that such a combination of favourable circumstances might have been supposed to engender. Nowhere were to be seen any great skill, ingenuity, or inordinate activity, in extracting the utmost from its fertile soil. Perhaps it is to be ascribed to the tenure of service, perhaps also to the large proportion of ecclesiastical property, which, here, as elsewhere, fastens itself, like a leprosy, on agricultural progress. On the southern bank of the Danube, there are several religious establishments; and at one of the towns, Erlauf, a prince prelate, with an almost fabulous revenue, maintains a palace, out of all consistency with apostolical traditions.

A glorious summer's sun had lit up the Noric Alps with such resplendent prismatic colouring, bringing out into sublime relief every peak and cone, that it needed not the unceasing attentions of my companion to invite my admiration. My spirits were rising, like the thermometer, and I had soon regained the joyous temperament, which recent events had somewhat contributed to unsettle. Here, as in France and Bavaria, every field had, for its demarcation, a line of apple, pear, and plum trees, and, by the way, the practice of planting these is one which our agriculturists might imitate with

advantage. The last fruits of autumn were now being carried home.

Although Upper Austria had been permitted to retain its national guard, after the disbandment of that force in the other provinces, I could not fail to see that my chaperon was uneasy on my account, during our brief stoppages in the towns, where the reminiscences of the revolution had been in some degree retained. In point of fact, the police had scarcely yet regained its former prestige, and the ludicrous escapade to which it had been forced so recently to submit, during its period of impotence, were yet fresh in men's minds.

The towns of St. Pölten, Erlauf, Walsee, Enns, etc., through which we passed, have nothing beyond their situation to recommend them, unless it be the structure of the houses, the scale of which, as compared with similar dwellings in our own country, is always a subject of astonishment to an Englishman.

After leaving Linz, the road skirted for some miles, the southern bank of the Danube presenting to our view some of the sublime scenery by which I had been so vividly impressed on a former occasion.

Although we had travelled incessantly for twenty-four hours, we were far removed from our journey's end; and I could not help smiling at the expression of mortification which was becoming more and more apparent in the features of my conductor, at the bare idea that the edict of so mighty a hero as Welden, had been practically violated. To add to the offence, and render it almost inexpiable, we did not reach Scharding until two o'clock in the morning: we were, accordingly, too late to cross the Inn; it was necessary, therefore, to make the best of it, and suffer me to pollute the Austrian soil for another seven or eight hours.

After breakfast I was taken, by my conductor, over the bridge, which crosses the river between Scharding and Neuhaus, when I was once more free, and on Bavarian territory. The honest German shed tears on leaving me, and insisted on saluting me in the true German fashion—a practice, which, though sufficiently repugnant to our sense of propriety, I was, in this instance, fain to comply with. As he had already communicated his errand to some Bavarian officers on the bridge, I became all at once an object of attraction, and was carried by a party of them to visit the conscript fathers of the place.

In the evening, I was invited to an *al fresco* entertainment in an open space in front of the hotel, at which my health was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm. Whatever sympathy, therefore, may be entertained by the Bavarian Government for its neighbour and ally, it is clear it is not universally shared by the people.

The paper money I had brought with me from Austria, I found to be unnegotiable here on any terms. Gold, and a silver somewhat alloyed, are the only currency; and during my two trips through Bavaria, I nowhere recollect having met with their paper subsitute.

The political and social aspect of Bavaria has remained, perhaps, unchanged during the past three hundred years, in the face of every mutation on the part of surrounding states; and it presents, in consequence, many phases worthy of the attention of the philosopher. Situated nearly in the heart of Germany, and circumscribed within narrow limits by kindred states; possessing a water-carriage, limited to boats of the lightest draught; enjoying little or no foreign commerce; boasting of little or no mineral wealth, no great agri-

cultural staples, other than those that compose the primordial elements of subsistence; unrenowned for manufacturing skill; she has, nevertheless, to exhibit a people, in the mass, as well fed, clothed, and housed as many of the greater states; and want is scarcely to be found within her borders.

A number of co-operating causes will furnish a satisfactory solution. Independently of her expenditure on works of art, her requirements are of the simplest kind. She has few artificial wants; and the greater portion of the articles of luxury she imports are for the supply of the foreigners who frequent her Art-Capital. Property is equally divided; there are few, if any, great proprietors; the soil admits almost everywhere of culture. Land is held by an easy tenure. It is true she has no coal, but her mountain territory produces an ample supply of timber. Her taxation sits lightly on her, for her expenditure has never been sunk. It has given employment to her most ingenious children, and served to attract strangers to her capital. Her monarchs have never launched into extravagance on their own account. Patriarchal in character, their rule has always had the welfare of the subject for its object. Her population, scarcely anywhere excessive, has found an easy outlet for its relief on a contiguous and less crowded area, or gradually emigrated to the New World. No state in Europe has less of political short-comings to answer for; and none is entitled to look with more of confidence to the future.

Priestcraft and superstition flourish luxuriantly, it is true, and to a certain degree darken the picture; but the evil is counterpoised by the indifferentism of the mass, and there is a prevailing kindliness of spirit, which goes far to check an otherwise unmixed evil.

At Munich I again met with my friend Mr. Stiles, the American ambassador, accredited to the Court of Vienna. Rather in the way of routine, than for any reason more cogent, he was accustomed to pay an annual visit to Stuttgard, Munich, and perhaps the minor capitals of Southern Germany; yet I believe I am within bounds when I state, that the total cost of the two American embassies in Germany, along with their dependent consulates, falls short of, rather than exceeds, the sum expended over our embassy at Munich alone. I am afraid any language I could possibly employ, to convey the annoyance which I experienced at witnessing this unseemly outlay of ours over diplomacy in petty German states, would, by its feebleness, fall short of its purpose.

Yet where is the man bold enough to maintain that America suffers in her commerce, or in the protection she extends to her people from her economy? Well may our practice startle the world by its inconsistency with our principles, and call forth the derision of our American kinsmen, the critics to whom we have the strongest reason to defer. "If you are as free as you allege," say they, "what in the name of reason induces you to consign your purse into the hands of the men who seem bent on nothing more pertinent than to ease it of its contents. What grounds have you, any more than ourselves, for retaining an ambassador at Munich? We travel in Bavaria as much as you, yet so far from requiring an ambassador to guarantee our passports, we maintain not a consul in our pay. An alien in religion and policy, the Court of Bavaria can never bestow an atom of its sympathy on your projects or advice; and for the country, wedded to a Zollverein that levies a prohibitive toll on your wares, it absorbs scarcely a half

of the manufactures consumed by our state of Rhode Island."

So long as England, or, to speak more to the point, her aristocratic rulers, for have we not been enlightened on the subject by one of themselves? determines to preserve these loop-holes for pauper patricians of their order, so long will Russia, Prussia, France, and Austria retain theirs; not by the way of vieing with British extravagance, for that is unique by its lofty isolation, but by counteracting her political suggestions and manœuvres through a similar agency. Do we not morally and politically, as well as geographically, turn our backs upon Europe, and scan trade and converse with either hemisphere; while they, parts and parcels of a time-worn Continent, are, in a manner, limited to one uniform system, regulated by the same impulses and principles of action, and associated by the same interests of commerce, polity, and tradition?

"Besides, you little reflect, tax-payers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, how you punish these diplomatic exiles, and what wearisome lives you lead them, simply from giving them nothing to employ their time. Picture a young *attaché* at Munich dreaming pleasantly in bed at half-past twelve, peremptory orders having been given that he is not to be disturbed till one, P.M. Imagine him dressed, and partaking of a hearty breakfast at two. At three looking in for ten minutes into the Chancellery, and, finding all a dull vacuity there, strolling to the Cartoon Cloister, in the Ludwigstrasse; and with a cigar in his mouth, and the latest French novel in his hand, sauntering on the grass, occasionally diverting himself by a flirtation with a pretty girl, just to convince the world of his diplomatic impulse, if it would only give him an outlet for its development.

Then picture him returning to dress for dinner, which he enjoys with all the keener relish, in his consciousness of having so fairly earned it; follow him to his coffee and billiards, and you will form a tolerably accurate notion of his diurnal career.

Not thus is it with our kinsmen. At whatever hour of the night you may chance to arrive in a place, you are entitled to arouse their representative, whether ambassador or consul, and, if you desire to proceed, to procure his endorsement to your passport. But just step to his British co-ordinate, and if you don't happen to be an aristocrat, and circumstances should have delayed you but five minutes beyond the appointed hour, not all the supplications on earth will obtain for you the object of your wishes.

A curious interview, on a curious topic, had taken place between the American Ambassador and Prince Schwarzenberg, since I had last seen him. An American frigate had entered the port of Venice, and, as was alleged by the Austrians, had carried provisions to the beleaguered city. The Prince had, in consequence, sent for the ambassador, and intimated his having received despatches to that effect. The Ambassador, ignorant of the grounds for the accusation, demanded whether he had been informed officially of this breach of neutrality.

"No," replied the Prince; "but the quarter from whence it emanates is perfectly to be relied on; and it is my duty to apprize you that the Austrian flotilla has received orders to sink, from henceforth, any American vessel thus contravening the law of nations."

"As the accusation is brought before me in so loose and unprecedented a manner, Prince, it is equally my duty not to entertain it; but I may remark thus far, that even if the American frigate, to which you refer,

had been inculpated causelessly, and had actually been sunk, in the manner you have threatened, by the Austrian flotilla, my opinion is, that the American people, overcome by the transcendant novelty of so astonishing a feat as the destruction of an American frigate by the combined navy of Austria, would have been disposed to condone the first offence. I feel further at liberty to assure you, that you may sink an American frigate whenever you may catch her."

A word more on either side would have been misplaced, and thus the scene terminated.

The city of Munich has been so often described by the traveller, and its sights and peculiarities are so amply set forth in Murray, that it would be a task of supererogation to attempt to add anything of novelty to the subject.

The first portion of the road between the city and Innspruck offers nothing deserving of notice, and it is only as you approach Upper Bavaria and its picturesque lakes, that you discover you have entered a new region. The margin of the lake is set off by more than one handsome town, the resort of persons in quest of health or pleasure; and to the east and west roll down in common from the Rhætian Alps, the Iser, and the Inn.

At every step you are gaining a loftier altitude, and it is not long before you find yourself in the bosom of an Alpine region. Already the Swiss-like cottages, with their wide-spreading eaves and balconies, arrest your attention, and gushing rivulets, crossed by rustic bridges, call up the association of highland scenery. A shelf, projecting from the eastern steep of the mountain valley, leads you by the side of terrible abysses, through a vast forest, until you emerge by the Porta Claudia into the valley of the Rhætian Alps.

And there a scene flashes upon your dazzled vision, such as poet or painter can never adequately describe, for you are in fairy land. Two thousand feet below, laving on either side the bases of mountains awful in their grandeur, glides the silvery Inn, fresh from her native Grisons, and occupying a bed nearly as expansive as that you have seen her filling of yore in the plains. Below, in the distance, glitter the spires of Innspruck, and nearer you are other towns or villages, sending up their curling smoke in white wreaths, to kiss the deep blue heavens.

Previously to my entering the Porta Claudia, a significant incident occurred to impress me with the necessity of caution in the new character in which I was re-embarking on Austrian soil. At the frontier our passports had been demanded, and all, with the exception of my own, had been returned to the owners. It was further notified to me that I could not be permitted to remain a day at any place, on the route to Trieste. I was, nevertheless, perfectly aware that no positive concert or co-operation existed between the police of the several provinces, and that, from the tardy system of communication prevailing, no despatch from Vienna could possibly have arrived at Innspruck to anticipate me; nay more, that I had probably arrived at Innspruck as soon as my conductor had reached Vienna.

A suspicion of every English and American traveller was natural, under the excitement the Hungarian cause had evoked in both countries, and no sooner had I descended from the diligence, than I found myself followed to the hotel, and from the hotel to the *cafés*, and from the *cafés* in my stroll about the town and its environs. All my persecutors professed liberal opinions, and affected the greatest anxiety to discover the probable

dénouement to ensue from this novel complication; but I professed an ignorance the most consummate of the matter to which they referred, and reminded them that it was not my habit to dilate upon topics of a tendency so dangerous to persons in my situation.

Innspruck contains many handsome streets, adorned by numerous hotels and cafés, a royal palace of which the unfortunate Ex-Emperor Ferdinand was then an inmate, a splendid arch erected to Maria Theresa, two or three noble churches, and other public buildings. But whatever art might accomplish in the way of magnificence, it could never outvie the transcendent grandeur with which nature has invested this favoured region.

No sooner had we emerged from Innspruck and her suburbs, than we commenced the ascent of the Rhætian Alps by a pass so extremely tortuous that, after we had accomplished a stage of five or six miles from the city, the distance, in a direct line, scarcely exceeded two. At each curve of the road we commenced a view over some new point of the compass the eye had not hitherto fathomed, and of which Innspruck itself figured prominently as the centre. Altogether this great work is a noble and enduring monument of human skill and perseverance; and, although it cannot justly be compared with the gigantic passes which the genius of Napier opened among the mountains of Cephalonia, with scarcely a fifth of the resources at his command, in men, money, and materials, it is highly creditable to the engineer who achieved it.

Having, in my wanderings through Styria, traced a precise similarity between the scenery of that country and the Tyrol, it will be needless to enlarge upon the topic. In the industry of the respective peoples there

is, however, a very palpable dissimilarity. The Styrian may excel in the chase, but the Celt of the Tyrol, forswearing hereditary tradition, has carried his patient industry to the summits of the highest mountains, and turned to account every hill-side where a vine can find soil enough to sprout.

We passed two or three straggling manufacturing towns in the evening, the machinery of the factories being propelled by an affluent of the Inn, but the selection of sites in such a locality one can scarcely avoid deprecating from its wilful violation of good taste.

At all the stages of the journey I found myself the object of particular attention to a young Croat officer, who, with the most deferential air, persisted in forcing me to precede him both in getting in and out of the *diligence*. I had observed him scanning me very significantly in company with one of the police, previous to our departure from Innspruck, and I gathered from his remarks to some brother officers, on the road, that he had orders to keep an eye on me. I affected, however, to be quite overcome with his politeness, and to attribute it all to his high breeding. I acted my part sufficiently well to disarm his suspicions, for at Verona he left us, and I was not made aware of the presence of another detective until I arrived in Trieste.

If possible the scenery increased in beauty, or rather gained in beauty what it had lost in grandeur, as we entered the Italian Tyrol, which commences some distance to the south of Botzen. At Brixen the vine seemed to be largely cultivated; but at Botzen it formed, with maize, the staple production of the soil; and we enjoyed ourselves, at the latter place, to our heart's content with the first gatherings of the vineyard. The

town of Botzen, imposing enough when beheld from a distance, disappoints one on a nearer approach; the streets are mean, narrow, dirty, and antiquated, and we were not sorry when the time arrived for leaving it behind.

No sooner has the traveller fairly set foot within the Italian Tyrol, than he discovers he is on the verge of a new region, of old the garden of Europe. Not alone are the people of both sexes remarkable for beauty of figure and person; but there is a life, grace, and animation pervading them, the absence of which is very perceptible in the Germans as a nation. Whether from the fertility of the soil, or the hereditary skill of the cultivator, the country wears the appearance of a gigantic garden, teeming with every species of produce that can minister to the wants of man.

The complexion of the population has in like manner, too, varied in hue. A few minutes ago, and every one we met was as fair and ruddy as ourselves, now they are of a rich dark olive, and some of them are as dark as Hindoos; darker, indeed, than you will find in the southernmost latitude of Italy. We are still environed by mountains at Trento, our next halting place, but we are subject to the soft, soothing influence of a southern clime, for Africa is wafting us her rarified breath, while an Italian sun is shedding his often fierce, but now genial heat, over us.

No sooner had the *diligence* fairly stopped in the market-place at Trento, than eager crowds had rushed into the post-office, in breathless haste, to claim the letters and newspapers we had been instrumental in bringing them. The channel through which they flowed was known to be poisoned at its source. The journalist could scarcely recognize his original productions, so

numberless were the interpolations, so slashed or mollified had become his antitheses, so harmless his most telling points; yet the disability under which the recipients laboured appeared only to whet their avidity for the meagre residuum.

In her simplicity, Italy believed that the voice of a nation like ours, so seldom accustomed to be raised in denunciation in vain, foreboded something beyond a mere protest against the cruelty and iniquity of her rulers, and looked forward to the advent of a new era in which the Anglo-Saxon, long in the van of liberty himself, should become the arbiter of Europe, and not only teach the nations how to live, but vindicate, by the *ultima ratio* of arms, the claims of a people to freedom, who had thrice illuminated, by their genius, a continent sunk in barbarism and ignorance.

The vicinity of Trento is more remarkable than the city itself: the street architecture of the towns of Northern Italy is more picturesque than imposing. Too little attention is paid to order and cleanliness. Nevertheless, Trento is not without its fine churches and public buildings. As we travelled by night, I had no means of judging of the country between Trento and Verona; but from the little I could see, I should venture to pronounce a resemblance between it and that we had passed the day before.

I was not a little diverted at an hotel, in which we supped, at one of the towns on the road, by the facility of manner, and the spirit of good fellowship subsisting between the officers in the Austrian service. No sooner did my Croat friend find himself seated by a party of his comrades, than, without any ceremony of introduction, or the use of any of the preliminaries, which we deem the necessary precursors of companion-

ship, he jumped at once *in medias res*, and became as familiar, and as much at home in a minute, as an Englishman would have been in a month.

We entered Verona at daybreak, and a time best fitted to comprehend its impregnable military position, as the key of Northern Italy. The streets were at that early hour crowded with people, employed in marketing for the day; but, at least half of the population was composed of invalid soldiers, victims of the fell miasma reeking, in summer, from the lagoons of Venice. Verona itself was a huge hospital. Two-thirds of the garrison were composed of convalescents. Week by week, had the beleaguered queen of the Adriatic hurled back to their northern stronghold some hundreds of her invaders, the prey of a malady to which a long inurement had rendered her children scathless. Already 20,000 men had become as many corpses; while an equal number were either moribund, or so unstrung, as to be disabled for future service.

The road between the two cities was choked, now with the trains of used-up warriors, now with those of their successors, destined soon to fill a part in a similar sacrifice. Italy looked on without sorrow at the hecatomb of the *Tedeschi*. At Verona, the cafés were thronged with eager crowds, anxious to gain the latest tidings. As a stranger, I was naturally interrogated whenever an opportunity offered. Among the most ardent liberals were the advocates, with whom the smallest towns of Italy are surfeited, all staunch to their country's cause, and the most eloquent sustainers of the fire now kindling within her breast.

Verona offers but slight inducements for a long sojourn to the fastidious traveller; its hotels are squalid and miserable; its houses, though picturesque, are

small and comfortless, and, to the stranger, the charges are high. Its Piazza, the Adige, and the fortress, together with the noble prospect you command from it, may be pronounced the chief features of attraction.

In the afternoon we left by the railway for Maestra, passing through Vicenza, a smaller counterpart of Verona, and Padua, still famous for its University, and a café, reputed to be the finest in Europe.

The mode in which matters were conducted on the railway, forcibly recalled to my mind the resemblance with our English system, as much by the style in which the stations were constructed, as by the speed at which we moved from place to place.

With all their love for poetry and art, the Italians are eminently a practical people; and, even in their domestic arrangements, a striking similarity is traceable with our English customs, if we but allow a margin for local peculiarities. If I were called upon to name one in particular, I should adduce the partiality manifested for a distinct abode, however humble, which is common to both. With regard to the prospect which offers itself of a remunerative return for the capital invested on the line, there can exist little or no ground for apprehension, since it traverses a rich and perfectly level country, abounding in every product of the temperate zone.

On arriving at the station at Maestra, I entered a coach, in company with two Austrian officers, bound, like myself, for the hotel. Before I could possibly alight from the vehicle, or divine the object of his rapid utterance, the Italian landlord had presented himself at the door of the carriage, and peremptorily demanded the production of my passport. Pending the brief delay that ensued in searching for that document, he

became so vociferous, that I really began to suspect he had caught an inkling of my mission, until my fears were relieved by the officers interposing to check his ferocious volubility. I was admitted. At first he demanded the most exorbitant terms for the meagre accommodation he had at his disposal; but, as soon as he perceived that a party of the officers present had approached and engaged me in conversation, he rightly conceived that they might also apprize me of the proper scale of charges, and sneaking up, he whispered in my ear, that he would charge me in the same proportion as the others. It had never fallen to my lot to meet with a more odious sycophant, or one more justly an object of aversion to natives and foreigners alike.

After supper I was invited by some members of the party to accompany them to an adjoining café, at which I should be likely to meet with an Austrian naval officer, who was conversant with English. I accepted the proposal, and was kindly received by the company present. The officer referred to was profuse in his professions of civility, and, in answer to my inquiry, whether it would be possible to gain access to Malghera? promised to introduce me to Gortshakowski, on the morrow, and obtain permission to show me over that celebrated fortress.

Singularly enough, his polite intentions were soon destined to be frustrated, by the tone he proceeded to give to the conversation. Whatever *prestige* might once have been attached to the Austrian army, the world had, of late, become pretty well agreed in assigning it, if not the last, a very inferior rank among the forces of the other leading powers. Galled at an inferiority that had become but too palpable, our naval friend was anxious to regain for it by argument what it

had lost in reputation. The subject was one which a due regard to decorum and courtesy forbade me to originate; and bound me, as far as lay within my power, to avoid. My hesitation, however, only contributed to render my opponent more vehement and opinionated.

"As for your navy," began my interlocutor, "it must be allowed to rank first in the world; but as for your army, by what great achievement has it ever rendered itself famous? And what is it at this moment but a mere police?"

"You have embarked on a topic," replied I, "that an Englishman would wish to avoid, more especially on such a theatre. Convinced of the fallacy of your last observation, I shall, nevertheless, attempt to refute it. Our army is a mere police, it is true, numerically, and as compared with your own; for our people will not have it otherwise. In every other European state, the voice of the people is as nothing in the balance, and they are compelled to pay for their own coercion. You will, perhaps, admit that we have it in our power to maintain as great an army as any other European state. At present, our army, according to the greatest living authority, performs double the duty accomplished by any other. But, in ignoring the services of the army of England, you are ignoring the history of England. Not to go back to the days of Crecy and Agincourt, when the fusion of races was as yet scarcely consummated, let us descend to a more recent period, and what shall we find? An English army, under the Duke of Marlborough, invariably defeating one French army after another, although those armies were commanded by generals of the most distinguished talent and enterprise, and burning to display their zeal in the service of a king who had devoted himself heart and soul to military

glory. Again, you will find an English army under Wellington, although possessed of a vastly disproportionate strength, similarly triumphing over every French army it encountered, commanded as they were, in every instance, by men of the highest capacity. and thrice led by a man of the loftiest genius and enterprise.

"Only the other day did we not overcome the large army of Mahomet Ali, almost without striking a blow, by uniting a handful of our marines with a small Turkish force? Speak not, therefore, with disparagement of the English army; for, on nine occasions out of ten, it has overcome every enemy to which it has been opposed; and it has not been from cowardice or irresolution on the part of the troops, but from the want of skill and energy on the part of their commanders, if it has ever met with a reverse. It is generally conceded that the French are the most military nation in Europe; if, then, an army can be found which shall have invariably worsted, and often at fearful odds, another so selected, it is but a fair and reasonable inference, that such an army is superior for its size to all others."

The laugh was now turned against my friend, and, much to his chagrin, he found he had been defeated, by common consent, on his own ground. I need hardly add, that the Austrian naval officer forgot to keep his appointment on the morrow.

By night, as well as by day, the boom of the artillery ceased not to reverberate from across the channel, and, together with the *réveille* kept up outside my apartment, rendered it difficult for me to compose myself to slumber. In the morning I hastened to the signal-tower, from which a magnificent view of the city of Venice, as well as of Malghera and the Austrian force, could be obtained. That very morning, Venice had sent over her deputies

to treat for peace; the Austrians had, therefore, craftily disposed an Hungarian grenadier regiment and other picked troops near the Hotel de Ville, with the view of impressing them with a notion of their strength. I afterwards met the deputies on the stairs. They looked like men who, though embarked on a forlorn mission, did not yet despair of their country.

Venice herself sat, as of yore, embosomed tranquilly on the waters, heeding not her enemy, whose shot seldom or never reached her, but the famine which had already stricken many of her brave defenders. They may have plucked the crown from off her brow, thought I; but in her attitude she is still a queen. Immediately in front of the Austrian fire, a large edifice was being raised, as if in mocking irony; and, on her western borders, reposed her trusty little fleet, which had, on several occasions, dealt disgrace on her lubberly rivals. The position of the two flotillas, as seen from the tower evoked more than one reminiscence of the times, far remote, when, in the more southerly waters of Hadria, the Athenian and Corinthian gallies were drawn up in similar martial array.

In the afternoon, I posted to Treviso, passing on the way some twenty or thirty handsome villas, which now appeared to be deserted by the proprietors, and filled with Croats, who, with the innate vandalism of the Sclave character, had destroyed or defaced every statue, column, or ornament on the grounds. Treviso is a large, but unimportant town, with few spacious houses, but several fine churches and public buildings. If I had required to be informed to how low a depth the Austrians descend in the system of *espionage*, I could have scarcely failed to become initiated into the mystery here. There was not a family in the town but was tracked, even into

the innermost concerns of its domestic economy; and, on more than one occasion, a low-lived private enemy had employed the authorities, as a means of glutting a long-cherished animosity.

At Treviso I passed the night; and in the morning left by the *malle-poste* for Udina and Trieste. Outside the town we passed over the Piave, skirting the foot of the Tridentine Alps, the summits of which were covered with snow thus early in August. Along the road, as far as Udina, we encountered files of artillery waggons, laden with heavy ordnance; and on either side the ruins of villas and churches, indiscriminately sacked during the war with Sardinia, reminded us of last year's campaign. At the Tagliamento, the farthest point gained by Charles Albert to the eastward, we beheld the field of battle, and the ground occupied by the Sardinian line.

Udina is a very pretty, bustling town, with several piazzas and other fine edifices. Some miles beyond the town, we left behind the fertile plains of Venetia, for the arid, lugubrious country encircling the gulf of Trieste, which, up to this day, presents many phenomena as yet unfathomed by the geologist. The lofty mountain-pass from which the traveller issues, by a gentle descent, to the fair city of Trieste, affords, at every turn of the road, a noble view of the modern emporium of Austrian commerce, at first exhibiting it as a mere speck, in comparison with the vast expanse of encircling sea and mountain, and then gradually bringing it out in all its fair proportions to the familiarised eye.

No sooner had I descended from the diligence, than I betook myself to the British Consulate to ascertain my true position. The Consul informed me, that a telegraphic dispatch had been received by the local

authorities the day before my arrival, directing them to apprise him, that, although I had professedly taken the road to Marseilles, with the view of reaching Constantinople by sea, it was just possible I might attempt to reach the same point by way of Trieste, and, in that event, to request him not to facilitate my departure by furnishing me with a *visé* to my passport. He, nevertheless, assured me that he should pay no attention to so unusual a demand, but would advise me to leave Trieste by the first opportunity.

Soon afterwards, meeting an acquaintance in the vicinity, I was introduced by him into the reading-room at Lloyd's, and, while engaged in conning the latest English news, was aroused by his apprizing me that a police officer from Vienna was then in the room. I turned quietly round, and recognised in the person indicated, a man, with whose features I had become familiar at the Stadthauptmanschaft. Taking the arm of my friend, we quietly retreated unobserved, and, entering the bureau of the Steam Company, procured the requisite ticket, and, returning to my hotel, I embarked the same afternoon for Corfu.

The economy of a Lloyd's steamer of the first class, is, on many grounds, worthy of notice, if not of imitation. Our vessel, the Europa, was fitted up with small cabins for two passengers, serving rather to remind one of a floating hotel, than of a passage-ship. The fare was moderate; the provisions good; and the service irreproachable.

Regarding it, however, in the light of a commercial speculation, there is every reason to believe that it has not proved so profitable as has been represented, although the annual balance-sheet is made to exhibit a fair annual dividend. At the outset, like all Austrian

undertakings, it was a Government concern. Metternich himself appeared as a considerable proprietor, and every means were taken to bolster it up by annual grants. Nominally, it has ceased to pertain to the Government: but there cannot be a doubt that it receives an annual donation in addition to its patent of monopoly.

Besides a singular specimen of Yankee character, a man withal of high descent, as he took care to inform us, we numbered among the party on board several Greeks, and an Italian Operatic Company, on their way to fulfil an engagement at Corfu.

Little occurred, however, to vary the daily routine, until we arrived at the foot of the Acroceraunian range, along which, by the aid of our telescopes, we could descry the rude villages perched, for security, on the topmast crags, and around them the lurid flames of the charcoal furnaces flickering ever and anon as they were replenished, from the brushwood piled up in the vicinity. An Anglo-Ionian of our party, whom I had apprized of my intention to traverse this country in a few days, became quite nervous at the bare idea, and assured me that, in case I ventured to travel in the manner I had indicated, I should not penetrate ten miles into the interior, before I should find myself left without an atom of property.

We arrived at Corfu at mid-day; and on landing, I found that some credence was attached to the report of Görgey's traitorous surrender, tidings of which had reached Trieste before our departure. As such a catastrophe would materially affect my position in re-entering Hungary, it was necessary to ponder well before I committed myself to so hazardous and laborious an enterprize, as the making my way some five

or six hundred miles through savage, inhospitable, and, in a manner, untrodden regions. I determined, therefore, to remain a few days at Corfu, until a confirmation or contradiction of the rumour should have arrived.

It is not my intention, on this occasion, to enter into a description of that island, or any of the Ionian group; their history, together with that of Malta, Gibraltar, and Heligoland, will appear complete in the fourth volume of "England's Colonial Empire," now in preparation: suffice it to say, that no reliable information having reached Corfu in the interval, and Görgey and his army having often been annihilated already by the Austrian bulletins, I obtained the requisite Ionian passport, *viséd* by the Turkish Consul, together with letters to the Pashas on my route, and to the Consuls at Syada and Janina, from the Ionian Government; and, purchasing a Greek capote of prodigious strength and warmth, took my passage, by an Ionian coaster, to Syada on the main.

On our way we passed under the lee of the Pluton, a French Government steamer, lying off the Lord High Commissioner's palace, with Manin and Pépé, etc., on board, and, raising three heartfelt cheers for the brave defenders of the last bulwark of Italian independence, proceeded cheerily before the wind to our destination. Alas! since my departure, Venice had fallen, not by the arms of the besieger, but through the famine and pestilence that stalked among her palaces; in vain had she tasted for a year in agony the sweets of liberty, a relentless fate had already dashed down the cup, and, again manacled, she lay prostrate under the hoof of her tyrants.

CHAPTER V.

Land at Syada iu Albania.—British Vice-Consul.—Proceed to Philatris.—Economy of an Albanian Household.—Hospitality of the Primate of Philatris.—Sketches of Albanian Scenery.—The Greek Church in Albania.—Route to Janina.—Description of the Town and its Vicinity.—The Pindus Range.—Scene at Triakhana.—Turkish Commissioner of Justice.—District of Grebna.—Enter Bœtolia (the Ancient Macedonia).—Plain of Monastir.—Quarrel with the Guide.—How finally settled.—Description of Monasteria. — The Pasha. — Intelligence of Görgey's Defection confirmed.—Resolve to proceed to Viddin in Bulgaria, where Kossuth and the Exiles had sought Refuge.—Perlipe. — Kuprilik. — The Balkhan Range. — Kumanowa. — Vraniya.—Proceed to Lescovitza in a Bullock Dray.—Adventures on the Road.—Lescovitza.—A Magyar Doctor.—Departure for Nissa.—Heavy Rains causing the Rivers to swell.—Nissa and its Roman Castle.—The Greek Doctor.—Accompany the Turkish Post to the Servian Quarantine Station at Alexinitza.—Horrors of a Servian Quarantine.—Signs of Progress in Servia.—The Physique and Moral Character of the People.—A Servian Magistrate.—The Table Land of Servia.—Excellent Military Road along the Frontier.—Quarrel with the Surajé.—Another Quarantine Station.—Treachery of Guide and Consequent Detention.—Entry into Viddin.—Am about to be carried before the Pasha, when I encounter General Guyon and Mr. Longworth.—Am accompanied by the latter to the Pashalic.—A Khan in Viddin.—Take up my Quarters at General Guyon's.—Sketch of our daily Life.—The Hungarian Encampment.—Interviews with Kossuth.—Description of Viddin.—Conversation with Bem in reference to the late War.—Dembinski.—

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Zamoitzki.—Casimir Batihyany.—Austrian Spies.—Suspected Assault of Belgrade by the Austrians.—Departure from Viddin for that Place in Consequence.

At Syada, I was met, on landing, by some Albanians connected with the port, who decamped on my nearer approach, supposing, perhaps, that I intended returning to Corfu, in which case I should have had to keep a long quarantine in the island Lazaretto by coming into closer contact. They were brought back, however, by the Consul; and one of them indited a letter to the Primate of Philatris, the town at which I proposed to take up my quarters for the night. Syada is one of the small shipping ports, whence cattle, charcoal, and vegetables are shipped to Corfu, and would become the emporium of British and Ionian commerce with the interior, were the absurd, and vexatious system of quarantine abolished. It possesses a rude mole, approachable by the Ionian coasters, and sufficient for the purposes for which it is employed.

The house of the Vice-Consul initiated me at once into a few of the mysteries of an Albanian residence. Imagine the rudest peasant's hut in one of our Southern counties, cattle, it may be swine, tenanting the ground-floor, and above them a ricketty little bed-room, anything but impervious to the elements, and a sitting-room on a mud-floor; the only visible articles of furture, a mat sofa, a couple of chibouques, and a board made to do duty for a window, and you will form a tolerable idea of the abode of the British representative. Measure not the man by his fare. A more cordial, obliging person it fell not to my lot to meet during my long pilgrimage, and I have often instinctively contrasted his thoughtful, unaffected kindness with the

bounce and vulgar assumption of the high-pressure gentry with whom I was brought into contact at other ports in the East.

By the help of the Consul, a horse and guide *(kerajé)*, were ready at the door within half-an-hour; and, bidding adieu to my hospitable entertainer, I proceeded on my way.

An incident, characteristic of Albanian simplicity, occurred to bring us to a halt before we had advanced many hundred yards. All at once, I discovered the loss of a white hat (in its stead I had adopted a broad-brimmed straw, on the crown of which I had fixed a Turkish fez). I interrogated the guide in Greek as to what had become of it. Finding that he was at a loss to comprehend me, I pointed to my head, when he naïvely opened one of the pockets of the saddle-bag, which was thrown across the horse, and to my consternation, verified his honesty by pulling out Lincoln and Bennett's choicest head-gear elaborately folded into four parts, and no longer distinguishable from an ordinary mass of hose. Perceiving that my innocent squire could not enter into my grief, I made the best of his *faux pas*, and taking the unsightly *morceau* out of its repository, I laughed outright at my fruitless attempts to fix it on my head.

During the first part of our journey we jogged along something like a road which ran parallel with the coast, and was intersected by ditches, watering as occasion requires, a fertile slip of territory, until we left Konispolis in our rear, when the country became more wild and mountainous, and the scenery and vegetable kingdom alike combined to offer variety of feature at every step. Already I discovered, looking only at the dangers of the road, that Albania was not the country for a nervous

person to travel in. Thanks to my huge capote and saddle-bags, the seat of my Albanian saddle overtopped, rather than otherwise, the fore and hinder parts of the animal, and in ascending the first rocky track along the mountains, I found the greatest difficulty from the want of stirrups in maintaining my hold, and averting a fall into the terrible abyss below. Three miles of such a country would infallibly give its *coup de grace* to any English quadruped; but the Albanian horse and mule, inured by a long series of hardships and dearly bought experience, display a wonderful sagacity in threading the dangerous defiles, or ascending and descending the time-worn cavities of the rocks, so that accidents seldom occur in cases where the rider possesses ordinary nerve and skill.

On gaining the summit, we descended into a cultivated basin, surrounded on every side by mountains; there we encountered three natives, tall and tolerably well made, but haggard and poverty-stricken notwithstanding, and clad in a manner which was consistent with the story related to me at Corfu, that to sever the under garments from the skin of an Albanian peasant, it was often necessary to have recourse to a surgical operation. The only protection to their feet was a rude sandal, such as was worn three thousand years ago by their forefathers, strung to the foot by strips of leather, yet it appeared well adapted for tripping along the sharp, uneven pointed rocks.

A mile or two farther on, we overtook the venerable Primate of Philatris, a lively octogenarian, seated on a mule, and accompanied by his groom (*surajé*), carrying his chibouque. He was on his way home from Constantinople; and on the guide's informing him that I was the bearer of a letter to him from the vice-Consul at Syada, he bade me welcome to his residence. Phi-

latris is a small Greek town, of 2000 inhabitants, situated on the summit of a hill from whence one may command a noble view of the Ionian Sea to the south-west, and the valley of the Calamus to the north. Though the external appearance of some of the houses is sufficiently picturesque, owing to the contrast presented by their glaring white walls with the deep green of the surrounding olives, yet a peep into the interior will immediately banish the illusion ; for they are bare of furniture, and without a single attribute of comfort. The same observation will apply to every dwelling in which it was my lot to be located, with the exception of the British Consul's at Janina, until I arrived at Pesth. An apartment was speedily prepared for my reception in a detached part of the demesne, out of the reach of the harem of my host; and a bed, in the composition of which rich Persian carpets and Ottoman cushions prominently figured, was spread on the floor. All sorts of viands and condiments were laid before me, but, being ignorant of the nature of most, I confined my attention to the eggs and capons fried in oil, and the rum imported from Corfu. The adjoining apartments, devoid of all furniture and in a ruinous state of repair, were occupied by the dependants, one of whom astonished me in the morning, by imbibing pure and unmixed, the greater portion of a bottle of rum.

Early in the morning, a horse and guide were placed at my disposal for prosecuting my journey to Janina, previously to which I rode to the divan to take leave of my host. I found the chief and his subordinates squatted on ottomans, inhaling a perfumed tobacco, of which, with Turkish sweetmeats, I was invited to partake. I summoned up a few words of Greek by way of compliment, which, notwithstanding my pronunciation,

seemed to be understood, for they were responded to by a sharp volley of Romaic, of which I could only gather the purport. The greater portion of my readers will hardly require to be informed, that the base of the Romaic is the ancient Greek, the grammar of which has been insensibly accommodated to modern exigences, without the interposition of any recognised agent. Such, together with a somewhat different and slightly softened accentuation, and the substitution of a number of new words, with which the traveller soon becomes familiarised, are the chief and most perceptible marks of distinction.

Descending the mountain which surrounds Philatris on the north, by a circuitous path, we entered the gorge of the Calamus; the sun becoming powerful, we reclined under the branches of a wide-spreading plane tree, until becoming impatient, I gave the signal for departure, which was obeyed with much reluctance by my surly and savage-looking *kerajé*, who continued for a long time pointing to the sun in despair before I could induce him to move.

In general, the Albanian guide, though sufficiently faithful and honest, has a strange tendency to invert the natural position he bears to his master, looking upon him rather as a sort of baggage, committed to his especial tutelage, and which he is bound to convey in safety to its destination, than as to a superior, to whose commands he is constrained to yield implicit obedience. Hence, he is for taking upon himself to settle when you shall rise and start on your journey in the morning, at which of the various khans you shall bait, and when you shall dine and rest in the evening; and should you come into collision with his rather peremptory will, you must expect an altercation, perhaps an appeal to force.

A bold prudence is the watchword the traveller should adopt in this emergency; and my short experience already shaped the course it was proper to pursue. Any timidity or matter-of-course compliance with his behests will render you his slave or his dupe, as it may happen: for it is the custom with each to report the character of his master to his successor, who frames his deportment accordingly. It is essential, therefore, to maintain a stern and determined front until you reach the banks of the Danube, avoiding of course, the opposite extreme, which, by producing a needless irritation, might equally defeat your ends.

As we ascended, the gorge became highly picturesque; through its narrow passage we could still discern the Ionian channel, and, below, its narrow but fertile strip of soil was cultivated with maize, by the side of which some rude water mills were propelled by the Calamus. For several miles, the mountain-pass wound in corkscrew fashion, until we reached its summit, which is covered, like all the range, with snow from November to May. Here we overtook a party bound for the same khan as ourselves, and proceeded in company. Along the whole of my route for five hundred miles, I encountered at short intervals, innumerable caravans of packhorses; some bearing wood and charcoal to the coast; others carrying their exports for shipment, or returning to the interior laden with English or German manufactures. At times, so narrow was the road, that it was with great difficulty we could find room to let them pass.

As we approached the village, at which we were destined to halt for the night, a grateful scene, calling up all the reminiscences of the simplicity and tranquil beauty of Oriental life, presented itself unexpectedly to

our eyes. It was a lovely fountain, shaded by a giant plane, at which a number of beautiful young girls, accompanied by a party of swains, were drawing their supply of water for the morrow's consumption of their families and cattle. A merry laugh was raised at our approach, which, with their joyous countenances, contrasted forcibly with the squalid misery that had till now appeared to be the type of the country.

As we clambered up the steep, on which the village was situated, the dogs came pouring down upon us in a body, causing the valley to ring again with their peal, and endangering our security by their fierce attacks. On arriving at the khan, we found it deserted by its inmates, but, stretching my capote on the rude verandah, I impatiently awaited their return. My position was not destined to afford me the repose I so eagerly desired. Ere ten minutes had elapsed my weight had caused the fragile structure to creak ominously, and, in a moment, it gave way in a mass, leaving me contused and sprawling on the ground below.

Till the return of our host, I strolled about the village in quest of supplies, and seeing the rude Greek church open, entered its humble portals. The priest was scarcely to be discovered from his parishioners by his attire, the only distinguishing feature being a rusty black cap. In this secluded spot, the rites of his faith appeared to be in like manner neglected, or so blended with local superstition, as to preserve little in common with its purer elements. A great portion of the Albanians have long since embraced Islamism; and the followers of the Prophet, in the fancied security of their sway, have clogged the observance of Christianity with such numerous restrictions, that it is scarcely to be wondered at that it retains but little of its pristine vitality.

At this place the Turkish gendarme, whom the authorities at Philatris had sent thus far for my security, returned home, and henceforward, to my great satisfaction, we were unaccompanied by so dubious a protector. During the last two years the Porte had succeeded in effecting the disarmament of the people of Albania, and, the better to enforce it, and disperse the banditti frequenting the channels of communication, patrols had been placed at rare and insufficient intervals, only, however, to verify the adage—*Quis custodiet custodes ipsos?* since, from all accounts, the population had as much to dread from their exactions or careless surveillance as from the casual depredations of robbers.

Before the sun had risen, we were again in motion, groping our way at every step among the rocks, which scarcely afforded a trace by which to steer our course; till coming to the river we forded it, the guide climbing on the horse behind, and we again wound along the banks of the sinuous stream.

At one of the curves in the river, to avoid a slight *détour* in the road, the guide seized the horse's bridle, and attempted to drag her across a narrow ledge of rock, scarcely a foot wide, which the animal instinctively refused. In vain I protested; he had already moved her several paces, when, in a moment, as if paralysed by terror, she fell on the shelf below, precipitating me into the midst of a bush of thorns. There she lay quiet for a second, till I had extricated myself from my dangerous position. Happily the accident was attended with no more serious result than a rent in a portion of my clothes and the incision of a number of thorns into my hands and face, although a few feet further would have carried both of us into the river below. The guide, with a nonchalance that never deserted

him, having dragged up the animal, held her while I remounted.

We continued our course along the valley, which became more beautiful at every step, though its rich soil, admitting of the highest cultivation, was sadly neglected. Shortly afterwards, we had occasion to pass another narrow causeway, scarcely less dangerous than the one already described; and, to increase the peril, three ferocious dogs darted from out the thickets, and sprung several times on my animal's flanks, which I, however, protected with a *chibouque* I carried in my hand. The whole of my route was more or less infested by these animals, but the dogs of Albania, from their seldom encountering the human species, are more particularly ferocious; and such is their power of scent, that they can detect the approach of a Giaour or foreigner at the distance of a mile, when, should he be unprotected, or on foot, the danger can scarcely be exaggerated.

After crossing the river, at the various windings in its course, we entered on a vast plain, under a shady tree on which we reposed for an hour or two in company with other wayfarers. Like all barbarians, they were soon busily engaged in questioning my guide as to my calling and nationality. Whatever may be the case elsewhere, the few of our countrymen who have traversed these regions have gained for us such a reputation, and so wide-spread is the fame of our liberality, that the mere announcement of the word ὁ Ιγγλησως, is amply sufficient to guarantee us everywhere the best possible reception. With all their rudeness of manner, moreover, the English traveller will not fail to appreciate the manly spirit and hardihood exhibited by this people, which not even Turkish oppression and terrorism have succeeded in quenching.

The country we had thus far penetrated, I had inspected under its least favourable aspect. The powerful effects of a scorching sun are not adequately appreciable until August and September, when the face of nature assumes an arid and *triste* appearance; yet the valleys are capable of producing the most abundant crops of wheat and maize, and the finest melons and vegetables. The vine, fig, olive, and pine might be cultivated to any extent on the slopes, and even the mountains, in the hands of a nation like ours, could be made serviceable for the growth of timber. For all the products of the country a profitable market could be found in the Ionian group, were the odious quarantine, which acts as a millstone round the neck of commerce in these regions, abolished.

On resuming our course, we ascended, by a narrow path, a beautiful steep to a straggling village, and, winding along a charming glen, entered by a gradual descent the great and wide spreading plain or basin of Janina. After crossing what appeared to be a series of fields, divided by hedgerows, we could embrace within our vision scarcely half of the vast expanse before us, owing to an eminence by which it is bisected in the middle.

Narrow as it may be, scarcely exceeding three miles in width, the plain of Janina is capable, under a proper system of irrigation, of supporting the whole population now comprised within a radius of twenty miles from the city; yet a sixth part at least of its entire surface is consumed by the wide and devious tracks formed by the careless traveller. As by degrees we approached the city, we met numerous cavalcades of Greeks and Turks, returning to their respective villages, all armed, as usual, to the teeth.

In his glee at the near termination of our arduous journey, the guide gave an outlet to his feelings in a Romaic ditty, a horrid nasal jargon of the harshest and most discordant sounds, peculiar to the Romaic and Slavonic races, and such as the combined efforts of the wild Indian, and the monkey and canine tribes, might be supposed capable of producing. The *refrain* was caught up by the several parties of his countrymen, until the increasing distance deprived it of its repulsive twang.

Among the objects which attracted my attention, were the groups stationed in the vicinity of every well on the plain, the exact position of which they served to denote, extracting their supplies of what is, in this country, a highly-prized beverage. From the eminence already adverted to as stretching across the plain, a splendid view of Janina and its lake, the latter reflecting in its crystal mirror a dozen minarets and the ancient castle keep, flashed before our dazzled vision. Janina boasts, what for a Turkish town is a remarkable phenomenon, a famous Moslem sportsman; we happened to meet him in the outskirts of the town, in company with his beaters, among the stubble. As he had no competitor, he monopolises all the sport in this vicinity.

On my arrival before the portals of the residence of the British Consul, Signor Demascheno, I was, after a brief delay, conducted to a lodging at the house of one of his dependants, in the square of the Greek cemetery, and was soon after waited upon by M. Viana, a physician in practice in the city, who came to apologise for not being able to receive me into the Consulate, in consequence of the illness of his sister. Not to be wanting in the hospitality here so lavishly in vogue, he was accompanied by a huge negro porter, the bearer of an

ample repast of Albanian meat and fruits, and some bottles of Marsala wine. As dusk had already set in, my hospitable entertainer was forced to beat a retreat for the night; the foreigner who may then perambulate the streets being equally liable to danger from the attacks of robbers, or insult on the part of the Turkish *gendarmerie*.

At Janina I remained for three or four days, to recruit myself from the fatigues inseparable from travelling in these wild countries. Famous in Turkish story as the stronghold of Ali Pasha, Janina has much improved in appearance, since the termination of his short-lived supremacy. Its population of thirty thousand souls is chiefly composed of Greeks and Turks; and it possesses an extensive bazaar, several Greek churches, and a great number of mosques. The fortress, never at any time strong, is gradually crumbling to pieces under Turkish neglect; and a detached fortification, which was raised by Ali, owing to its having been constructed of unhewn stone badly put together, is already a mass of ruin.

Each of the great European states is represented in Janina by its consul or vice-consul, although Previsa, from its having been lately substituted as the seat of government, has attracted to itself the superior consular officers.

The women of Janina are justly celebrated for their beauty. Through many an opening lattice you will catch the peering eye of some languishing fair one following you, until you pass out of sight—but beware, it is an invitation too fraught with peril to be accepted; the odds are as ten to one against your success in plucking the rose from its encircling bed of thorns; and detection is synonymous with death.

Adjoining the fortress, on the eastern side, stands a grand Turkish barrack, capable of providing quarters for three or four thousand men, into which I was not permitted to enter, the Turks being very sensitive of foreign ridicule in the military department.

One of the most picturesque features of Janina are the Mahommedan burying-grounds, situate in the outskirts. The monuments, which differed from any I have seen before or since, were designed in the best possible taste, the style being most harmoniously adapted to the occasion. Judging from the size, number, and crowded state of the cemeteries, in all the towns of European and Asiatic Turkey, the traveller would naturally infer that the Moslem population is rapidly on the decrease; and that such is no mere chimera, an examination into the vital statistics of the country will abundantly testify.

M. Viana having placed a horse at my disposal, I accompanied him to the hills, from whence a commanding view of the lake and town is obtainable. During my stay, the Consul, conscious of our English prejudices against an Oriental diet, insisted upon furnishing me with everything I required, leaving me to incur an obligation I shall not readily forget. As some set-off to his hospitality, he somewhat alarmed me by his portrayal of the perils I was about to encounter. He alleged that, in his own brief experience, some two hundred and fifty travellers had fallen by the hands of bandits in that immediate vicinity; and reasoned as if I was in the highest degree tempting Providence, by continuing my journey with a single and unarmed follower. My case, however, did not admit of a remedy. I had quitted Austria in so unexpected a manner as to be unable to recruit my finances, and the escort proposed

would have infallibly exhausted my slender means ere I could hope to reach my destination.

Having procured a horse and man, therefore, I prepared to resume my route, the negro porter being sent forward to facilitate the embarkation of my effects on the boat in which I was to be ferried across the lake. I was not a little diverted at the authoritative tone the man assumed over Greek and Turk alike, who shrunk demurely before him in due recognition of his vast physical superiority, as he wielded his great *bâton* with all the air of a tambour sergeant.

When I had reached the other side of the lake, just opposite a Greek convent, I was compelled to wait some hours for my guide. The Turks, like all Orientals, have no appreciable notion of the value of time. Communists in practice, they seldom or never labour, except when compelled by necessity. I passed the interval in discussing a delightful melon, purchased for five paras—one farthing English—and watching the stirring scene in progress at the ferry below.

The great attraction of Janina is its lake, which, early in the morning, when its placid surface is alive with boats, crowded with country people, hurrying to and from the market, and its numerous *caïques* are seen flitting along with a party of bearded patriarchs, or the veiled inmates of the harem, presents itself in its most imposing aspect.

As I caught sight of the wretched animal on which I was destined to perform a five days' journey, I foreboded ill; and, as we ascended the rocky track along the narrow ledge of the towering Pindus range, I trembled with reason; for, at every moment I looked forward to the being precipitated three thousand feet below, from the back of my sorry steed. It is under

such circumstances that the stern and sublime aspects of mountain scenery, while they serve to appal the mind, elevate it nevertheless to a lofty appreciation of the grandeur of earth, as compared with its puny inhabitants, and extract from the enthralled senses a fitting tribute of wonder and admiration for the great Architect of the Universe.

A continuous ascent for five miles brought us to the summit of the range, from which we finally emerged into the narrow valley in which Triakhana, our resting-place for the night, was situate. Here, on a platform erected beneath the shade of a noble fig-tree, I placed my *capote* and baggage, and then assisted the *khanajé* to catch and roast a fowl, on which I supped. A long drought had withered the scanty mountain herbage, and the highland shepherds were therefore engaged in tearing off the leafy branches from the neighbouring thickets to feed their repining flocks. Provisions were, nevertheless, ridiculously cheap, a fowl and eggs being procurable for a piastre. As the evening set in, a herd of bullocks and a train of pack-horses bivouacked by torch-light around us. The yelping of their dogs, alarmed by the prowling jackals, the glare of the fires, and the savage appearance of the drivers and herdsmen flitting hither and thither; at one time whooping as none but Albanians can whoop; at another hurrying in all directions after their straying cattle, combined to form a group of objects at once in consonance with the wild features of the surrounding scenery and the rambling phantasms of the wearied slumberer.

At daybreak we continued our course, still ascending along a fearful rocky pass, with a valley, yielding slight evidence of cultivation, two thousand feet below us. For several miles the grandeur of the scenery partook

of a really awful character, till we at length arrived at the Eastern limit of the range, and again entered a more habitable region.

We had no sooner taken up our quarters at the khan than a well-mounted party of horsemen sped up to the entrance, and in a trice set the whole place on the *qui vive*. It was the Commissioner of Justice at Janina on his return to the city from Constantinople, accompanied by a French valet and suite, who immediately set to work to prepare his *cuisine*, and arrange the repast. The Commissioner paid me the greatest attention, and pressed upon me his own *chibouque*, and some delicious grapes he had brought with him; but shook his head upon my guide's informing him that we were *en route* for Grebna, and, as soon as his valet had returned, entered into an earnest *tête a tête* with him on the subject. Expecting, from his concerned appearance, that he had received orders from the authorities at Constantinople to intercept travellers proceeding northwards, I felt somewhat alarmed, until the valet approached, and besought me to return in their company to Janina, and not to imperil my life by proceeding in so defenceless a manner along a country so infested by bandits as Grebna. I replied that I was fully aware of the danger; but that my mission was one of urgency, and that I must insist upon being allowed to proceed. I reminded him further that I was the bearer of a firman and letters to the Pashas from the Ionian government, and that the Commissioner would have to take a heavy responsibility upon himself if he prevented my design. Satisfied with protesting, the Pasha relented, and, with many expressions of good-will, left me to pursue my fool-hardy adventure. I was not a little surprised at the avowal made on this occasion by his French attendant of his

preference for an Oriental life, since it is a career for which his countrymen, generally, are not peculiarly framed.

Setting off in company with a large and merry party of packhorsemen, we pursued our course through the much-dreaded territory of Grebna. The vine is largely cultivated in this district; and the grape, being now in high perfection, we indulged ourselves to our heart's content, as we rode along the far-spreading vineyards. The wine of Albania is, notwithstanding, the most nauseous and unpalatable of liquids, owing to its dilution with resin instead of spirits.

In fording the rocky bed of the ancient Haliacmon, one of the party got caught in a hole of the river, and the animal slipping with him, he was precipitated into the water, much to the amusement of his companions. My guide had neglected to warn me of the danger; and it was with difficulty that I avoided a similar catastrophe. At length, however, we cleared the bank in safety, and entered the plain of Grebna, from whence we obtained a noble view of the lofty range we had just left in our rear. The Albanians, in their consciousness of the difficulties presented by the road, and their belief that none can ride well but themselves, appeared surprised that I contrived to keep in advance of the party, and alluded to the matter to the guide; but, when he remarked that there were few things in which an Englishman did not excel, the sentiment seemed so natural, that their astonishment was at once exchanged for respect. I had often occasion to reflect, that, if the Turks would really confide the task of pioneering and forming tracks to the goats, and abstain from carrying out their own ideas of what a road should be, the passage of travellers would be rather facilitated than

otherwise. They had evidently been at some pains in forming a rude *trottoir* of rock; but the rains had washed away the soil connecting them; and they were, in consequence, a dangerous impediment to transit.

The plain of Grebna, now occupied by scanty flocks of sheep and goats, is capable, under a proper system of irrigation, of producing in profusion all the various products I have before adverted to. As we entered the town when it was becoming dusk, we were unable to procure anything but eggs and a melon; having partaken of which, with the coffee we carried along with us, we retired to rest, sleeping on the straw by the side of our horses. Grebna rejoices in a mosque, and the houses on the eminence above the town are extremely picturesque; but the bazaar is mean and poverty-stricken.

Before day-break we were again in motion. Outside the town, we met the patrol returning from their nightly vigil. Our party, which comprised our fellow-travellers of the day before, defiled singly along the road, and shouted as loudly as possible, in order to impress any vagrant band of robbers with our strength. The country now assumed an undulatory and very fertile appearance, being divided into fields of Indian corn, etc., and its resources seemed to increase as we proceeded. Within a mile, I had observed limestone, marble, brick-clay, and gravel, cropping out from the soil. Macedonian agriculture, like that of the East in general, has retained all its primitive simplicity; not an implement is now used which was not in vogue four thousand years since. So also with the pastoral life. The shepherd warbles, as of yore, the soft, soothing music of his pipe to his bleating charge, and lives and loves, and wanes and dies, unconscious of the giddy whirl that

agitates the world without. Fresh from the busy, bustling west, the traveller drinks in with rapture the simple, untutored lay, and revels in the beauteous reminiscences of the patriarchal age, as his tranquillised soul descends for the time to the level of primordial simplicity.

Descending a steep hill, we struck again on the banks of the river, until we reached a rude Turkish bridge, and alighted at a khan in the vicinity. The proprietor being unwilling to kill a fowl for our repast, we proceeded on our way. For a short space, we traversed a rocky slip of country; and, alighting at a picturesque khan, succeeded in obtaining that which we now began to require, a substantial meal of bread, fowl, eggs, and grapes; for all of which the charge did not exceed threepence. Shortly after we resumed our course the party separated, and we entered a vast plain.

The *kerajé*, a good-humoured, but obstinate Turk, had previously displayed a great predilection for stopping at every khan on the road, and became quite wroth, now that I refused to comply with his whims. A mile farther, he again renewed his entreaties on meeting with some friends; but seeing that I was determined to proceed, he followed in great dudgeon till he arrived at the next village, where he met with another friend, at whose house, as dusk was coming on, we put up for the night. Before being admitted into the compound or farm-yard, several preliminaries had to be settled, owing to the absence of the proprietor, and the timidity of his spouse, and I fully expected we should have had to bivouac outside; but at length the gates were opened, and, to my surprise, a rich Persian carpet and cushions were already laid for our reception on the verandah by the good wife, who prepared eggs and coffee in a trice,

and brought us, what in these countries is highly prized, a basin of delicious milk. It was a touching spectacle to witness the reception which awaited my guide, who was a native of the district, on our host's return home. So warm and hospitable a welcome, and such fraternal kindness are known only in the bright East, where poetry and pathos commingle undisturbed by changes of dynasty and the overthrow of races, and are left to bear fruit with a happy spontaneity that our cold nature would nip in the very bud. As the shades of evening gathered round us, a neighbour or two dropped in to listen to their artless conversation and kind inquiries after each other's welfare. It was a source of real gratification to one accustomed to the conventionalisms of our complex system to hear the reminiscences of "auld lang syne" so heartily evoked, and to find that the future, elsewhere looked forward to with mingled hope and fear, was regarded by these simple denizens as the rivet with which to draw still closer the enduring ties of friendship.

Rising in the morning with the lark, we resumed our course. All my arguments were unavailing to persuade our hospitable entertainer to accept any recompense; and the guide whispered me not to press it.

The plain narrowed as we advanced. Here and there were scattered giant planes or the still ampler fig-tree; under their shade were situate the wells, to which the shepherds resorted from time to time to water their flocks. Passing down a rocky winding glen, we again emerged on a vast, well-cultivated and thickly-peopled plain. Our proximity to the villages was made sufficiently palpable by the stench emitted from the offal and skeletons of animals strewed around to fester and putrify. At a khan in one of them we remained to

lunch, and pushing on rapidly through another, which contained the largest and most pretending Greek church I had thus far seen in Macedonia, we presently recommenced our ascent, and soon caught a glimpse of the beautiful lake of Castoria, and the magnificent mountain range trending northwards from the gulf of Salonica.

We were now in the heart of, what the modern Greeks call, Bœtolia.

After proceeding by a long causeway over another lake, we entered a village at which the *kerajé* was anxious to take up his quarters for the night; but, as I was, on the other hand, desirous of accomplishing the journey in four instead of the usual five days, I rode on, regardless of his pretexts for delay, until arriving at an isolated hut at the extremity of the plain, I was challenged by a party of Greeks.

Concluding that they were persons anxious to satisfy their curiosity at my expense, I rode on, without so much as noticing them; upon which they all rushed out in an instant, and menaced me with their matchlocks, while the *kerajé*, coming up at the same moment, seized the horse, and led it back to the khan. I immediately exhibited my firman, and began to threaten them, in my turn, with a representation to the Pasha, when their superior stepped out, and politely advised me to return to the khan. "Under other circumstances," I remarked, "I might have been induced to follow your advice; but, as the guide, by the connivance of your people, has carried back my horse, it is my fixed intention to proceed, if needs be, alone, when the sole responsibility of what may afterwards occur will rest on your own head." I had walked on a mile alone, knowing that the guide was fain to follow, when he overtook me at a sharp trot, and I took occa-

sion to threaten him with the most severe punishment, in case he again delayed my progress.

After ascending another hill, we entered on the vast plain of Monastir, stretching fifty miles from north to south, and from seven to eight in breadth. The mountains on either side, although but slightly elevated, appeared extremely picturesque as they exhibited their fantastic shapes in the full relief afforded by a setting sun. The country, everywhere rich and fertile, lacked not the supplies of water, indispensable to maintain it so, its resources were, therefore, duly turned to account.

The *kerajé* continued extremely sulky. It is a failing common to all barbarians, to entertain a great aversion to being overtaken in travelling by the dark. Their experience of robbers, and the countless dangers of the road, to a certain extent, palliate their cowardice. On this occasion, as if to justify his excessive caution, our progress became considerably impeded by the mirage, as the shades of evening veiled the surrounding scenery, which rendered it difficult to distinguish objects at the distance of a yard before us. At length the horse, slipping over a stone in the bed of a rivulet, threw me over his head into the stream; but I re-mounted without having sustained the slightest injury.

From time to time we encountered patrols of horse scouring the plain, or a party of Turks returning homewards, and bearing along with them a perfect itinerant armoury. After fording the Kutchuk Carasou (the ancient Erigon), a deep and rapid stream, we entered a village, just as the khan was about to close for the night, and could not therefore procure anything to allay our hunger. On starting, in the morning, we were accompanied, a portion of the way, by a party of

Greeks, who appeared very apprehensive of an attack from the robbers, by which this district is infested.

No sooner had we entered the first village, than the *kerajé* resorted to his old manœuvres, and fell into a violent passion on hearing the phlegmatic response I yielded to his appeals. Again he attempted to seize the bridle, and force me to dismount, whereupon I intimated that a second offence would assuredly lead to my inflicting upon him a severe punishment. As he was now beginning to misinterpret my forbearance for timidity, I prepared to dismount, for the purpose of showing him I was in earnest: upon which, raising a large and heavy whip, which he carried in his hand, he struck me two tremendous blows on the head, before I could close with him. This, for the moment, completely stunned me; but, on recovering, I rushed upon him, and felling him with a single blow, inflicted a justly-merited castigation. In vain he implored assistance from his countrymen. They, too, were overawed; and he was fain to appeal to my compassion. Soon after, we encountered a troop of Turkish cavalry, and I looked for a detention, and possibly insult, in my turn; but the minarets of Monasteria loomed in the distance, and the guide reserved his vengeance, until we approached the city, when he drew out his knife as an earnest of what I had to expect.

On entering the town we passed by the side of an ancient Greek tower, and defiling along a narrow street, alighted at a filthy khan, where the *kerajé* punctiliously locked up my baggage, giving me the key of the apartment. I paid him his wages, minus the compliment usually given where the party has conducted himself properly. Within ten minutes he returned with a gendarme, and a warrant from the police for my apprehension.

A crowd of Turks also was soon collected round the khan, who threatened me with the full measure of their vengeance, in case I failed to render their compatriot satisfaction. I was not to be overawed by their empty menaces; but calmly awaited the issue of an appeal to the law. On coming into the presence of the magistrates, the man preferred his complaint, to which, as they were ignorant of the Romaic, I could only reply by a pantomime descriptive of his delinquences, and the display of my firman. At length it struck me, that if I exhibited my letter to the Pasha, the matter might probably be referred to him; and the event corresponded with my expectations.

On reaching the Court of the Pashalic, the complaint was again preferred, and the witnesses brought forward to prove the assault. I explained in my turn my own version of the story; but the Secretary insisted, that the complainant being a *poverato* and I a rich *Inglese*, it was expedient that I should satisfy his demands. I replied, through the interpreter, that the immutable laws of justice hinged not on questions of expediency; that the fact of the man's being poor furnished an ample reason for his conducting himself with civility, but a very insufficient one for misbehaviour—that he could not but allege that he had received three several warnings of the course I should adopt, in case he persisted in his misconduct—that my determination was now formed and that I would not bestow a sum, intended as a reward for good behaviour, on one who had shewn himself so unworthy of it; but that if they chose to seize the money, they were at liberty to act as they thought proper. For some time he pressed the appeal *ad misericordiam*, and proceeded to insinuate the application of force, till at length I

repeated that I must adhere to my determination, but would modify it so far as to hand over to him, under protest, the sum in dispute, if he chose to take such a responsibility upon himself, provided he would pledge his word that it should be divided among the poor of the city. Perceiving that I was resolute, he ordered the man to be kicked out of the place.

Such is a fair specimen of the working of Turkish justice. In nine cases out of ten, the greatest partiality will be exhibited by the authorities in favor of their own people when opposed to a stranger; for they are conscious that it may be done with impunity, and the decision is fraught with advantage to themselves; whereas in a case litigated between the rich and poor of their own countrymen, a bribe will generally determine it in favor of the former.

Thus released from apprehension on the score of my guide, I was finally ushered by the secretary and interpreter into the divan, and introduced to the Pasha and the members of the Council of Government. Coffee and chibouques being brought in, a conversation ensued on the late *contretemps* and other topics. The predecessor of the present Pasha had just been translated to Damascus. He was conversant with the English language, and was reputed to be a worthy and able man. Not so his successor. All the old and almost obsolete means of exaction, which had till recently been discountenanced, were again enforced to enable him to amass a sufficient fortune to retire in his declining years, and indulge in the soft luxury of a palace at Stamboul. From these motives he had even forsworn the rites of hospitality, and I was but too happy to accept an invitation to the house of the Polish interpreter.

Next day a comfortable bed, and board in the English style, were provided me by the kindness of Dr. Castellan, Surgeon-General of Roumelia, in the best house in the place. This spacious residence had been constructed after the European fashion by a deceased pasha, who, like many other people, had ruined himself by dabbling in bricks and mortar. It was now, therefore, unoccupied and for sale. The Pasha would not permit it to be opened as an hotel except under the condition of an ample gratuity for himself; and none could be found to undertake the management on such terms in a place so seldom frequented by Europeans.

At the house of Dr. Castellan, I met a Greek priest of Salonica, attached to the Romish Church, and under French protection. From his appearance and deportment I deduced a rather unfavourable impression of his character. He was a sly designing man, who, while he visited Monasteria at intervals to comfort the Church dispersed in the locality, generally contrived to return home laden with substantial proofs of the hospitality of his disciples.

The Greeks of Monasteria are sunk in the deepest ignorance and superstition, circumstances which paralyse alike the progress of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. Every third or fourth day in the week is devoted to the *fête* of some rogue, who, by an unusual development of knavery or fanaticism, has contrived to get himself canonized; and thus the labour of a third of the year is sacrificed at the shrine of a semi-pagan worship.

As a specimen of the prevailing ignorance, I was asked by one of the most intelligent of the race if I was not *milord*. He seemed quite startled when I assured him that the lords of England were a mere

unit in comparison with the other classes of the community; but when I further assured him that the middle class, to which I myself pertained, was the most powerful of all, since it, nominally at least, held in its hands the reins of government, however duped and betrayed it might virtually be, his countenance assumed the air of incredulity which was but natural, judging from his own experience.

On one of the *fêtes* to which I have just alluded, the harem of the Pasha passed in procession through the streets of the town on its way to take the country air. I counted twenty-eight carriages.

The Polish interpreter, of whom I have before spoken, contracts for the supply of the uniforms of the army in this district. Such is his poverty, however, that he is obliged to have recourse to the Jews, who absorb a large share of his profits for advances, or he could not complete his orders.

He was so obliging as to offer to take me over the military college, and the other public institutions. In so far as its internal economy was concerned, the arrangements appeared admirably contrived to ensure cleanliness, order, and discipline; points of chief import in Turkish eyes; but, regarded as a medium of instilling a chivalrous bearing and soldier-like instincts into the young cadets, it was a decided failure. Yet the aged principal devoted his whole soul to the task, and looked upon his young charge with all the affection of a parent; still the energy, skill and vitality, essential to the success of such an institution were all wanting.

It was, nevertheless, an amusing spectacle to see the cadets called in, one after another, to be measured for their new uniforms. Not one of them corresponded with our notions of the bearing of a soldier; some were

interesting youths of a slender frame, possessed of a pensive turn of expression; others gaunt, lanky lads, whom the weight of a sword was of itself sufficient to oppress, and deprive of motion. The military college, like the town, is an institution of recent origin. The other public buildings are of large and ample dimensions, for the most part situated on a promenade in the outskirts: they present rather an imposing appearance, and fairly earn for the place its rank as the principal city of Bœtolia.

The bazaar of Monasteria, equally spacious and intricate, is well supplied with English, German, and native manufactures; but the streets comprise all the features of squalor and meanness, characteristic of a Turkish settlement. The mosques, with one exception, are small; in no other cities but Stamboul and Edreneh (Adrianople), are the noble creations of a Mahmoud or Achmet now to be discovered. Not so the houses of the Pasha and the officers of government, which line the banks of the torrent that rushes down from the mountain above. They are equally noble, picturesque, and capacious, and would not disgrace Stamboul itself. Yet the bureau or divan, to which I was summoned, wears all the look of a stable deserted by its owner; such is the rapacity and dishonesty of the men bound to keep it in repair.

A considerable number of Greeks and Italians are employed in the medical and other subordinate posts in Bœtolia; but the chief duties of the government devolve on the three Pashas, and all posts of importance that can be filled by Turks are strictly confined to their charge.

At Monasteria, I received the confirmation of Görgey's reported defection. My intention, on arriving at Corfu, had been to re-enter Hungary at Orsova, and from

thence attempt to gain ingress into Peterwardein. I was induced to prefer the route through Albania, conscious as I nevertheless was of its peril, because I considered that the Danube route by steamer would, in all probability, be sooner or later controlled by the Russians, and should the latter even refrain from exercising an influence on the Turkish government, so as to prevent the entry of foreigners into the country, difficulties, such as it might be hard to overcome, might still be interposed on the part of the British embassy at Constantinople.

My predictions were confirmed by the result. Earl Mandeville and Captain Herbert, having in vain endeavoured to enter Hungary by means of a passport from the Foreign Office, had arrived at Corfu, and taken the steamer for Constantinople the day before my reaching it, bearing the intelligence of my arrest, and expulsion from the Austrian territory. The Earl never reached Hungary, nor was Capt. Herbert more successful; but the latter arrived with despatches at Viddin, just as I was on the point of quitting it, and then returned to Constantinople. I was now advised by my Polish friend, that Kossuth, Bem, Dembinski, Guyon, and the remnant of the Hungarian army had crossed the Danube, and found refuge at Viddin, in Bulgaria, within the Turkish territory. Thither then I resolved, if possible, to proceed, and, to facilitate my plans, was furnished by my friend with a letter of introduction to an Italian practitioner, formerly resident at Monasteria, but who, having been caught by a Turkish officer in criminal intercourse with his spouse, and being aware of the penalty attached to the offence, had shot the Moslem on the spot, and, in despair, quitted the Turkish territory, to join the Hungarian army.

After making the requisite purchase of cooking utensils, and taking leave of the Pasha, I hired a couple of horses from the post-offiee, and took my departure, being now completely recovered from the fatigue of my late journey. In leaving we forded the bed of the torrent which meanders through the town. In the hands of any other people it might be turned to great account, whereas it only adds, at present, to the unhealthiness of the locality.

The roads were still none of the best, the ruts left by the rude carts of the country were the only indices serving to denote them; but the plain was level, and we accordingly rode to Perlipe at a brisk trot. At the same rate it would be easy to accomplish from forty to forty-five miles per day: up to this point, however, we had seldom averaged more than from twenty to twenty-five miles, although we had travelled from sunrise to sunset. As the night waxed on we were much annoyed by the attacks of dogs; and, no sooner had the canine nuisance abated, than my æsthetics were destined to be sorely put to the test by the horrid nasal twang with which my companions unburthened themselves of a ditty of the country. In vain I besought them to keep quiet; they did not comprehend my meaning till I, at length, bethought myself of a British ballad likely to divert them by its pleasing melody. The first verse produced the desired effect; and, by the time I had concluded, they manifested a reluctance to wake anew their own discordant strains.

It was with some difficulty that we accomplished the latter part of the stage. It had already become dark as pitch, and we had some awkward and precipitous hills to descend. Though stumbling occasionally, we succeeded in retaining our seats, and at midnight entered

the khan, which was one of the best specimens of the kind I had yet encountered.

After a frugal supper, I laid myself down in my *capote* on the verandah by the side of an officer of the *gendarmerie*, and was soon fast asleep.

Our host was a venerable old Moslem, particularly attentive to his guests, but crafty withal, as I had occasion to discover when I came to hire a horse of him to take me to Kuprilik. It being Friday morning, a party of Turks in their best attire congregated on the verandah to discuss the politics of the day, and satisfy their curiosity as to passing events. My arrival, and the object of my visit, at present, engrossed all their thoughts, but as it was not my business to satisfy their prurient inquiries, I lost no time in mounting my horse, which proved none of the soundest, and riding a-head of the guide, left behind me the wide extending plain, and striking on a spur of the Balkhan, ascended to its summit. There dismounting, I led the animal down the glen by a dangerous path, until I arrived at a khan.

Finding that the master and his man were too much occupied to wait upon me at the moment, I caught, killed, and roasted a fowl, gathered a melon in the garden, prepared coffee, and had despatched the ample meal by the time the *kerajé* had arrived.

Gold abounds in this portion of the range; the dust and small particles of the metal are continually being washed up on the surface by the autumn rains, yet the Turks, like the dog in the manger, will neither explore the locality on their own account, nor suffer strangers to institute a search.

In the evening some Turks, on their way northwards from Salonica rode up, and took up their quarters besides me. I hardly know why, but their manner and

appearance by no means prepossessed me in their favor. One of them mustered a few words of Italian, which he turned to due account by subjecting me to a close inquisitorial as to the motives which had induced me to traverse almost alone these wild and inhospitable regions. I parried his inquiries as well as I could; for I was now approaching the confines of Servia and the seat of a Sclavonic population, as the names of the towns and villages already indicated.

The next morning I was on horseback before either they or my guide were prepared to follow, and traversing, as quickly as I could, a fertile and tolerably cultivated plain, ascended the Balkhan downs, and gained the heart of the range.

As I entertained some suspicion as to the designs of my Turkish fellow-travellers, I determined to ride on, and trust to my own resources for the discovery of the road. I soon became sorely puzzled; tracks radiated in all directions; my only plan was to keep to that of the greatest promise until I again approached a village. Fortune smiled on me. I had not wandered for a moment from the point for which I was making; and entering a village, I searched, but in vain, for a khan in which to rest my jaded horse. In a trice I was beset by all the dogs of the village, large and ferocious animals, which flew at the animal and myself in every quarter, goading her almost to madness, and rendering a retention of my seat a very problematical undertaking. After ridding myself, by a few vigorous charges, of my formidable assailants, I was fain, therefore, to pursue my course along the dreary route, forded the river Vardar, denominated Axius by the ancients, and climbing a lofty steep, descried in the distance signs of improvement which foreboded my advent into another region.

As I descended the mountains I found the vine entering again into the list of agricultural products; then a large farm-house indicated progress; till the minarets and towers of Kuprilik at length became visible. Taking up my quarters at a khan at the entrance of the town, I breakfasted, and then sought out an Italian doctor to whom I had been recommended. He informed me that it would be necessary to remain at Kuprilik for the night, a horse not being procurable on any terms at the post. I was the sooner reconciled to the detention by a survey of the natural beauties of the vicinity, and the picturesque position of the town, many of the houses of which are constructed in very good taste, though the streets have as little to recommend them as ever.

In addition to the mosques, there are several Greek churches, that people—or to speak more properly, the Græco-Sclave—forming the larger proportion of the population. Kuprilik, situated on the Vardar, is the seat of a Pashalic and fortress, and, as in all the larger Turkish towns, no person is admitted under pain of imprisonment, to perambulate the streets without a lantern after sunset. I, therefore, hastened to rest betimes. Early the next morning, I made my way to the post-office, and after some delay, arising from a difficulty in procuring change for a *Napoleon d'or*, engaged a man and two horses to take me to Kumanowa. As we emerged from the town, I had leisure to admire once more its picturesque dwellings and beautiful position on the river.

My guide, with the wonted effrontery of his order, had coolly appropriated the best of the horses, and mine, though a willing animal, was anything but calculated for a safe transit through the dangerous

ravines we had occasion to traverse on our way. The slightest twitch of the curb, indeed, was sufficient to cause her to rear and caper about like one possessed. The best plan, and the one I in general adopted, is, before you start, to wait and see which horse your selfish guide selects, and to make him in every case dismount and exchange; for, depend upon it, you will soon discover the reason of his choice. A Turkish saddle, however well calculated for short, stout men like the Turks, whose habit of squatting has conduced to a flexibility of muscle, which nature has kindly adapted to her ends, imposes a species of purgatory on an Englishman, whose legs become so cramped by confinement, as scarcely to be sensible of their hold in the stirrups at last.

After clearing the ravine, we entered on a vast plain, watered by the Braounista river, which affords pasturage to large herds of oxen; and by the time we had reached its northern limit, the white houses of Kumanowa appeared in sight on a second and adjoining plain, separated from the other by a gentle elevation. No sooner had we alighted at the khan, than a crowd was attracted by curiosity to the spot, and greatly impeded our cooking operations by their minute inquiries of the guide respecting my objects and vocation.

No long time elapsed, ere I had hired a man and another pair of horses to carry me to Vraniya. Instead of becoming cheaper as the country became more practicable, horse-hire increased in cost at every stage from Monasteria northwards. It is true that we were better mounted; for the bold and hardy breed of Bosnia there superseded the slow but sure quadruped of Albania. The *kerajé* was as anxious as any of his predecessors to protract the journey to suit

his own convenience; and we had not proceeded an hour on our way before he entered a khan with the view of enticing me to pass the night there. After, however, my passport had been examined by a party of police in the village, I scrupled not to pursue my course along the plain, and soon descried my grumbling follower in my rear.

The cottages of the peasantry in this district were of a superior order, and presented a very cheerful aspect; in fact, they seemed to have sensibly improved as we advanced northward. Nor was I less charmed with the peculiar sweetness of the pastoral music, which emanated from every portion of the plain in soft and soothing cadence.

Towards dusk, we alighted at a wretched khan, the internal appearance of which greatly enlightened me as to the cause of the guide's reluctance to proceed. Nevertheless, we obtained some eggs, which, with coffee and the black bread of the country, formed a supper not to be despised in the wild, and soon retired to rest by the side of our horses. At day-break, we were again in the saddle; and after leaving the fertile plain behind us, entered on a series of downs, from which we obtained a magnificent view of the meeting point of the Balkhan and Pindus ranges. Fortunately, the sun had decked them with the most brilliant colouring, so as to exhibit in full relief every peak and crest, the whole forming a picture of almost unrivalled sublimity. As we traversed the lofty plateau, we encountered immense herds of lean swine on their way to the southward, driven by Bulgarians, remarkable from the singularity of their rude national costume. We had now reached the confines both of Bulgaria and Servia, and were in the midst of a Sclavonic people.

In descending, by a dangerous path down a magnificent and beautifully timbered glen, I observed some of the richest iron stone cropping out from either bank. Coal I also believe to exist in the vicinity.

The glen in question extends, east and west, for several miles. At its western entrance, the Bulgarian Morava pours down from the Tehar Dagh, and issuing from the glen a little to the south of Vraniya, traverses a vast extent of plain, forming with the Nissa, one of its affluents, the boundary between Bulgaria and Servia. Near Alexinitza, it re-enters the latter country, and, running through the heart of Servia, falls into the Danube, a few miles below Semendria.

In the evening, we put up and supped at a khan in the centre of the glen. Finding the rooms as ruinous and dirty as usual, and the fleas and other insects as abundant as ever, I stretched my limbs in my capote on the verandah. Rising betimes, we again defiled along the glen, this time in company with a peasant, with whose appearance I was not by any means pre-possessed, the rather that I continually caught his eye directed upon my baggage. At length, emerging from the glen, we entered on the extensive and fertile plain of Vraniya, bidding a final adieu to the Balkhan range.

In the vicinity of the town, we found the grape in high perfection; and melons, as in all these regions, lay in myriads on the ground between the rows of maize. Vraniya enjoys a beautiful site, on an eminence situate between two plains; but the town possesses little to recommend it.

At the khan, one of the dirtiest places I had thus far baited at, I fell in with a Greek, who kindly offered to conduct to me, and introduce, a young Frenchman of his acquaintance, then sojourning at Vraniya. From

the latter I learnt that he had been formerly attached to the embassy at Constantinople; but, having been attacked by cholera, while passing through Vraniya, on his return to that place, had remained there until he recovered; but not before he had been driven to great straits for a subsistence. Want of funds had since prevented him from prosecuting his journey; but he had purchased a horse, and hoped to accomplish his object in a few days. Possessed of some slight knowledge of medicine, he had practised to a considerable extent in the town and its environs; but he bitterly complained of the dishonesty of the people, who seldom, or never, paid him the debts they had contracted.

My friend, like the generality of Frenchmen one meets with in distant lands, professed to be a strong partizan of the English alliance, and was even moved to tears, when I remarked, with some earnestness, that a war between the two great western nations would henceforth be attended with all the horrors of a civil war, so intimate had become the union of interests and affections.

Horses not being procurable at Vraniya at any price, my friend recommended me to take a seat in one of the train of bullock carts plying between that place and Lescovitza. We started in the evening, and the heavy lumbering motion of the cart soon threw me into a state of somnolency. When I awoke in the morning, I was surprised to find that we had scarcely advanced four miles towards our destination, the cattle having been unyoked during the night.

For some distance we traversed a plain: and, at a police-station in the midst of it, I was aroused by a demand for toll by a Turkish gendarme. The looks of my bullock driver, who had already satisfied all demands

legally payable for the vehicle, indicated that an imposition was being attempted. For a moment, therefore, I hesitated to respond to this application, being in ignorance of the justness of the claim. The choleric Turk would not brook delay, and had seized my chibouque and struck me with it before I had time to collect myself. To re-gain it I descended from the cart and springing on him before he could possibly protect himself, recovered the unlawful prize. The corporal of the post, who had thus far remained a mere spectator of the outrage, seeing that his comrade was not faring so well as he had expected, now rushed up, and prevented a more serious complication.

Thus far I had found the Turkish police continually bent on extortions of this sort: indeed, my friend at Vraniya assured me that his own experience led him to believe that there was a far greater cause for apprehension from the savagery of these men, than from the banditti they were placed to keep in check.

The roads continuing almost impassable, we made tardy progress, and every now and then inspanned to permit the cattle to graze. On these occasions, when required for service, they would in general be found to have strayed a mile or two in the forests, a circumstance which, together with the necessity for felling oak timber to supply the constantly recurring defects of our primitive wains, rendered the journey anything but a rapid one. It was to me a subject of astonishment that such a degree of negligence should be displayed by the government in reference to the havoc made in the rising young forests by these wandering carriers.

At length we entered another romantic glen, and followed the course of the Morava. Next day, in the afternoon, I became so weary of our snail-like progress,

and so annoyed at the loss of time already incurred, that I determined to proceed to Lescovitza on foot, leaving my baggage in charge of a Magyar doctor, who was a passenger in another of the waggons.

After a walk of two miles, I entered a khan, and obtained some eggs and coffee. Having observed what two other travellers had proffered for the same accommodation, I placed a similar amount in the hands of the *khanajé*, but he professed to be dissatisfied, and followed me, demanding something in addition. At last he dropped off, and I pursued my way. As I entered a village a slight distance beyond, I heard shouts of men in pursuit, and in a short time two Turkish gendarmes were close upon my heels. The commotion brought out a stalwart and ferocious-looking negro from a house in the vicinity, who closed upon me in front, while a crowd from the khan flocked to see the skirmish. The Turks aimed blows at me with their muskets, which I parried with my chibouque; but the negro, getting into my rear, succeeded in grasping the collar of my coat, which he tore from top to bottom. At this moment two Servian horsemen rode up, and, separating us, relieved me from the unequal contest.

After passing the Morava by a rude bridge at this place, I soon came upon the great plain of Lescovitza, which extends nearly sixty miles in a line from east to west. Already dusk was setting in, and I was sorely puzzled to trace my course along the plain, in consequence of the lights which flickered at various points of the compass, all denoting the site of some town or village. To add to my perplexities, a heavy rain came on. I, therefore, entered a khan, and learnt, to my delight, that I had so far taken the direct course, and that the first town on my right, which I had

supposed to be Lescovitza, was called Medoka, the former place being six miles distant. Here I contrived to snatch an hour or two's rest, regardless of the rain, which every now and then awoke me by its clatter, as it descended through the roof on my capote. In the morning I found the clayey track, by courtesy denominated a road, scarcely passable on foot, and I slipped at every step.

The valley of the Morava is composed of the richest alluvial soil, capable of producing the finest and most abundant crops; yet its resources are almost entirely undeveloped, except where the primitive pump in general use over Eastern Europe rears its rude trunk, and affords a partial supply of the element essential to fertility. The course of the Morava, like the geographical delineation of Albania, Macedonia, and Servia, in general, is very incorrectly laid down in all our English maps; and this remark applies not only to the Balkhan range, but even to the boundaries of the provinces.

Outside Lescovitza, I was invited by a Servian merchant to enter a khan and partake of coffee. Ten minutes further walk brought me into the centre of the town. From being unpaved, Lescovitza was almost entirely under water; and it was with difficulty that I could effect a passage across the streets. I was rather embarrassed in the choice of a khan, in consequence of the competition on the part of the hosts of three large edifices, for the honour of entertaining me. Judging from the exterior of these buildings, there are evident signs betokening the advance step by step into a more civilised region; yet, in the simplicity of their interior, they vie with the rudest of Turkish hostelries, not a chair, or table, or sofa, or bed, or table, or glass, or knife and fork, or plate, or the simplest requisites, being

obtainable, and the only furniture comprising a rude mat, intended for a bed. I prepared breakfast as soon as possible; for I now began to feel the want of a restorative, after so long an abstinence from food.

In the afternoon the bullock-carts arrived, my abandoning them having apparently tended to expedite their movements. Having attempted, but in vain, to procure a horse, I was obliged to consent to another unavoidable sacrifice of time, but succeeded in the evening in hiring a man and steed to take me next day to Nissa. The Magyar doctor, my new acquaintance, having invited me to join him in another apartment, I had an opportunity of acquiring some detailed information as to the state of the country, and his own adventures in these regions. From his own account, he was the authorised agent of Morison's Pills at Temesvar, in Hungary; but he visited Servia once every year to supply the local consumption. He had formed a lofty idea of his own importance as a vicegerent of the great Morison, the "President of the Royal British College of Health," as he repeatedly called to my mind, and became, therefore, naturally speechless with astonishment and chagrin, when I, unable to resist the temptation to malice, assured him that his cherished patron was a charlatan, who had himself dubbed himself head of that imaginary College; as president, professor, and lecturer of which his official duties were not, after all, very laborious.

The next morning we took our departure for Nissa. My *kerajé* was a civil, obliging fellow, remarkable for the speed with which he contrived to make his way across the slippery fields, where the horse, less expert, was repeatedly stumbling. Immense quantities of tobacco are produced in the valley of the Morava; and

at every khan which we entered we observed large heaps undergoing the process of curing. Such is the fertility of the soil that, however the Bulgarians may be oppressed by Turkish exaction, they, nevertheless, contrive to exhibit proofs of a thriving condition.

It was necessary to ford the Morava with the guide behind me at various points: so swollen, however, had the river become from the rains, that the current nearly carried the horse off its legs, and, though we strode at full length on her back, to avoid an immersion of the extremities, the saddle itself was wetted by the flood. The rain continued to pour down in torrents, and, at every step, I expected to be thrown from the saddle by my jaded nag, till at last my presentiment was verified, by her slipping and throwing me into the sludge. I remounted, unhurt, and rode on with a party of Servians who had overtaken me, until we reached a khan, and there found a temporary shelter. As we proceeded along the plain, my guide pointed out at intervals several ruined castles and towers of Roman or Byzantine construction.

Nissa (Naïssus) is situated on an offshoot of the Morava plain, through which flows the *Ναισσος ποταμος* of the ancients. From a distance its *ensemble* produces a very striking effect, the lofty, tapering minarets of the mosques, and the Turkish town, contrasting strangely with the ancient and solid Roman castle, which has alike set the ravages of time and the assaults of man at defiance.

On my arrival, I immediately sought out the Greek medical practitioner, who was educated at Constantinople, and spoke French with great fluency. He kindly undertook to introduce me to the Pasha, shew me over the town, and arrange for my journey to Alexinitza.

As it happened, the Pasha, who was a great friend of the Hungarian cause, was out of town; but his subordinates received me with great kindness, and invited me to share in the unctuous mess brought up for their midday repast. The secretary undertook to provide me with what I should have found difficulty in procuring, a horse on which to accompany the post, if I would engage, on arriving at Viddin, to transmit a letter to the doctor, containing a narrative of events in reference to the Hungarian exiles. After an inspection, therefore, of the old Roman castle, and the various Latin inscriptions on the walls, I returned to the khan to prepare for my departure in the evening.

The divan of Nissa, like the buildings of the same class in other cities, is being suffered gradually to fall into decay, although the Pashas are bound, in strict right, to keep them in repair at their own expense. So flimsy, indeed, were the supports used for propping up the mouldering fabric, that I felt I incurred some peril in entering it.

The beautiful Naïssus, that once in limpid purity laved the walls of the Roman fortress, has now become the great cause of the unhealthiness of the place, in consequence of being made the receptacle of its filth. I was not a little diverted, therefore, at the naïve response of my medical friend to whom I made some remark on the subject. "Ah c'est bon! moi, je suis tranquille;" and satisfied he had reason to be, for two-thirds of the local ailments were traceable to its pernicious influence.

Previous to my quitting Nissa, a little incident, illustrative of Turkish extortion, happened to undeceive me as to the apparently primitive simplicity of manner for which I had given that people credit, and to prove that

the Osmanli, no more than his neighbours, will omit to avail himself of any opportunity which may offer itself for acquiring unlawful gain. When on the point of starting, one of the party, charged with the conveyance of the mail, demanded of me the regular charge for posting. Remembering the promise of the Pasha's Secretary, I naturally demurred, and referred him to the Postmaster, in whose company I had just before dined. He replied that that functionary was at his prayers, and could not be disturbed. I apprized him of the Pasha's order, and directed him to wait till the Postmaster's vespers were concluded. As soon as that official was at liberty to attend to me, he affected to throw all the blame on his subordinate, but I was duly aware of his duplicity, and was resolved not to submit to it.

We continued our course, at a smart pace, along the valley of the Morava, which, to all appearance, would seem to be connected with the great plain of the Danube. The night was so dark that we were every moment in danger, not only of losing our way, but of straying from each other. The only objects we encountered as we rode along, were the rude wains of the country, the approach of which we could distinguish at a great distance, owing to their creaking motion. During midnight we put up at a khan on the road; at two in the morning were again in motion, and soon we ascended the Eastern ridge of hills overlooking the capacious valley.

As we entered within the Servian frontier, the post was on the *qui vive;* for the Turks are in continual apprehension of the Servian bandits that roam along the borders. On reaching Alexinitza, I was at once conducted into the *parlatoria* of the quarantine establish-

ment. There I was visited by the Servian medical officer, a person of gentlemanly exterior, who issued immediate orders that a private room and attendance should be prepared for my reception.

The system of quarantine, which prevails along the Servian frontiers to the East, is, in reality, a political, not a sanitary precaution. Were the exclusion of infected persons the ruling motive, I can only take leave to remark that the *regimen* to which an individual is here subjected, is admirably calculated to induce disease. Thus, on entering the station, I was in the enjoyment of perfect health; on quitting it, I was suffering from a severe cold and dysentery, occasioned by the barbarous neglect of the authorities to provide the first elements of comfort required for the health of those whom they immure, instead, in their cold and gloomy dungeons. A propriety, unknown to the guardians of this *pseudo* Sanatorium, forbids my entering more fully into particulars calculated to show how decency is there violated; happily for them, they are troubled by the presence of few or no English, French, or Austrian travellers, or the evil would assuredly be remedied. A straw mattrass was provided in my wretched apartment, but the attendant had contrived to appropriate it to his own use, and muttered his reproaches without sparing, when I forced him to hand it over to me. At this forbidding house of detention, I was confined for forty-eight hours, my only solace during that tedious interval being a visit from the Anglo-Servian courier employed between this place and Belgrade, who came to offer his services in forwarding my letters to Mr. Fonblanque, British Consul at that place. At Alexinitza, the courier is relieved by a coadjutor, who carries them on to Constantinople.

Although I had traced on my route the vestiges of the great Sclavonic migration as far southwards as Thessaly and Macedonia, it was not until I arrived at Alexinitza that I found myself in the midst of the race in its true homogeneous character, and speaking its own peculiar language. On entering the town, I discerned the slow, but nevertheless, palpable signs of progress all around me. The caldron of civilisation may be said to be on its simmer: let us hope the spirit that is now being awakened may conduce to a more rapid and fruitful movement among the national elements. The exterior appearance of the streets and houses is neat and respectable, but much remains to be done in the way of comfort within.

One advantage Servia certainly possesses through her quarantine regulations, the right of free pratique with Austria; and such are the facilities offered by the Danube, that a large and annually increasing trade has sprung up as if by enchantment. In return for the silk, timber, pork, and other raw produce absorbed by Austria, Servia consumes a large amount of Austrian manufactures. Whilst, on the other hand, the gold, and more valuable silver currency of Austria, has, of late years, passed to a great extent into the hands of the Servians and Turks. Hence it fails to find its way back to the hands of its original proprietors. As many as thirty ducats may be seen strung round the neck of a Servian damsel, whose wealth and ornament they combine to form. From this it will be inferred that banking and a system of credit are as yet unknown, and with truth; for as soon as a ducat is required by the peasant to make a payment, he flies to his daughter's necklace for the required amount.

The Servians, regarded physically, are a noble and

muscular race, full of courage and animal life. They offer no evidence of want of intellect; but, as is the case with all semi-barbarians, their ignorance has proved an obstacle to the acquisition of habits of industry and of fidelity in their transactions. Gaming too is a national defect, and a passion for its exciting pleasure is as rife among the lower as among the higher classes.

After a long delay, occasioned by bargaining for a guide and pair of horses, an extortion was attempted on the part of the civil authorities to which I would not submit; and the guide being found to have had a share in the transaction, I dismissed him, and returned to my friend the surgeon's to dinner. No sooner had he succeeded in procuring a substitute, than a fresh difficulty arose respecting the rate of exchange for my gold, an attempt being made to compel me to part with it for little more than half its value. My firmness, however, prevailed in insuring more equitable terms, but not before my temper had been sorely tried by the inquisitive crowd which pressed upon me during the altercation, and conceived themselves justified in joining in the attempt at fraud.

In quitting Alexinitza, we met waggon after waggon laden with the produce of the vintage, and ever and anon, some gentle, bashful girl stepped forward to proffer a luscious bunch of the fruit to my acceptance, which I found it impossible to refuse.

The road now admitted of rapid motion, and since I had taken care to select the steed with the most spirit, and had exchanged the Turkish saddle for one of Servian sheepskin, I soon left the *surajé* in the rear, and quitting the plain of the Morava, entered a ravine clad on either side with noble and gigantic timber. As

dusk approached, and I had advanced some miles alone, I halted for the coming up of the guide; we rested for a brief space at a khan, and on resuming our course, the glen all at once expanded into a fertile and well cultivated valley.

At 10 P.M., we entered the town of Rachnia, at which we took up our qarters for the night. Rachnia is a very pretty town, traversed by an excellent road, and the accommodation at the hotel was the best I had met with since I had left Corfu. The Morava, which passes a little to the west of the town, is turned to good account in the propulsion of corn-mills, etc. At the khan, I met with the Commissioner of the district, apparently a member of the military profession. He was unremitting in his attention; and, judging that a fresh supper could not be prepared with fitting despatch, offered me a share of his own. I found him very communicative, and in return he was anxious to elicit my opinion on the Hungarian question, on which, as a Serb, he had formed a view at variance with mine, and I am sorry to add, in antagonism to liberal principles. After supper we stretched ourselves in our capotes on the matting in an adjoining room for the night.

On the following morning, as soon as breakfast was despatched, we proceeded in company to Paranin Palanka. Our course lay for two miles through the valley of the Morava; after which, we ascended a mountain range. At its commencement, he pointed out to me a hill fort, constructed on a rocky, isolated cone, after the same fashion as those of India, and only accessible by a zigzag path. We then struck upon a long glen. The peasantry we met, on our way, were clothed in sheepskin caps and jackets, and the Greek trowser; but the shepherds might have been taken for so many

bears, their whole habiliments being formed of sheepskin, from the cap downwards, dyed brown. My magisterial friend was too important a personage to put up with any unnecessary annoyance, still less to be worried by dogs with impunity; and one of a pack having made a spring at his legs, he coolly took out a pistol, and shot the yelping animal on the spot.

As soon as we had reached the table land, we entered a small hut, in a village embosomed in walnut trees, where some stirabout, composed of maize, and rackee, —a spirit, distilled from the same—was provided for us by a peasant. The country, in this direction, is very romantic in character; but it is nowhere so elevated as it is represented on the maps.

Quitting the great plateau of Servia, we descended, through an undulating country, by an excellent road to another Servian town, at which we bade farewell to our kind-hearted friend. There we dined; and, after my passport had been examined and *viséd*, we forded the Morava, and pursued our course along the great military road, which borders on the confines of Servia.

Towards evening, we put up at a miserable khan in a small village on the road, where my *surajé* being anxious to sleep, and seeing that I was unwilling to remain, called the *khanajé* and the people to assist him, in preventing my departure. I walked on, however, conscious that my recalcitrant servant would see the necessity of following; and, before I had completed a mile, he overtook me, loudly vociferating his indignation. Our course lay through a beautiful valley. The weather being cool, and the roads good, we made considerable progress before midnight. We passed large parties of travellers bivouacked under tents by the side of the highway; and on reaching a khan, eight miles

distant from the scene of our quarrel, I gave the signal to halt. During the night, and succeeding day, I suffered considerably from the dysentery caught at Alexinitza, and became so weak, as hardly to be able to support myself on the saddle.

To save himself trouble, my guide artfully took a short road across country to the next quarantine station; and, having there procured a return cargo of sheep-skins, left me at the post, before I was made aware of the consequences of his duplicity. I now found that, as we had avoided a town on the regular route, I should be obliged to return some six miles to procure the requisite *visé*, unless, indeed, I chose to attempt a passage across the frontier by stealth. As time was precious, I resolved to try the dangerous experiment; but I was descried by the watchman on the hills, and, finally, by a guardian on one of the signal towers, who challenged me to halt, under penalty of being fired upon. Hastening up with his loaded rifle, he conveyed me back to the station. My breach of the regulations was ascribed to ignorance, rather than wilfulness, and was not, therefore, visited with punishment; so that, after depositing my baggage there, I was permitted to proceed to the town to procure the requisite pass.

The Servian frontier is separated from the Turkish by a line of demarcation formed of high palisades, except where the mountains intervene, and interpose a sufficient barrier. On the Servian side, is the prairie; on the Turkish, a plantation of stunted oaks—in some places, fifteen miles deep. Along the prairie, watch-posts are stationed at intervals. To defend this *cordon*, several hundred men are necessarily employed: the expense is prodigious, for so questionable a measure; but an excuse is thereby offered for the maintenance of

a considerable body of troops, capable of rendering efficient service as an irregular force. In returning to the town indicated, I had an opportunity of surveying the country. On every side rolled an undulating prairie; in some spots, producing corn, or pasture; here and there planted with oak coppices. Alongside the Morava, which stole quietly in its rear, rose the plateau already described; and to the south, and to the south-west, and north-west, the mountain range, which forms the natural, but not the political boundary of the country.

The town had a beautiful appearance, thanks to the contrast presented by the snowy white of its houses, with the green foliage by which it was embosomed. From its position on the high road to the Danube, it cannot fail to enjoy a considerable traffic. In the absence of the local superintendent of police, I was fain to reconcile myself to a further sacrifice af time, and to pass the night at a khan offering the most wretched accommodation. The only persons, moreover, to whom I could make myself understood, were some Germans attached to the police department. In the town were stationed two or three companies of Servian troops, who are, in general, fine muscular men, clad in the German fashion.

The next morning, I procured permission to proceed, and returned to the frontier. A horse not being obtainable either on the Servian or Turkish side, I was compelled not only to start on foot but to carry my baggage myself; and, although I had left the heavy portion at Corfu, and had reduced the remnant to the smallest possible weight and compass, it nevertheless greatly hampered my movements. Moreover, I had launched into the forest without any guide; and, as the tracks

radiated in every direction, I had to depend upon my instinct alone to preserve me from wandering.

At length I was overtaken by a peasant woman in a cart, who was so obliging as to ease me of my load, and to give me a lift in her rude vehicle. The country, on every side, appeared a vast waste of underwood, and the aspect of things was by no means improved by the weather, a heavy rain having set in. On arriving at a village I determined to seek shelter for the night; and, though the accommodation was of the most humble kind, I did not the less enjoy the frugal repast after the turmoil and vexations of the day.

In the morning I procured a horse and guide to take me to Viddin. For several miles, our course lay through the waste of brushwood already described, until, gaining the edge of a hill, we caught sight of the minarets of Viddin, six miles distant in the plain below, together with the Danube and a large portion of Wallachia. The slopes of the hill were planted with the vine, and the proprietor of one of the vineyards hurried up to the road on catching a sight of me, to offer me some grapes. Opposite a khan at which we stopped on our way across the plain, my horse slipped and threw me from the saddle, but without the slightest injury, and soon after we entered the town of Viddin.

At the gate, which was occupied by a body of *gendarmes*, my passport was subjected to a minute examination, after which I was sent on to the divan, escorted by a Turkish soldier, to undergo the surveillance of the Pasha himself. I had been previously apprised that the police regulations had been recently rendered additionally rigorous, and I was just beginning to anticipate anything but an agreeable result from the forthcoming interview, when I accidentally encountered a very smart

officer, clad in the magnificent Hungarian *attila*, and accompanying him a tall, stalwart person, wearing a long beard, whom I at once recognised as an Englishman, notwithstanding his bronzed complexion and the graceful *sombrero* with which his head was shrouded.

Hearing them conversing in English, I ventured to accost them in my perplexity, and explain the position in which I then found myself. They at once introduced themselves to me; the one as General Guyon, the other as Mr. Longworth. Since I was entirely ignorant of the Turkish language, I requested them to inform me where an interpreter could be procured, when Mr. Longworth offered to accompany me to the Pasha, and explain my object in visiting Viddin. I confess I was not a little abashed at my wild, uncouth appearance, as compared with their own. What with the necessarily limited amount of baggage I had started with, what with the havoc a transit through thickets and over rocks had made in every article of apparel — and what with the rough treatment I had experienced from the *gendarmerie*, an inspection of my itinerant wardrobe turned out to be anything but satisfactory. However, the occasion did not admit of delay; and, ere ten minutes had elapsed, we had entered the square of the divan, and were admitted into the presence of the Pasha. We found his Highness squatted on an ottoman, smoking his chibouque; by his side sate a child, with a fan in his hand, to keep off the flies. In consequence of his knowledge of the Turkish language, my friend Mr. Longworth possessed considerable influence over him, and easily persuaded him to allow me to remain.

On the termination of the interview, I set about inquiring for a khan wherein to take up my residence.

Viddin, as may readily be supposed, already overflowed with the exiles domiciled there; two of the larger khans contained as many hundred inmates, and I had already consumed some time to no purpose in seeking accommodation, when I fell in with an English missionary, in the employ of the Society for Conversion of the Jews, who kindly offered to place his own apartment at my disposal. I had scarcely made the requisite arrangements, ere a huzzar stepped in to inform me that General Guyon would be glad if I would take up my residence in his quarters, and that he had received orders in consequence to carry my baggage thither.

The quarters of the general were such as the Spartan Agis might with reason have prided himself on. The walls were hung like an armoury, with the arms and accoutrements of the General, and the trappings of his stud. In three of the corners were located the three beds of Guyon, Longworth, and myself, all composed of hay. The room boasted of no other article of furniture. The adjoining apartment was tenanted by our two valets, and a number of geese and ducks. At times, it has happened that I have been awaked at midnight out of a sound sleep, by a visit from a duck, or by one of the other web-footed wanderers leaving his own apartment in quest of novelty, and cackling near my ear. A nervous, or superstitious person, might have been thrown into hysterics by such an apparition.

Our fare was, if possible, still more accordant with the Spartan usage. It was limited to two meals a day, in the latter of which the officers in the suite of the General participated. It consisted of a cup of coffee in the morning, and in the evening, of a refection, composed of a soup, into which entered the most miscellaneous elements, followed by the course tough

viands of the country, which were washed down by the insipid wine of Bulgaria. Yet we were as merry and joyous withal, as though we had sat down to the choicest of banquets, so readily does the human mind adapt itself to the exigences of the moment; and, for myself, I can say with sincerity, that the whole of the three weeks thus spent in the society of my military friends, will remain, henceforth, as so many red letter days in the calendar of my existence.

A small remnant of the exiles only, and such as had funds in hand, were located within the walls of the city. The major portion were encamped without, under tents, on the cold damp plain of the Danube.

Had any other alternative presented itself at the moment, than a tacit submission to their fate; or, had the Turks neglected to disarm that host which, even in distress, retained all its courage and daring, the force placed over it as a guard would have proved entirely inadequate to the emergency. To keep in check a similar number of British troops, in sight of the consequences to which the injudicious selection of the encampment daily and hourly gave rise, would, I feel convinced, have been a task of supererogation. It was alleged, and with apparent reason, that the Pasha had taken advantage of the novelty of the situation, to abstract a portion of the supplies destined for their provision. Many of them had, therefore, been compelled to dispose of articles of clothing, which an exposure to the bleak winds and insalubrious atmosphere of the plain of the Danube rendered essential to the preservation of their health. They had all undergone the most terrible hardships by their forced marches before the enemy, and by the horrors of the late flight; inadequate, or unnutritious food, soon made its effects

felt in like manner. Numbers perished from starvation, or inanition, during my temporary residence amongst them.

It was a curious spectacle to witness, the manner in which the handful of Turkish troops beat the retreat at sunset, and to notice the air of importance with which, accompanied by his staff, the Pasha rode round the camp, and exacted of the faithful the given number of cheers, which they forthwith raised with great apparent earnestness, in due recognition of the symbol of their great master. Every Magyar was, after that hour, required to remain within his tent until break of day. Some excesses were committed by the Turkish troops upon a Hungarian camp-follower, and the commission of a certain unnameable crime was attempted on a party of Magyars, but the design of the perpetrators was discovered, and they received a severe castigation from their intended victims. In general, the conduct of the Turks towards the unhappy exiles, was characterised by the purest kindness and benevolence.

The day after my arrival, I accompanied General Guyon to an interview with Kossuth. We found the Governor of Hungary residing in apartments scarcely better provided with furniture than our own, which he shared with Count Dembinski, his aide-de-camp, his young and beautiful wife, and another friend. Kossuth received me with his wonted suavity of manner; and at once commenced an animated conversation in English, which he speaks fluently, and without any perceptible peculiarity of accent.

My feeble efforts, individually, had been directed without ceasing towards the promotion of the cause of Hungary. At the same time I was a contributor to a journal which had defamed all his actions, and had

thought proper, in the last article of the struggle, to yield to all the base instincts which only the success of his measures had hitherto tended to repress. Consequently I was unable to conceal from myself the disadvantage under which I laboured in approaching him. In his allusions to the stigmas heaped upon his character, he manifested no expression of acerbity; he knew that Austrian gold, however lavishly squandered in purchasing ephemeral mendacity, must eventually yield to the overpowering influence of truth. Had he not, within the last month, exhibited his indifference to the object for which his calumniators had sold their souls to blacken him? Had he not, when the struggle was over, and no other alternative than execution or exile awaited him, romantically spurned, and left to the Austrians to inherit the treasure he had accumulated for the last hour of need at Arad, and was he not then made hourly sensible by his countrymen's and his own privations, how vainly his unparalleled purity had sufficed to stop the mouth of the assassin?

Kossuth had by this time shaved off the handsome beard by which he is distinguished in the portraits; and misfortune had given an interesting tinge of melancholy to his striking countenance, which harmonised with the soft melody of his voice. One topic broached during the interview I had afterwards cause to remember, as it was coincident with an important event then in the process of fulfilment.

It related to the defence of Comorn, which was then invested by Haynau. "If you were there, General," remarked the Countess Dembinski, addressing herself to Guyon; "we should rely on your holding out for a couple of years at least, but as matters at present stand,

we have our fears for the issue." "And were you there, Guyon, I too, should be sure of Comorn," said Kossuth. Ten days afterwards a Turkish merchant brought tidings of its fall, which had happened on the self-same day.

The brief intervals which remained to me of the day, after the completion of my correspondence, were devoted either to excursions on horseback round the walls of the city, or visits to the respective chiefs. Fortunately Guyon had succeeded in carrying off the larger portion of his valuable stud, and consequently a horse was always at my disposal. On these occasions we sallied forth in company with a large party of equestrians, including the Count and Countess Casimir Bathyany, Guyon, Longworth, several Hungarian deputies and officers, and a considerable retinue. Close at our heels rode a troop of Turkish cavalry, who had great difficulty in keeping up with our fleet steeds; and when that was the case, they would raise a shout of alarm to bring us to a halt.

The town of Viddin is extensive and populous, but though enjoying a considerable commerce, it possesses little or nothing of an attractive character, except the Genoese fortress, now gradually crumbling into ruin, like the Turkish Divan contained within it. A labyrinth of streets leading nowhere, and having no relation to each other, a crazy bazaar, several mosques, a number of khans, large, but incommodious, and which are in general kept by Servians, fill up the group of objects comprised within the walls.

In every Turkish town of any size, there is a vapour bath, which is maintained principally by subscribers, and only indirectly by the community in general. The process of shampooing was as yet a novelty to

me, and the contortions of the limbs, and the friction of the skin one there undergoes, together with the overpowering heat, I found to be attended with the most beneficial result to the system. An amusing instance occurred at the close of the operation which well illustrated the regardlessness of money which is characteristic of all the Hungarians. The usual price of a bath to the rich is from three to four piastres, equal to eight pence English. Being without change, I requested Guyon to pay the trifling amount, and when I came to reimburse him, I found he had left the princely sum of five francs for each.

During my stay at Viddin, I had the pleasure of a long interview with the lion-hearted Bem. The marshal was then a sufferer from infirm health, yet so earnestly was he bent on furnishing me with a clear analysis of the causes that had conduced to the ruin of Hungarian freedom, that he implored me not to let the short intervals during which his paroxysms of blood-spitting rendered my absence agreeable, be an impediment to my return as soon as they were over. Bem conversed in French on this occasion, for, though long resident in England, he never acquired the English language with sufficient fluency to speak it. Owing to the natural impediment in his speech, and his rapid utterance, I did not succeed in entirely following him; but the observations contained below will embody his principal remarks.

As to the probable issue of the struggle, under other and more favourable circumstances, his opinion remained unalterable. But for the treason of Görgey and his partisans, said he, we should ultimately have cut off in detail both Austrians and Russians. In England you hardly appreciate the immeasurable and priceless advan-

tages Hungary possesses over every other country in Europe for defensive operations. I blame not Kossuth but our fortune, which prevented our occupying the passes of Gallicia and Transylvania at the outset, and thereby gaining a breathing time for the organisation of our plans, whether political or military.

The passions evoked by the revolution were still in process of fermentation when we were called upon to expel the Austrians, drive back the Russians, subdue the Serbs, punish the Romanen, keep a vigilant eye on many of our magnates, and thwart the intrigues of Görgey. Now observe what might have been our two rallying points, two I say, though the last would be deemed a forlorn hope in any but a death struggle.

The first and most important I may recapitulate as the exclusion for a time, at least, of the Russians by closing and fortifying the passes. At the time they effected an entrance into the country, we had as good as expelled the Austrians. We should thus have had to confine ourselves to the Ban, the Serbs, and Wallachians, and our internal organisation. By a rapid march with our disengaged forces into Croatia, we should have effected a junction with the Liberal party in that country, which longed for our approach to declare itself. The Ban must either have been annihilated, or driven across the Turkish territory and disarmed. That expedition would have given us possession of the Littorale. Thence we could have imported arms and ammunition in any number and quantity. The Sardinian fleet would have kept open for us the sea. Simultaneously we might have crushed the Serbs, and Romanen, and incorporated the flower of their youth into the force reunited in Croatia. Meanwhile, our time would have been employed at the seat of government in recruiting the finances, re-estab-

lishing order, collecting arms, ammunition, and the material for our artillery, exercising our recruits, encouraging our people, and developing our plans for the future campaign.

I firmly believe the Russians would not have ventured to enter our territory on the Austrian side at so late a period of the season in the face of our fortress at Comorn. But even if they had, I have no hesitation in declaring that they must have re-entered the Austrian territory to winter. What might not have occurred in the interval? The ashes of the volcano which had appalled Europe were still smouldering. Might not our attitude have sustained the fire still alive in some localities, and given fresh vitality to the embers expiring in others.

Even supposing England and France had turned a deaf ear to our appeal, made under circumstances so favourable both for the maintenance of the liberty we had won and their own political interests, should we not still have paralysed the action of despotism in Germany, and kept open for ourselves a source of diversion that would have militated against the free and uncontrolled disposition of her own resources on the part of Austria? Had we no reason to expect a rising in Poland, which would have placed the Russians between two fires, and opened for us a march on Vienna itself?

But, supposing our expectations from these quarters had been falsified one after another by the results, we should, in that case, have had Russians and Austrians to contend against early in the spring of 1850. Comorn we should have already provisioned for an indefinite period; and, from its ability to contain an army within its walls, it would have required a two-fold force on the part of the enemy to keep its garrison in check, and maintain open the communications. Peterwardein and

the Eastern fortresses would each have absorbed so many armies of invaders, or, in the event of their having been left unmolested, would each have operated by diversions in our favour.

Ere things had arrived at that pass, we should have withdrawn the force employed in defending the passes of Gallicia, and retained only the means of exit in case of reverse by Wallachia. Pesth being indefensible, we should have abandoned it by the month of June. I will suppose, at the most, two engagements to have taken place before this period, in one or both of which we should have experienced defeat, opposed as we were to such fearful odds, and with the power the enemy had to recruit his force for some time, at least, from his reserve.

It would have been the middle of July then before they could have effected the passage of the Theiss. There the disparity of force would commence to hamper rather than assist them. We should have been stationed, on the contrary, in the heart of the Magyar territory, where the life-blood of the nation was concentrated. There we should have had no cause for alarm. Their embarrassments would have daily increased, our opportunities for turning them to our purpose even more so. The marsh fever, which commences in July, would have begun to decimate their forces. An increasing portion of their effective would have been necessarily withdrawn for their protection and the transport of provisions.

From that moment the crisis would have developed itself day by day, and the hour of our opportunity would have arrived. Our policy behind the Theiss was not to hazard a battle. An engagement would only have precipitated a catastrophe. A series of defensive

positions, such as our assailants could only carry at enormous loss to themselves without any corresponding sacrifice on our part, was the key to our salvation. A firm, energetic, and uniform military administration, concentrated in so far as concerned the executive department in the hands of one man, would have accomplished this and even more for Hungary.

The division of authority, and the uncertainty of its tenure paralysed the most devoted efforts of our army. Such would not have been the case in England, France, or Prussia.

My hypothesis, which took for its base at the outset the defence of the passes by which an ingress into the country can be speedily effected, has thus far analysed the prospects of the enemy, and our own. Let us, however, suppose that, in spite of all the various contingencies which I have enumerated, the line of the Theiss had been forced by their united armies, a retreat would still have been open to us into Transylavania.

The remarks I just offered in relation to the defensible nature of the line of the Theiss, if you but shift the scene from the morass to the mountain, apply with twofold force to Transylvania. There we could have held out for two years for certain; and for an indefinite period could we have obtained supplies. Meanwhile, what would have been the position of the enemy in Eastern Hungary? Truly, a most deplorable one! Under favorable circumstances, then, we should have descended from thence, and driven them out of the country.

Thus far extends my theory as to the measures of defence that ought to have been taken, and the success that would have followed their judicious application. It was due to myself to impart it to you. The neglect of

the conditions on which it depended for its happy development, had its origin in many untoward circumstances. Austria was the immediate foe we had to repel. We dared not look into the future. Nobody took a sufficiently expansive view of the eventual field of action. When Russia entered, she pounced down upon us at either point with an overpowering force, unresisted, because scarcely expected.

My second hypothesis is little more than a corollary of the first. It is confined in its application to a limited period of time, and an equally narrow field. It refers to my own and Görgey's movements in July last. You will perceive my theory, so far from renouncing the prospect of success at that critical moment, augurs it as assuredly resulting from any consentaneity in our respective views, and the union of the command in the hands of a single person, so essential to a successful combination of strategetical operations. It is so far to the point, that it is based upon the actual, not upon what ought to have been, the state of affairs. You well know that the Russians were perishing by hundreds from exposure to the miasma reeking from the marshes of the Theiss. Had Görgey contented himself with simply manœuvering on the ample field Eastern Hungary offered for such prudential tactics, while I was busied in checking the progress of the Russians in Transylvania, instead of running on bootless expeditions and playing into the enemy's hands, and decimating, dispiriting, and finally betraying his army, the very maintenance of which, in its then state of disorganization, he had rendered impossible, he could have held his ground, and finally, with my co-operation, have vanquished the combined armies of the enemy.

The worst feature of a disorganization, such as his

treachery had consummated, is its infectious character. Had he been merely unfortunate, we might, after all, have repaired our reverses in a fortnight. It was the treachery which induced the army to despair of their country, and rely no longer on their leaders, that rendered the position which I should have been otherwise able to maintain in Transylvania, so weak as eventually to be untenable.

I must repeat, Sir, the issue of this war appears to me in no degree to vitiate the soundness of the principles which I have expounded to you as those proper to have been adopted, and such as would have been adopted, had my influence been able to surmount the passions and intrigues of the party that found even in a war to the death itself, the period for intestine broils.

The above is merely the purport of the remarks which fell from the distinguished hero on this occasion. To me they appear unanswerable; and of the General's belief in the possibility of putting them into a practical shape, I can adduce no stronger proof than his earnest and oft-repeated efforts to keep his army together, even when the defection of Görgey had rendered further resistance apparently hopeless.

The ostensible conversion of Bem to the Mahommedan faith, tended to incur for him an odium both among his companions-in-arms and his admirers in England, which the sincerity of his character little merited. It was true he entertained no very decided belief in Christianity as a system of revelation, and for want of orthodoxy he may be censured; but looking at him as a man and general, was it not his fervent impetuosity of character that led him nominally to embrace the religion which was not calculated merely to save himself, for no man cared less for his personal

safety, but to impart to him an influence over a people whom he hoped to rouse by his exertions against his own and their eternal enemy? Well might he ejaculate, "My religion is my country!" From his heart he spoke it.

On another occasion I visited Dembinski and Meszaros. The former recalled to my mind the portrait of Louis Philippe, whom he equally resembled in manner and *bonhommie*. The mind of Meszaros was completely prostrated by the suddeness of the late disaster. I elicited little of novelty from either, and nothing sufficiently striking to be placed on record. Both seemed unanimous in ascribing the failure of the struggle, not so much to the overwhelming force brought into the field by the enemy as to the intestine disunion, that marred their fairest and most sagaciously devised projects.

Among the distinguished persons whom the fortune of war had exiled from his adopted home, the most conspicuous by his rank, high sense of honor and intelligence, was the Count Zamoitzki, a Polish noble, the alleged heir of the Czartorysky family: he was accustomed to speak in disparaging terms of Kossuth, to whose vacillation he attributed the disgust entertained by Dembinski, Bem and Görgey, as each was respectively placed above or below each other to suit the popular caprice. Zamoitski was attached to a clique among the exiles, which ranged itself on the side of Dembinski against all comers. It seemed to be generally agreed that none was better fitted than the old general for handling large masses of men, and such, perhaps, was the case; for he had served with distinction under Napoleon, and thence had acquired experience in the highest range of military science.

Casimir Batthyany, indeed, attributed the late reverses, in a great measure, to the combination of such large armies in the hands of men, who, however brave and heroic they might be, were inexperienced in the conduct of military evolutions on so large a scale. Zamoitski was always ready to fly to the assistance of his country; to serve her he had served Hungary, and had lost a finger in a cavalry charge. Of the other leading exiles I saw little. Perczel was a partizan leader, remarkable neither for success nor military skill, but not the less brave. Stein, like Bem, had embraced Islamism, and had been created a Pasha.

General Guyon, being on the point of changing his quarters for a more suitable, though smaller, residence, just previous to my departure, I returned to the khan where I had been originally offered accommodation, and took possession of a small apartment then vacant.

Opposite me were two young officers, the one a Servian, the other of German extraction, who busied themselves in endeavouring to render my abode as comfortable as possible, and placed their own servant at my disposal. I am grieved to say, that a subsequent visit to Constantinople served to place the latter in a very different position in my estimation. The Austrians had tampered already with the honour of several Poles, and at Schumla, from all accounts, this person was detected in some illicit communication with their agents, which called down upon him the vengeance of his countrymen, by a severe, but justly merited punishment. I understood he was afterwards promoted to the post of *attaché* to the Austrian Embassy, at Constantinople, for his services.

Under the pretext of furnishing me with letters of recommendation to persons at Belgrade, I was honoured

with a visit by several of these miscreants; one was an Englishman, another a Belgian, who pretended that he had escaped from the Austrian service. Both were swindlers; and, while the former engaged me in conversation, I detected the latter conning over a portion of my correspondence, and summarily ejected him. During my stay in Athens, on a later occasion, I learnt from a Magyar there, that the latter personage had been traced to that place by a Greek whom he had defrauded at Semlin, and was then undergoing imprisonment for his crime. I believe they had previously followed the exiles to Schumla and Constantinople, in the same manner as the carrion crow, in India, haunts the track of the wayfarer, to satiate its horrid instincts. All this time, the chiefs of the emigration were hourly in expectation of being handed over to the tender mercies of their savage and relentless enemy, nor could the agitation and fanatical enthusiasm which was kindled among the Moslem population, at the bare rumour of a war with the Muscovite, nor the energetic intervention of Sir Stratford Canning in their behalf, wholly quiet their apprehensions.

Austria having assumed the part of a jackall to the Czar, in the negotiations relative to the disposal of the exiles, it was supposed that the force she had been recently concentrating at Pancsova, was intended for a sudden dash upon Belgrade. I was, therefore, anxious to proceed to that place to become a spectator of events.

The great difficulty at that period, was to procure anything in the shape of conveyance. Great numbers of Hungarian, Bosnian, and even English horses, which had been employed in the war, were offered for sale by the Magyars, at a price greatly below their value; and

I was just on the point of concluding a bargain for one of these animals, when I was deterred by the announcement that the Turks would not permit their removal. The Pasha had interposed this difficulty, in order to buy them up at his own price, and re-sell them to the Turkish government at treble the rate. He had taken a fancy to an English horse, worth £100, belonging to one of the Baloghs, a Magyar officer, and had offered £5 for the same. Some of his retainers had insinuated that he would resort to a compulsory purchase at his own price, upon which, Balogh, when ordered to exhibit the animal before his Highness, had taken the precaution of carrying a loaded pistol in his pocket, with the full intention of shooting it on the spot, in case recourse should be had to coercion.

To reach Belgrade by the Danube, was likely to be attended with peril; for the agent of the Danube Steam Navigation Company was also Austrian Consul: he had already set his spies to note my going out and my coming in; and the same steamer that carried me to Semlin would have, undoubtedly, carried a description of my person and vocation. Already he had been made aware of my anxiety to depart, and had sent a person to intimate that, a gentleman, conversant with English, from having served for some years on board the British fleet, was desirous of facilitating my arrangements. I followed the messenger, and, to my surprise, was ushered into the Austrian Consulate.

The Consul was a Dalmatian, of a hale, yet venerable aspect; his address was polite beyond measure; and he recommended me, of course, to take the next steamer, to which I, for the moment, appeared to assent. While we were engaged in conversation, one of his spies, a Jew, came in to report the proceedings of the preceding

day. To do him justice, the Consul appeared rather ashamed of his associate in iniquity, and inquired if I was conversant with the German language. As my acquaintance with it was limited to a few words essential to procure the necessaries of life, and transact a matter of ordinary business, I replied in the negative, and thereby gained an unexpected insight into the kennels of Austrian filth. The report of the spy would have done credit to any area-sneak or denizen of the rookery. It related chiefly to the surveillance of Casimir Batthyany, whom they suspected of meditating an escape; and their objects comprised—the tampering with his domestics, in order to become acquainted with the company that frequented his house, the overhauling his correspondence, and dogging his movements.

Quitting the place in disgust, I resolved to outwit the Consul, by departing that very afternoon, on foot, for the Servian frontier. With that view, I divided my scanty baggage in two parts, and leaving my capote and the heavier portion in charge of the Servian *khanajé*, I prepared to start with a small carpet-bag. The authorities were indisposed to yield so ready a compliance, as the urgency of the case required; and it was necessary to assume the greatest indignation, and to threaten a reference to the Pasha, to procure the requisite *visé* to my passport. The passport, which I had obtained at Munich, after my expulsion from Austria, I gave to one of my Servian friends, who hoped to effect his release therewith by a stratagem that had suggested itself to him.

The very same day that I quitted Viddin, Guyon and Longworth took their departure also for Constantinople, having been reclaimed as British subjects by Sir Stratford Canning.

CHAPTER VI.

Fate of the Majority of the Exiles.—Difficulty in gaining the Servian Frontier.—Ragovitz and its Quarantine Establishment.—Negotin.—A Railway in Servia.—Rocks of Trajan.—Milanovitsch.—Frightful Conflagration.—Passarovitz.—Signs of Progress in Servia.—Semendria, and the Scenery of the Vicinity.—Belgrade.—Its important mercantile and strategical Position. Servian Relations with Russia.—Resort to Stratagem to obtain the Endorsement of my Passport by the Austrian Authorities.—Succeed in the Attempt, and take up my Quarters at Semlin.—Squalor and Disregard to Cleanliness manifested by the Sclave Races wherever found.—Description of Semlin.—Embark in one of the Danube Steamers for Pesth.—Forbidding Aspect of the Country.—Navigation of the Danube.—Carlovitz.—Peterwardein.—Esseg.—Mohacs.—A Female Soldier.—Pesth.—Destructive Effects of the late Bombardment.—Execution of Louis Batthyani.—Austrian Infamy.—Treatment of the Honveds by Haynau.—Interposition of the Author in their Favour.—Danger of his being arrested at Pesth.—The Austrians and Wallachs in Transylvania.—Urban.—Austrian Officers at Pesth.—The Jews.—Gypsies of Hungary.—Characteristics of the Magyars.—Position of England in reference to Hungary.—Probable Consequences of an English Intervention.—An Anecdote of Russian Officers.—Admirable Site of Pesth as a Great Capital.—City of Grän.—Comorn, its Fortress, and its Ruins.—Gönyo and Raab.—A Danube Fog.—Presburgh.—A Sclavonian Free Corps.—False Position of English Officers in the Austrian Service.—Digby's Fate.—Being anxious to ascertain whether or no my Correspondence is intercepted by the Austrians, I proceed to Vienna for that Purpose, with the intention of returning to Presburgh the same Evening.—How

prevented.—A Week of Misery, terminating in a Second Imprisonment.—My Treatment under Durance.—Veracity of an Austrian Commissioner of Police.—I am sent down under Guard to Trieste.—My Money is seized, and I am left to find my way to Corfu as I can.—I am providentially assisted in the Emergency.

THE fate of the exiles was not long destined to remain in suspense.

Before the expiration of a month, General Hauslab was commissioned to offer, on the part of the Austrian Government, an amnesty to all the common soldiers and a large proportion of the officers; and, though the most strenuous efforts were made by Kossuth, Guyon, and Perczel to dissuade them from accepting it, the men were very naturally incapable of resisting the temptation so unexpectedly offered of closing an exile, in which death was sooner or later foreshadowed.

Of course the stipulations of the amnesty were rigidly observed. There is something sacred and irrevocable in Austrian faith, once plighted, albeit an ignorant world may sneer, and deem it of a Punic order. No sooner had the unhappy men reached Semlin, than, in face of the pledge of an unconditional release, they were incorporated with Austrian regiments, and, previously to their being drafted for service, they were left to starve for a month at that dismal swamp, in the rags and tatters of exile. I am persuaded that, out of the whole battalion I subsequently inspected at Semlin, no British actuary would have consented to insure the life of a tenth part for five years. What has since become of these ill-fated men, I know not; but of the treatment of their brethren who had capitulated under Görgey, I shall have a word or two to say by-and-bye.

Little expecting that I should experience any difficulty

in making my way to the frontier, I had purposely omitted to hire a guide to accompany me. I had already traversed the plain of the Danube for miles, and the mountains of Servia appeared close at hand, when twilight approached, and fires began to blaze in the direction towards which I was approaching.

The course of the Danube, as it approximates to Viddin, assumes to itself the form of an obtuse angle, in relation to which Viddin itself stood as the apex, and my road as the base. As soon, however, as I came upon the other angle, I was surprised to find that the fires, which had hitherto served as so many beacons to illuminate my path, appeared to become more remote than ever, and so far from serving to point out the line of the Servian frontier, that they were really situated in Wallachia, on the other side of the river.

I had been several times already subjected to a close scrutiny, on my route across the plain. Perhaps, I had been taken for a Magyar fugitive; I was loth, therefore, to enter the villages, unless compelled by necessity. The dogs were a constant source of annoyance. To repel their attacks distracted my attention from the tracks, which intersected each other in every direction.

On reaching the banks of the river I came upon Florentin, a considerable town, and of some commercial importance. I conceived, therefore, that the road upon which I now struck must be that leading to the frontier. The night had now become so dark, that it was impossible to pursue my course; I accordingly took shelter under a cleft in the bank, and contrived, in spite of the severe cold, to snatch an hour's repose. At the expiration of that period, I pursued my course along the river: unluckily, however, I eventually lost my road, and, conceiving that it must be more inland, took that direc-

tion, and entered a Bulgarian village. The dogs kept up so constant an uproar, that even if I had understood the language, it would have been impossible to catch a word of the explanation that was furnished me by a woman, employed at that early hour in cooking the morning's meal.

Notwithstanding, I finally succeeded in striking on a new path leading to a another village, and trending in the promised direction; and ten minutes' walk, brought me to the Timok, the quarantine barrier. There I was hailed by the sentinel on duty, and apprized that I must return to the Bulgarian village from whence I had just come, and there obtain permission to pass. To that end I was sent back with a guardian. We found the Servian functionary already at his post; he was a person of obliging deportment. Not so one of his subordinates, a savage, scowling Turk, who followed and attempted to bully me out of a gratuity for himself.

After a short detention at an outpost on the opposite side of the Timok, we arrived at the quarantine station, passing on our way an English ship in full sail up the Danube. Ragovitz offered less of comfort, if possible, than Alexinitza or the place in which I had been subsequently detained, and the charges were still higher. I was not sorry, therefore, to learn that my detention would terminate on the following morning.

Nevertheless, no sooner had I been liberated from durance indoors, than I found I should be under the necessity of accompanying a guardian to Negotin, a town six miles up into the interior, for the purpose of procuring a final discharge from my parole. There the authorities appeared to regard the loss of a day to a traveller, like myself, as a matter of merely secondary importance, and it was not until the evening that I

procured the requisite permission to proceed. I was, therefore, compelled to pass the night at the khan.

At Negotin I met with the magistrate who had accompanied me on my former passage through Servia, together with a Bohemian engineer, who was then engaged in surveying a line of railway to Milanovitsch, a small but important town on the Servian bank of the Danube. Though the place at which I thus took up my quarters was small, it was, as to its exterior, like all Servian towns, very clean and pretty. A number of private houses were then in process of construction after the German style, and in tolerably correct taste.

The next morning I resumed the march by a road skirting the bank of the Danube. From thence could be commanded a splendid view of the plain of Wallachia, extending inland as far as the eye could fathom to the northernmost range of hills which merge into the mountains of Transylvania. At every half-mile on the Wallachian bank were placed watchmen to prevent smuggling or an unauthorised passage of the river.

In the evening I put up at a khan in a large village on the road; and in a short time was joined by my Bohemian friend who assisted me in procuring the best of everything the place afforded. And here we bade adieu to the great Danube level, and entered on a mountain district of old, the theatre of the triumphs of the Roman engineer.

In consequence of his being pledged to keep an appointment in a remote locality on the following day, my friend kindly proposed that I should take a seat along with his son in his own vehicle to Milanovitsch, to which place he proposed to return and meet us in the evening. I gladly accepted the offer.

Our course lay, for three-fourths of the distance,

through a primæval mountain-forest, not the slightest trace of cultivation or even of the presence of man being discernible, except where we overtook the rude and creaking bullock-wains laden with maize intended for market. How the animals contrived to climb some of the toilsome steeps, which diversified the face of the country during this day's journey, was to me a marvel. Notwithstanding the increased facilities of transit which the progress of civilisation has imparted to the country, the means of transport are still greatly out of proportion, both from the labour they occasion and the ratio they bear to the original cost of the production of the article so conveyed.

As soon, however, as we had reached within three miles of Milanovitsch, one of those incomparable prodigies of Nature's handywork, only to be found scattered here and there, like gems on the earth's surface, lay in all its grandeur before us. Our position was an admirable one for catching at a glance the whole *coup d'œil* of congregated sublimity. Three miles distant lay the town of Milanovitsch, embosomed amidst shady groves, from which its white houses and beautiful Greek church rose out in beautiful relief.

Traversing the gorge between the giant mountains, rolled the mighty and here impetuous Danube, shut up into a lake-like reach by a rectangular curve, which was perceptible in the distance. A passing steamer and numerous craft, gliding rapidly on the current, gave life and animation to the picture. Above, on the Hungarian side, heaped up in wild confusion, rose gigantic masses of rock, the crests of which were elevated three thousand feet above the river. On our side the mountain wall rose to a still loftier altitude, the strata, by the aid of a mellow autumn sun, exhibiting the most varied

profusion of colouring. At the foot of the mountain, and level with the river, ran stripes of the freshest verdure, contrasting beautifully with the stern and savage grandeur of the frowning rocks of Trajan above. On the other bank stood a number of ruined castles; on ours rolled a winding river, rising in the far interior, and debouching through a fearful gorge, overtopped by giant oaks and beeches, into the eddying current of the Danube. We descended from our lofty throne by a romantic pass, which is now converted into an excellent road, and were soon proceeding along the level track skirting the southern bank of the river.

On arriving at Milanovitsch, we alighted at the door of the principal khan. Like most of the khans in Servia, it was a Kaffkhan. We naturally expected that refreshment would be immediately provided; but such is the remorseless tenacity with which the hosts adhere to established usage in reference to the hours of meals, that, hungry as we were, we could not obtain anything to allay the cravings of the appetite until the evening.

Next morning I hired a man and pair of horses, to take me to a station half way to Passarovitz. Our route lay by the side of the Danube until we arrived at the angle already referred to, when we left the river to pursue its course to the north, and re-entered the forest. Ere long we began to ascend mountains of a similar character to those we had traversed the day before, alternating every now and then with glens, in like manner overrun with aboriginal forest, which produces the most magnificent specimens of timber, and gives sustenance to innumerable herds of swine. Through the glens and clefts of the ravine meandered a stream called the Bek, which we crossed at least twenty times during the day.

For sylvan scenery, Servia is, perhaps, without a rival in Europe. Nature is there to be beheld under the same aspect she has worn from time immemorial. There, in her unadornment, she possesses more of loveliness than all the landscapes which art has applied itself to delineate. For so mountainous and impracticable a country, the roads in Servia are in general excellent; and, in proportion as they increase in extent, so will strangers flock to survey the natural beauties of the land.

In one of the glens, we found the whole inhabitants of a village encamped under rude tents, along the brink of the stream, having just previously been burnt out of house and home, by a conflagration that human efforts had been unavailing to arrest. A similar accident occurred, about the same time, in a contiguous village, which we had occasion to pass through on the following day. Until their dwellings could be re-constructed, the people were served with rations at the expence of the government. Their rude huts, in the composition of which timber figured as the only material, are now being superseded by more desirable, and less ignitable edifices, offering diminished facilities to the unchecked progress of these devastating inflictions.

The valley, at length, expanded into a richly cultivated plain, planted in parts with artificial grasses, yielding abundant crops. At its termination, we found ourselves at our journey's end, but without any feeling of satisfaction upon our surveying the den in which it was to be our lot to rest for the night. We succeeded, however, in procuring some cheese and black bread, and then retired to rest. Even at this wretched village, signs of progress were perceptible. A stately mansion was being erected for the local commissioner of police,

and another was in contemplation for the priest of the village.

Not being able to procure any horses until the post should arrive, and exercise its priority of choice, it was nearly mid-day before we pursued our route for Passarovitz. The saddle furnished me was so hard, and, at the same time, so unsuited to the back of the animal I rode, that it jolted to one side every quarter of an hour, and prevented our making rapid way. To make the matter worse, the guide was a selfish, surly churl, who affected ignorance of all the expressive pantomime I adopted to indicate the inconvenience.

The country, as before, was diversified by mountain, glen, and valley; the two former were clad, as usual, with forest, but the latter was, in general, cultivated. The Bek still intersected our course. At length we emerged on a vast plain; and on ascending the downs, caught a fine view of the western range of Servia, extending to the vicinity of Belgrade, nearly forty miles distant. There we baited. After crossing the plain, we re-entered the forest just as it became dark. The guide, better mounted, was enabled to ride ahead of me, and I was near losing him. On emerging from the forest, we ascended a lofty range of hills, covered with heath; on their summits, a village or two was scattered, and below, in the distance, were reflected the lights of the important town of Passarovitz. The guide either would not, or could not, lead me by the high road, and it was with the greatest difficulty we avoided the dangerous pits which skirted it. Upon entering the town, I was soon conducted to the khan, or, as I should now say, hotel, where tolerable accommodation was provided, and, what I considered truly regal fare, after the privations I had of late undergone. A

bed, or even a straw mattrass, was still esteemed a superfluity in the best of Servian houses, and I was fain, even here, to put up with a mat, and to dispense with other articles which we are apt to regard of the first necessity. Next morning I was anxious to start for Semendria immediately after breakfast; not so the *khanajé*, to whom I had consigned my passport, with the view of securing the requisite endorsement. He was desirous of detaining me to discuss a dinner for his benefit. After much trouble, I discovered my worthy host, and remonstrating with him for his negligence, went in person to secure my object, and started in the afternoon for my destination.

In passing through the streets of the town, I witnessed a marriage procession, preceded by a squeaking pipe and two stunning drums, which at once set the whole place on the *qui vive*, and attracted a crowd of *quidnuncs*. It differed, however, in no essential particulars from the same ceremony as practised in other countries, where the rites of the Greek Church prevail.

Passarovitz itself, is situate on the wide and fertile valley of the Morava. Three miles outside the town the forest re-commences, and continues up to the eastern bank of the river. Its giant oaks yield an abundant and nutritious food at this season to immense herds of swine.

Servia is, perhaps the least densely peopled of any European State—indeed, infinitely less so than many parts of America—and so complete is the notion of loneliness, that it requires no great exertion of the fancy to picture oneself carried by some wand of the enchanter into a backwoods' settlement. Nearly a century ago, a portion of Servia was colonised by a number of Germans. They did not, however, long retain their

national character; and a fusion with the Servians having rapidly ensued, the only trace of the immigration now remaining, is the employment of the German language by the better educated of the emigrants.

Crossing over the deep and rapid Morava by a ferry boat, we continued, for the remainder of the journey, along the fertile plain, passing on our route several large villages, until we arrived in sight of Semendria itself, and once more struck on the banks of the Danube.

Semendria, famous for its castle, which boasts an innumerable array of massive towers, stands renowned in Turkish story. It is now a thriving and populous town; yet, in days gone by, it has felt, perhaps, more than any other in Servia, the desolating influence of the Imperial and Turkish wars. On the river's brink stands an extensive Kaffkhan, greatly frequented for gaming purposes. Every part of it was crowded at the time of my arrival, and it was with difficulty that space could be found for the repast I was but too ready to discuss. The prices in this, as at all the other khans in Servia, I found considerably enhanced, in comparison with the charges prevailing in Bulgaria. In general, however, these establishments are tolerably well regulated. Like all the hostelries of the same class in the East, a tariff of charges, which is strictly obligatory, is affixed to the door. To this the hosts adhere in their dealings with their countrymen; but, in the case of a stranger, they are frequently departed from.

The traffic, which has sprung up on the river since the introduction of steamers, is very considerable, and is still on the increase. Both of the companies plying on the river touch at Semendria. An Austrian steam-tug, propelling a long train of barges, laden with

military stores for Orsova and the Lower Danube, passed while I was at dinner, and served to increase the satisfaction I felt in having regained a civilised region.

The vicinity of Semendria possesses many attractive features. The hills are planted with the vine. The river is there prolonged into a noble reach; on either side its surface is dotted with countless islets clad with the freshest verdure. Around may be seen the countless floats of the fishermen, basking, like so many lotus leaves, on the placid stream. The southern bank is cultivated wherever the soil will permit; and, on the opposite side, the eye wanders over the vast plains of the Banat, covered with herds of cattle.

My long walk having failed thus far to inconvenience me, I resolved to proceed to Belgrade on foot that very evening. An excellent road traverses the forest, and relieved me from any apprehension of losing my way. Late in the evening, I took up my quarters at a kaff-khan at a post town, half way between Semendria and Belgrade, and proceeded next morning through rich and undulating, but still little cultivated country, to the latter place. As it approaches Belgrade, the road winds round the hills after a very circuitous fashion, until it descends into the plain from whence the rival cities of Belgrade and Semlin are distinctly visible. The first is rendered conspicuous by the lofty minarets of its mosques; the last, by its Greek and Roman churches.

Belgrade occupies one of the finest and most commanding sites, both as a commercial capital and a strategical position, of any city in Europe. Situate at the angle of the Servian frontier, just where it abuts upon the Austrian territory, at the very point of the confluence of the Danube and the Save, it would, in other

hands and under happier auspices, not only effectually command the navigation of the Lower Danube, but infallibly become the emporium of the surrounding regions.

Ship-building admits of being carried on to any extent: the largest stores of the finest timber are procurable with the smallest delay, and at the most trifling cost, and the shelving beach of the Save facilitates the construction of slips. By the Upper Danube Belgrade can transmit the raw produce of Servia and Bosnia to the whole of Hungary, Sclavonia, and Southern Germany. By the Save she possesses a river-navigation of 350 miles, as far as Laybach and Carlstadt. But for Austrian exclusiveness, the Theiss, moreover, would open to her the whole interior of Hungary left untraversed by the Danube. The Lower Danube offers her the commerce of Wallachia, Bulgaria, and the countries washed by the Black Sea; and the Morava the inland navigation of Servia. Yet, in the present stage of their growth, the Servians do not manifest, as a nation, any partiality for commercial speculation.

Essentially engaged in agricultural or pastoral operations, or as lumberers in their virgin forests, they have neglected all and each of the elements of industry most calculated to advance the national wealth and importance.

The fortress of Belgrade remains under Turkish supremacy. Of Genoese origin, its defences, which were formerly considered invulnerable, have become reduced to the most insignificant pretensions. Breaches are already discoverable in the walls, and the bastions scarcely hold together. The few guns yet remaining are of small calibre, and are ill pointed. Not being placed on traversing carriages, their position can-

not be shifted as occasion may require. Were, then, the present position of the fortress and garrison of Belgrade to be taken as a symbol of Turkish vitality, I fear the defence of that empire would not be worth six months' purchase. A more wretched and decrepid body of troops I never beheld. The Osmanli at all times possesses little of the bearing of the soldier; but it is Belgrade, one of the most important posts in the Ottoman dominions, that seems to have been reserved as the receptacle of all the emasculated dotards that could be gathered together from the four winds.

On the Danube-bank, and below the fortress, stand the palace of the Pasha and the barracks for the troops, capacious and massive edifices, amply provided in every respect. The diet of the Turkish soldier is scarcely inferior to that of our own. I happened to be present when the mid-day rations were distributed. An ample mess of savoury mutton stew, a bason of soup, and bread and vegetables *ad libitum*, served to attest that the meagre and sorry specimens of humanity before me owed little or none of their defective *physique* to the insufficiency or inferior quality of their food. It was a curious sight to notice how the dogs bolted out from every court and corner of the ruined divan to take their turn at the relics of the feast. So many bones of contention arose on the instant, and so tumultuous became the fray, that I chose the opportunity for making my escape. Like their masters, they seldom brook the presence of a Giaour without a growl.

The casual observer, when made acquainted with the compact subsisting between the Ottoman government and its Servian dependency, will naturally infer that a constant conflict of opinion, from time to time, arises between their respective governments. Such must

undoubtedly occur in spite of every precaution; for the line of demarcation cannot have been drawn with such nicety as to be applicable to exigencies unforeseen at the period when the contract was determined upon. Yet the Porte has shrewdly devised a safety-valve for contingencies of such a kind, by referring matters in dispute to the representatives of the European powers.

Twenty years of independence and tranquillity have, undoubtedly, produced great and important results even in Servia, results which though scarcely commensurate with our expectations, looking at the fertility of the country, are still, on the whole, satisfactory. Happily Servia is no longer the degraded tool of Russia she once was. The people are as much opposed as the prince to any blind adherence to the mandates of the Czar. The father of the present prince was elevated to power through the influence of Russia, still he revolted against the attempted exercise of her authority, and was in consequence dethroned. No sooner did his son begin to appreciate his true position, than he too resisted the trammels with which she was prepared to enthral him.

The commercial quarter of Belgrade is situate, for the most part, within the walls of the fortress. It is chiefly comprised within three streets, two of which intersect each other, and one of them opens into a square in which the markets are held. There are to be found the principal houses of the place. The Greek metropolitan church, the two hotels, the University, and most of the principal stores and shops serve to adorn the other. The third, which contains the offices of the principal merchants, runs parallel with the Save. The Turkish portion of the town is mean, squalid, and insig-

nificant. Outside the walls, and on the East bank of the Save, lies the real Servian city. There are to be found the palace of the Prince and the station and barracks of the Servian army; there too are the mansions of the nobility and gentry, and all the public offices. Many of these edifices present a very respectable appearance, and such as would not disgrace the capital of a second-rate German state.

The hotel at which I took up my quarters was tenanted by a German. It was of colossal dimensions, and possessed a splendid exterior; but the apartments were lost in filth and uncleanliness. Moreover, although the table was tolerably supplied, the charges, both for board and lodging, were uncommonly high. The house contained many noble rooms of great height and size. The ground-floor was occupied as a *café;* but the landlord had been ruined by the speculation, and I had scarcely resided there two days, ere I was apprised of the danger I had incurred of a seizure of my effects by the authorised agents of the law. Not being able to procure a bed elsewhere in the town, I found it expedient to cross the river, and betake myself to Semlin, two miles distant, first obtaining, in the absence of the British functionary, the *visé* of the French consul.

Although the population of the cities of Belgrade and Semlin exceeds sixty thousand, the sole means of communication between them is limited to a few small boats; and even the period of their vocation has been circumscribed by the jealousy of the Austrian authorities within a limited number of hours in the day. One evening I chanced to be too late for the last boat, when, being unable to procure shelter at Belgrade, I was fain to present myself at the Austrian Consulate and seek permission to cross the river in the boat belonging to that establishment.

At this period, several Magyars, who had more or less compromised themselves by taking part in the insurrection, were lurking in the neighbourhood of Belgrade, in order the better to correspond with their friends, and ascertain what might be their probable fate in case they should resolve to return to their respective localities. The suspicions of the consul were, therefore, naturally excited, and induced him to send a clerk to accompany me. Thanks to the obscurity of the night, I contrived to escape from his surveillance, and betook myself to the hotel.

Semlin possesses three considerable establishments for the reception of travellers. Mine was, perhaps, the largest and best appointed, but the squalor and inattention to comfort, or even decency, appeared to form the rule as much on this as on the other side of the river. The prices, too, were immoderately high. The cost of all the necessaries of life had mounted up, in conseqnence of the war, to a degree which left but little margin for the existence of the poorer classes; and, had it not been for the charities attached to the Romish and Greek churches, many of them must have perished duing the winter of 1849.

The City of Semlin owed its preservation during the war to the interposition of the British Consul, who, though accredited to Servia, and maintaining an establishment at Belgrade, resides in the former place. Yet so slight was the gratitude manifested by the Austrian Government towards that functionary, that his recall was repeatedly demanded in consequence of his humane intervention in favor of the Hungarian exiles. On one occasion, he was publicly insulted at table by an Austrian officer, who spoke to a Russian *employé*, within the hearing of the Consul, in terms

disparaging to the Queen. Mr. Fonblanque demanded an explanation. The only excuse the offender could offer was, that he had not intended the observation for his hearing.

"Have you any reason, then," inquired the British functionary, "for supposing that an insult to her Majesty would be grateful to an officer in the service of her ally?" The Austrian, perceiving that he had fallen into a dilemma, withdrew the offensive epithets, and proffered a humble apology.

The population of Semlin is of a very miscellaneous character. It comprises Greeks, Servians, Sclavonians and Germans. The main streets contain many handsome houses, churches, cafés, hotels, and other public buildings, and the squares are maintained in the same orderly manner as in German towns. Yet, from the landing-place and quay, Semlin has rather the aspect of a large fishing settlement than of the capital of Syrmia. With a position little inferior to Belgrade, its advantages, as a commercial emporium, have been equally disregarded.

The country, extending from the western confines of the town to the interior of Syrmia, is very picturesque; and just at the point where it commences, a number of villas have been erected. The great plain of the Danube, interrupted by a range of hills between Semendria and Belgrade, recommences also at the north-western extremity, and extends for more than a hundred miles along the southern bank of the river. I was attracted to the first-named locality one Sunday afternoon, by perceiving the crowd flock in that direction. In spite of recent political occurrences, dancing and revelry of every kind were in progress. On the borders of the plain, a number of gypsies were encamped,

between whom and the similar vagrant race found roaming in our country districts, I traced no wide distinction either in habits or appearance.

It was to an accidental *rencontre* with the military commandant of Semlin that I owed my re-admission within the Austrian territory. I had accompanied the Consul to dinner at one of the hotels, at which the officer in question formed one of the party. An introduction then took place, and we were soon on the best of terms. I apprised him of my intention to proceed to Pesth, and requested his signature to my passport on the spot, in order that I might be saved the embarrassment of seeking for him at a more unseasonable hour. I had now reverted to the document originally in my possession, on which was indorsed the fatal sentence of the Vienna police; but I contrived to present it to him so folded up, that he could not decipher any other character than those of the British and French Consul; and he signed it without further observation.

Such, finally, was the arduous pilgrimage I had accomplished to gain access to the country on which I had centred so much of interest; and it was with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction, that I found my perseverance had been rewarded by what promised an eventual success.

At length I embarked on board of one of the Danube Steam Navigation Company's boats, with the intention of inspecting every portion of Hungary. The progress of that flourishing association is fully detailed in Paget's admirable work on the same country. The Company was formed by Count Zecchezni, at the time when the energies of the Magyar people were just awakened from the lethargy under which they had slumbered for a

century. Like all schemes in their infancy, it was subjected to unheard-of contumely and ridicule. The wisdom and prudence of its originators had no sooner rescued it from opprobrium, than the Austrian Government, under the pretence of a desire to further the development of the field of operations, appropriated to themselves an undertaking which had become too prosperous to be left exclusively in the hands of the Magyars. A Danube steamer is necessarily a vessel of the lightest possible draught. Its size and powers of accommodation are, therefore, limited in proportion. In general, they are over-crowded; and, when that is the case, the voyager must at once renounce all expectations of comfort. The preference shown by the majority of the passengers for the cabins, soon, moreover, renders the atmosphere within doors positively intolerable to an Englishman. The charges for meals were, at the period which I am now describing, fixed at a most extravagant rate, and exceeded, by thirty per cent., the scale obtaining on Lloyd's steamers.

For a time, the southern bank of the Danube offered a pleasing contrast to the drear monotony of its northern rival; but, by the time we had reached the mouth of the Theiss, its sluggish tributary, the vista revealed one boundless expanse of marsh, which every now and then appeared to contend for the maintenance of its own domain with the whimsical and eccentric stream. At times, indeed, the river gave signs of a comparatively recent encroachment, where the verdant islets that dotted at intervals its sullen surface, indicated its occasional mastery over the vast waste that lay below its level. Until it approaches its ultimate destination, the bed of the Danube assumes, however, little or no perceptible expansion, if we take into account the vast

accession of waters which it receives, in its progress to the sea. From Ratisbon downwards to Rutschuck, it becomes simultaneously narrow, as it traverses the gorges, and simultaneously expands, as it enters upon the plains. One-tenth of the revenue squandered by Austria, since the peace, in the maintenance of her prodigious army, and scarcely less costly system of police, would have relieved this noble river of the fatal impediments which are interposed to the navigation of vessels of any considerable burthen. What is more, the undertaking would have, ere this, repaid in full the original outlay.

Above Orsova, the rapids stay the progress of ships of the smallest tonnage; and the Danube at Ratisbon is as much available for the transit of the craft that ply upon it, as the Danube at Semlin or Semendria.

Though resembling Holland in its general aspect, the portion of Hungary we were now traversing possessed few of its redeeming features. For miles the eye encountered not a human habitation. The banks of the Mississippi present scarcely wider gaps of animate objects. Indeed, the great surface of the one is alive, night and day, with human freights; the narrower basin of the other is rarely disturbed by the plash of the dashing steamer.

As we approached Carlovitz, a few country seats peeped out from behind the osiers which fringed the margin of the river. Soon, the appearance of the Sclavonian side began to alter for the better, till the vine at last succeeded to the interminable morass. Another half hour brought us alongside of Peterwardein and its famous fortress. The channel between the bridge of boats, serving to connect Peterwardein with Neusatz, being pre-occupied by two steam-tugs, bearing in tow a long

train of government barges, laden with military stores, the captain permitted us to spend an hour on shore. We landed on the Neusatz side, at an outpost attached to the fortress of Peterwardein.

My pen cannot adequately describe the fearful scene of desolation that gradually unfolded itself to our view. Neusatz was literally a heap of ruins. Scarcely twenty houses had been spared by the avenging arm of the destroyer. Not a church but had been blown into a hundred fragments; not a public building but had been dismantled of its roof, and lay exposed to the influence of the elements. How many of the population had perished while the catastrophe was being consummated, none cared to tell! Neusatz was a Greek colony, which having been transplanted during the reign of Joseph, has since taken root in Hungary. The people were friendly to the cause of the Magyar, and attributed not to them the work of devastation; but to the selfish and heartless conduct of the Austrians, who had, under cover of the town, opened a severe but inoperative fire on the fortress opposite. The work of destruction had not been confined to Neusatz; for two miles on either side we passed, one after another, ruined villas, farm-houses, and cottages. The downfall of one villa in the immediate vicinity, evoked the special commiseration of the passengers. Whether it was from sympathy with the proprietor, or from sorrow for the loss of that which combined within a small compass so much to charm the senses, I was at a loss to discover.

Our party comprised a miscellaneous assortment of humanity. The captain was a burly Italian, who, to judge from his declarations, was indoctrinated with revolutionary opinions. My notion placed him in the category of a time-server. He professed the utmost

anxiety to render me as comfortable as possible; and with that view, insisted upon my dining with him in his own cabin. There he introduced me to an Austrian officer, who, by the courage he had displayed in some trivial affair of outposts, had been raised from the rank of lieutenant to that of colonel. A French beet-root planter, whose manufactory had been destroyed during the war, and who was now on his way to Vienna to demand compensation, also joined us. Their object in inviting him had been to cross-examine him as to his loss, in the hope of floundering him, and reporting as unfavorably as possible. Unfortunately, Monsieur was much too communicative; and I should have trembled for the consequences of his volubility, but that I felt assured his claim would be satisfied in the main, through the agency of his ambassador.

A portion of our female society, though sufficiently respectable in appearance, gave unmistakeable proofs of frailty before we reached Esseg. The moral perception becomes more and more blunted as you enter upon Eastern Europe, and it is in the Danubian provinces that the evil reaches its culminating point.

At Esseg, the capital of Sclavonia, we were destined to remain an hour or two, to take in cargo. A party of officers invited me, therefore, to join them in a ramble about the town. I thought that I had never beheld a neater, cleaner, or more handsome town in the best parts of Germany. If there were scope for criticism, where everything appeared so perfect as a whole, it was the air of preciseness, and the rigidity of *ensemble*, which characterised it in common with its German prototypes. After partaking of breakfast in the great square, we returned to the steamer, laden with a supply of fruit and confectionery for the remainder of the

voyage. Esseg is strongly fortified; at the outbreak of hostilities it was occupied by the Hungarians; but it capitulated after a brief investment, in consequence of the inexperience and incapacity of its youthful commander.

As Esseg is situate some miles up the Drave, it became necessary, on resuming our course, to retrace our steps to the Danube. The country had long since resumed its marshy appearance, but the population became apparently less sparse, and the plains were covered with cattle. We touched at numerous rude stations, and in the evening reached Mohacs, a place renowned in Turkish story. There we remained sufficiently long to enable us to sup. Mohacs is a substantial thriving country town, such as we find in our agricultural districts at home. I was surprised to observe the boldness with which the talismanic name of Kossuth was appended to almost every article in the shops, and under the very nose of the Austrian authorities.

In the evening a very romantic occurrence took place in the cabin below. A person attired in male costume had attracted my attention while engaged in promenading the deck during the morning, by her somewhat feminine development of figure. She was now openly taxed with the soft impeachment, and her true sex unmasked, by the captain and our Austrian officer. On our arriving at Pesth in the morning she was formally arrested by a party of gendarmes, and carried to prison, in defiance of her protest as to the infraction of the treaty of Comorn, which had rendered her person inviolable.

It would seem that our fair militant had acted as Under-Lieutenant at Comorn with great credit to herself, and was now on her way home to rejoin her family. A nation, methinks, must be in earnest, when its women

spontaneously don the panoply of war, and hasten forward, at the peril of their lives, to struggle in its defence.

At seven in the morning I landed on the quay of the fair city of Pesth. Even at that early hour a busy throng were hurrying along, intent on business and pleasure; and, as the morning advanced, and the shops displayed to advantage their costly and miscellaneous stores, I thought that the opinion I had, by anticipation, formed of the capital of Hungary, was very much more than realised by the result. Situate on a vast plain, of old the theatre of feudal conventions, to which a thousand barons congregated to adjust their mutual interests; and too often to decide, by the sword, their mutual quarrels, Pesth has risen to its present position with a rapidity which outstrips any other city on the continent of Europe. Twenty years ago, the northern division of the capital, now the site of its finest streets and squares, was one continuous morass, which drainage and an artificial foundation rendered ultimately suitable for the purpose to which it is now applied. Even now the croaking of the frog may be distinctly heard, as evening sets in, from the Joseph Platz. The comparatively recent construction of the city, has, therefore, contributed to endow it with all the advantages of modern refinement, and to give it a rank immediately after Paris, Berlin, and Edinburgh. Buda, on the contrary, for the most part, impresses one as realising the beau ideal of a German town of the last century; and it is only where it has extended itself into the country, that you trace any signs at work of modern agency.

After a breakfast at one of the magnificent *cafés* for which Pesth is celebrated, I explored the vicinity of the

quays in quest of an hotel, and finally determined to take up my quarters at the Hotel Emmerling, nearly opposite the suspension bridge. The Queen of England, which was formerly the principal hotel, had been in great measure destroyed by the Austrian bombardment, and was, therefore, closed.

The grand National Theatre, in short, at least half of the public buildings, and a large portion of the private houses, in the vicinity of the quays, had shared a similar fate. In many cases the bombs had penetrated to the northernmost limits of the city. The house of a friend of mine in the Joseph Platz was riddled by six of these formidable missiles; one of which, exploding in his library, destroyed a portion of the books and various articles of furniture. The bombs remained buried in the walls, and there he intended them to abide, as a perpetual vestige of Austrian barbarity. The front of the hotel I resided in had been completely carried away. That of the casino, founded by Count Zecchezni, had experienced the same wanton outrage. Men shook their heads when I inquired as to the compensation likely to be awarded for this wholesale Vandalism. A third of Buda had been levelled with the ground. Whole streets had disappeared or left a vestige of their *quondam* existence by a mass of shapeless ruins.

An awful gloom pervaded the minds of all. It was only the cowardly, swaggering Austrian, that could find food for boisterous merriment during the funeral rites of a great city. But twenty-four hours since Louis Batthyany had fallen under the axe of the executioner. That very day two patriots had been hung. Day by day had the same scene been enacted over the fallen brave. Not even the kinsman of our own queen had been spared by the ruthless assassins. Nine generals

had been shot, at one fell swoop, at Arad, without trial. The Neuderbei was choked with 3000 prisoners of every rank, age and sex. The execution of Batthyany had been transformed by the Austrians into a carnival. Of all the frantic, demoniacal orgies the vilest rabble-rout had ever worked themselves into perpetrating, that day must be recorded as the apotheosis of them all. Austrian officers, old and young, galloped like men frenzied before the corse of the high-born noble, spitting on it, and spluttering in their rage. Regardless whom they insulted, heeding not the crowds of soldiers with whom they came into contact, they shouted, cursed, and raved, until their voices refused them utterance. Yet it has been reserved for an English nobleman, a man too, who, up to that time, had acquired a character for good taste, if not liberality, to hold up this incarnation of monstrosity, this beastly horde of miscreants, to the admiration of the British people; and to translate, into our Saxon tongue, the apology of a hireling soldier, for acts of ruffianism, without a parallel, since the days of the brutal Alva.

Had these monsters simply confined themselves to acts of atrocity, such as I have described, committed in an hour of passion, when the ignominy of past defeat rankled in their bosoms, some palliation might possibly be offered, but it was their callous indifference, now that they were victors, to the fate of the unhappy Honveds, whom the fortune of war had placed at their mercy, that went to complete the catalogue of their crimes, and stamped them as aliens to the feelings of gentlemen, of soldiers, and of men of honour.

No sooner did Haynau find himself entrusted with absolute power to slay or to spare, than he ordered the ejection of the Honved wounded, from all the public

hospitals, and filled them with Austrian troops. Many of those brave men had already reached the last article of death, yet not a voice was lifted up in their behalf; and, to the streets of Pesth, or worse, to the pitiless marshes of the plain, there to rot and die, were the hapless men consigned.

Even there, the savage hyena, Haynau, stopped not. The alms tendered by their compassionate fellow-countrymen, were tortured into so many acts of suspected complicity and defiance; and the donors were liable to be beaten by the soldiery, or denounced to the police. In more than one instance, I have been an eye-witness of this malevolence, and have seen ladies of noble birth publicly insulted, in relieving the necessities of those unfortunates. After death had relieved a large proportion from their sufferings, and the less grievously wounded were fast filling the ranks of the moribund, then, and not till then, the hero of Brescia ordered their removal into quarters better adapted to their forlorn situation.

Think not, gentle reader, that any latent chord of compassion had commenced to vibrate anew in that savage breast. The narrative will of itself eventually unfold the secret, but we will anticipate it. Sickened at the unparalleled spectacle of barbarity which he, from day to day, witnessed, in perambulating the dreary morass in the outskirts of the town, the author penned an indignant remonstrance to Lord Ponsonby, respecting this violation of military honour. The letter was intercepted, so were the despatches to the journal to which he contributed; but the severe tone of denunciation in which they were couched produced a speedy effect; and ere the lapse of a fortnight, Feldzugmeister Haynau issued the order adverted to—the merit of which he claimed for himself, as if it were *ex*

motu proprio, rather than a tardy act of submission, extorted by a menaced exposure. Happily, the further efforts of the author to assuage the condition of persons incarcerated for imaginary offences, or for some accidental consanguinity with the family of Kossuth, and others of the chiefs, were attended with a similar success. The aged mother, and the sister of Kossuth, were, at this very moment, confined in a small dungeon in the Festung of Buda. The scantiest and coarsest food was supplied to them; and even that, as no attendance was allowed, they were compelled to dress with their own hands. Eventually, their position was alleviated through the same instrumentality; and the authorities being thrown on a false scent after Madame Kossuth, that lady reached her husband in safety.

Meanwhile, the author's own security was becoming day by day more precarious. Fortunately, his identity with the expelled of Welden had yet to be established. Spies were soon set on his track, and his friends whispered, that the place would soon become too hot to hold him. Of the ungrudging hospitality of the latter he retains many pleasing reminiscences. Nowhere are the duties of friendship better understood, or more sedulously practised towards a stranger, more especially if he be an Englishman, than in Hungary. At Pesth, he had the pleasure of cultivating the acquaintance of most of the Hungarian aristocracy holding liberal opinions. Many of them who had not even been compromised in the war, had lost nearly all their personal property. One nobleman, resident in Transylvania, had been a particular sufferer. He had just completed a mansion in the vicinity of Clausenberg, after the English style, attached to which was a conservatory, and every appendage of luxury

consistent with his rank, when Janco and his Wallach hordes, hounded on by Urban, the Austrian commander, broke in, and in an hour destroyed the labour of years, gutted the mansion, and burned or trampled on what could not be carried off. His wife and himself had fled at the first tidings of their approach, and ventured out of their place of concealment only to behold everything they possessed laid waste, or devastated. Their only child, a delicate infant, fell a victim to fright and exposure to the cold.

It would require a dozen Ciceros to particularise and sum up the enormities of which Urban, the Austrian Verres, was either a party to, or participator in. As for the Wallach chief, after amassing a vast amount of every species of property, which he took care to secrete in the mountains, he began to wax fat, and kick against the curb that was ultimately applied to restrain him; and followed by his hordes, perambulated the streets of Clausenberg, exhibiting the Russian and Austrian orders, which his savagery had fairly earned for him. One case of peculiar atrocity is related of this miscreant. He was anxious to butcher the Magyar inhabitants of a village. To accomplish this, he had to withdraw his own people. The former, in their alarm, sent messages to protest that they were actuated by no feelings of enmity, and called for an explanation, both as to the departure of his compatriots, and his own presence with such a force in the vicinity. In reply, he declared that he had no evil intentions; and begged that they would resume their ordinary feelings of security. Towards midnight, when all had retired to rest, a part of his gang set fire to a portion of the town, and located themselves so as to shoot every one who escaped, while the remainder surrounded the other sections, in order

to butcher, or to cut off the retreat of those who might be roused by the alarm. A general massacre now took place, in which neither age, rank, nor sex, were spared, and ere morning had dawned, the whole population (with the exception of twenty individuals, afterwards poisoned) had ceased to exist, and the village was a heap of ruins.

Though the Wallachs were the nominal perpetrators of these wholesale butcheries, circumstances soon indicated that they were but the ignorant instruments of craftier hands, and helped to unmask the actual instigators. Like so many vultures, the Austrian officers were soon on the alert to grasp the lion's share of the plunder. The pretext they assigned for their sudden alacrity after the mischief had been perpetrated, was the necessity of taking an inventory of the articles still remaining. Only the more bulky and easily recognised property was entered in the list they professed to make out; and such insignificant chattels, as diamond rings, gold pins, bracelets, earrings, necklaces, and small articles of silver plate, were all retained, and shared among the Austrian officers. What with the plunder appropriated by the Russian, Wallachians and the Austrian troops, the upper classes in Hungary and Transylvania must have been mulcted of personal property to the amount of half a million sterling, independent altogether of the losses incurred by the destruction and conflagration of their houses. Well might the ill-paid Austrian officer launch out on a sudden into all sorts of extravagance on the cessation of hostilities, and astonish, by his excesses, those who were aware to what shifts he had been previously obliged to resort, to make both ends meet.

The overbearing and insolent deportment of the

Austrian officers in Pesth had nearly occasioned a popular outbreak during my residence in that city. The Magyars entertain a fond recollection of their ancient princes and heroes; and there was scarcely a shop in Pesth but had their portraits and armorial panellings emblazoned on their fronts. To these the Austrians had a particular aversion, in consequence of their serving to keep alive the old yearnings after a distinct nationality. Haynau had, consequently, given orders not only that they should be effaced; but that German should be substituted for Magyar names. The better to overawe the town, the Festung of Buda, which Görgey had partially destroyed from the Blocksberg, was now undergoing repair, and an unusual number of troops were concentrated within the city.

A great proportion of the trading classes of Pesth are of German origin, yet they have always been ready to wave national traditions, and adhere to the cause of the country of their adoption. They were the most ardent supporters of the struggle; and were as ready as the Magyars themselves to pronounce the dethronement of the House of Habsburgh. In western Hungary, on the contrary, where the Magyar is little more than a unit of the population, they have driven in the thick end of the wedge, and being now predominant, they were more indifferent to the issue of the contest.

The Jews had their own injuries to avenge. In Hungary they are so numerous that they may be said to form a distinct nation; where *we* number them by tens, they number there by thousands. Many of them had been the most able and useful agents of the insurrection; but to discriminate between those of them who were directly implicated and those who had held aloof, was too tedious and cumbrous a process for the vindictiveness of Haynau.

To punish the guilty, it appeared to him necessary to amerce the innocent; and a penalty, amounting to confiscation, was therefore imposed upon the whole body. In vain they alleged that they could not command the sum he had thought proper to inflict. He was only the more peremptory in his demands.

Among the other most useful auxiliaries of the Magyar, the Gipsies of Hungary deserve mention for the bravery and adroitness with which they brought their peculiar science as an addition to the common stock. Like the Guachoes of South America, they are distinguished by the fleetness of their steeds, and their agility when mounted. At times they rode right into the midst of the Austrian cavalry, and each marking his man, would throw the lasso expertly round his neck, and carry him off or strangle him before he could recover himself from his surprise at the manœuvre. The same people are passionately fond of music, and, thanks to the skill they have acquired in the art, are accustomed to tramp the country in parties to earn a livelihood.

The Magyars are not an expanding people. They occupy pretty nearly the same extent of territory in the present as they did in the past five centuries. Neither are they prolific. Seldom or never do you meet with a large family. The same phenomenon is applicable to all the nomade hordes which have, from time to time, overrun Europe from Central Asia. More than any other does it apply to the Ottoman race. Yet the Magyar, whensoever he may regain his independence, will continue to form the pedestal of whatever nation may be reconstituted from the composite materials found within the Hungarian territory. With all the spirit of mastery which characterises him, he is neither hated nor contemned by the other peoples of Hungary.

Witness as a proof, the facility with which they adopt his name and nationality when interrogated on the subject. He, moreover, least of all, will be a loser by a fusion. With all the impetuosity and fire innate in the warlike clans of Tartary, he is deficient in the peculiar immobility and steadiness of purpose of the Teutonic races. A Magyar would never dream of going round a hill, if there were any possibility of cutting through it. Like all races that have been imperfectly submitted to the action of the fire, they abhor a slow and plodding mode of arriving at an object: it cannot be denied, therefore, that they have benefited by an infusion of the German element. That, however, is within their reach without the instrumentality of an Austrian dynasty. At present an exotic and most fastidious civilisation is seen stalking side by side with the semi-barbarous relics of pastoral tradition.

I shall not attempt to conceal my opinion that the perils of Hungary would not have terminated with a merely successful issue of the struggle. Numerous disturbing elements meet the eye of the philosopher at every turn. Were mankind, however, to wait for the establishment of free institutions until every counteracting influence had ceased to operate, liberty would have been known to us only by its reminiscences, or as a thing that had floated before men's vision only to be immediately discarded. The struggle that is past, while it is suggestive of future success in the field of battle, is pregnant with counsel to those on whom it may devolve to legislate and administer the civil affairs of Hungary.

For the moment, the Magyars, as a body, had become so dismayed at the utter overthrow which had befallen them, that they were almost at a loss as to the demeanour it was most proper to assume under the terrible

contingency. The question was on more than one occasion propounded to me as an Englishman and sympathiser. "Neither irritate nor yield," was my rejoinder. "If you irritate, you will furnish the enemy with a pretext for crushing you limb by limb; if you yield, he will, from your momentary abasement, found a policy to keep you prostrate. Maintain by all means an undaunted front. You are all acquainted with the history of England. Recollect how we have triumphed, simply by resorting to a system of passive resistance against tyranny. In that you can only succeed by perfect unanimity. Do not make the experiment unless you are sure of its success. But, at all events, be firm."

I could not furnish an equally satisfactory answer to another query which, in the fulness of their hearts, this noble people repeatedly proposed to me. Where was England in our extremity? How is it that she could not or would not assist us? To reply that she could not, would have been to belie my own reason. England could have terminated the contest in July almost without striking a blow. Austria and Russia had at that time exerted their uttermost. The Magyar had stood the full brunt. A pound in excess will often break the camel's back. This was not the case with the Magyar. Hungary, unlike Poland, fought by her mountains and morasses against her enemies as well as her men. What then was wanted to turn the balance? First, and above all, the recognition of her independence by the leading European state. There are many who think that alone would have saved her; who believe that the nation would have risen *en masse*, and by a terrible onslaught, hurled back the invader at every point. That proving insufficient, what then

would have been required? Very little, and that little would have been effectual. The relief of Venice—the blockade of Trieste, Fiume and Ragusa, both practicable with a line of battle ship and five frigates, the disembarcation of a handful of troops and marines at any point in Croatia, and the distribution of 100,000 stand of arms. The liberal party in Croatia and Dalmatia would, under those auspices, have assuredly thrown off the Austrian yoke, and, joining the British contingent, have fallen on the Ban in the rear, and effectually disposed of him. Or, supposing England had thought proper to embark Turkey in the quarrel, the same assistance might have been still more effectually rendered by the Danube.

The want of arms was an irremediable obstacle to the full development of their plans by the Hungarians. Guyon assured me that, on one occasion, when he set out to inspect two regiments of Honveds, he found them carrying nothing more formidable than shilelaghs. On inquiring the cause, he was informed that arms were not to be obtained, and that the troops in question were waiting until their brethren had died off to possess themselves of theirs. Such an impression had the incident upon the General, that he immediately ordered the establishment of a manufactory at Grosswardein, and within a month, a hundred and fifty stand a day were turned out.

To solve satisfactorily the question, "Why would not England assist Hungary?" would be to enter upon a wide and sterile field, or nothing less than to descant upon the principles which have guided her statesmen since the last European war. The question hinges rather on the point, "Are there not cases in which England would feel herself bound to interpose, and

did not such an occasion arise by the intervention of Russia?" Had she to go far to find a pretext for the recognition of the independence, nay more, the support of Hungary? Had not Austria herself furnished a precedent sufficiently apropos? Would it have been any more an infraction of international law for England, as a free country, to take the part of a nation which, to say the least, had always enjoyed a quasi independence, than it was for Russia to throw her sword into the balance on the side of despotism. History analogy, justice, are all involved in furnishing a reply.

Apropos of the Russians, it is only right to state, that the service in which they were engaged was viewed by them in the most distasteful light; nor did they always let slip the opportunity of bruiting their opinions on the subject. Many of the officers wore portraits of Kossuth under their linen, and openly displayed them in the presence of a sympathetic audience. Some of them were actually placed under arrest by the Austrians, for ebullitions of political feeling. Every day served to exhibit, by their language and demeanour, the contempt they entertained for their suppliant ally. It was illustrated by a thousand incidents; one, founded on the very best authority, may suffice for our purpose:—A party of Russian officers had ordered dinner at an hotel at Clausenberg, for a certain hour. Having arrived some minutes before the appointed time, they observed that preparation had been made for an additional number. The proprietor was immediately summoned, and interrogated as to the quality of his expected guests. "Only a few Austrian officers!" was the rejoinder. "Oh, Austrian officers!" "Well, what will be the charge for the entertainment we re-

quested you to provide?" "So much." "Then here it is; and forthwith they went their way."

Before we bid adieu to Pesth, we must not fail to notice, as it deserves, her admirable position for the site of a great capital. Nature, even more than art, has worked to accomplish that end. She, far more than Vienna, deserves to be the capital of Austria. The Danube sweeps in a noble reach, majestically before her. It is crossed by a magnificent suspension bridge, the work of an English engineer, just where the pressure of the cooped-up stream is strongest. The quays are lined with some of the finest buildings in Europe, many of the houses, or, to speak more properly, blocks, have cost £50,000 each. Generally speaking, the prices of provisions are moderate; but the consumption, caused by the war, had raised them 200 per cent. over the usual rate. Towering above the city, rises the Festung of Buda; and to the south, on a yet loftier elevation, the celebrated Blocksberg. On its western slopes, the vine, from whence the celebrated Offner is manufactured, is raised in abundance. All the wines of Hungary are excellent of their kind; and, as a whole are, perhaps, superior to those of any other country in Europe. Their genuineness is guaranteed by the name of the owner of the estate being labelled on the bottle. Only the more celebrated are known in England, such as Tokay, etc.

Pesth possesses no lack of theatrical entertainments. The two larger theatres were closed at the period of my visit; but the National Hungarian Opera was in the height of its season. Being the only candidate for the popular favour, it was crowded every evening. The pieces were admirably presented. For some time, I could not disembarrass myself of the illusion that it was Italian,

and not Magyar, that was being sung with such sweetness and flexibility: Turning from the stage to the decorations of the theatre, one could not help smiling at the repeated changes to which a portion of them had been submitted, as fortune wavered between kings and the people. Four several times had the royal insignia been removed to give place to more popular devices; and the last, and for a time definitive inscription, had as yet scarcely become dry, when I beheld it. The summer theatre at Ofen attracted a great concourse on the finer evenings. It is situate in a handsome garden, in one of the faubourgs of Buda, and is chiefly devoted to the production of vaudevilles and burlesques.

The institutions of Pesth are numerous and well appointed. Among the most important is the Casino, which was formed on the model of an English club; although it possesses few of the resources and attractions of such institutions. The newspapers admitted were limited to *Galignani*, the *Debats*, and the German journals favourable to the Government, and the progress of the insignificant library was paralysed by means of the prevailing Index Expurgatorius. Of all the public buildings, the barracks, military storehouses, and quarters of the police, were the most numerous. Excess in these particulars, is the normal characteristic of the Austrian sway.

At length we took our departure for Presburgh, by one of the Danube steamers, with the intention of visiting every place worthy of note on our way. The plain of Pesth is dotted, on either side, by cheerful villages and substantial farmhouses and mills, giving evidence of agricultural progress. Waitzen, henceforth remarkable in history for the battle fought in its vicinity between Görgey and Paskewitch, is a prosper-

ous and increasing country town, situated on an angle of the Danube, which from that place takes a westerly course, and at the very point where the Bakonyer Wald intersects the country. There also, but on a small and inferior scale, the scenery re-assumes the features of grandeur, with which it was invested at Orsova; but the face of the country is enlivened by numerous villages, the town of Maroth, the ruined castles of the feudal era, and the line of railway between Vienna and Pesth, which, every now and then, skirts the banks of the river.

Below Grän, the Wald terminates, and you again launch all at once on the boundless plain. The eastern portion of the city occupies, however, a very pleasant position on the edge of the cliffs; and there, in a species of close, the New Cathedral, the Archbishop's Palace, the College of the Residentiaries, and the site of the Old Palace of St. Stephen, are situate.

The Archbishop of Grän is Primate of all Hungary; and his revenues are on the most colossal scale. The Austrian Government is apt to keep the appointment in abeyance for seven years after his decease, for the purpose of appropriating his princely revenue.

The cathedral is modelled, on a diminished scale, after that of St. Peter's, at Rome. It was erected at the exclusive cost of the present Primate and his predecessor. The interior is surpassingly magnificent. The columns are formed of the richest Carrara marble; and the altar-piece and all the other appointments of the edifice, are inlaid with a mosaic of the finest specimens, of the same material. Below are the catacombs, containing the tombs of the various primates, and some of the kings. I was accompanied over the edifice by a party of Magyar priests, of the Romish communion. Nowhere before had I met

with men who, by their philosophic temperament, seemed more fully to belie the tenets of their faith. They were unsparing in their ridicule of Romish superstition, and assured me that the rites of their religion, thanks to the intelligence of the people, were not so rigidly observed as in other Popish countries.

The town of Grän, intersected by a small stream, connected with the Danube, and navigable by the passage-boats plying on that river, appears to be one of those stagnant, lethargic places which depend upon agriculture and its followers for their subsistence. Not but that it boasts of three or four very handsome churches, a fine stadt-house, and some very well-regulated streets.

The river Grän, odd as it may seem, rises in the Carpathian range; and though it takes its name from, or gives it to the city, as the case may be, it debouches into the Danube on the northern bank. A bridge of boats formerly connected Grän with its northern *faubourg*; but at the time I am now describing, it had been destroyed by Görgey, and was not yet replaced.

At Grän I remained twenty-four hours, and proceeded to Comorn on the following day. Nothing occurred to vary the monotony of the region we were traversing, but the view of the receding Bakonyer Wald, the floating water-mills, and the rude timber-rafts which were being propelled down the current. On the rafts were erected small huts, which were sometimes tenanted by the proprietor, but more frequently by the wild Sclavack steersmen.

On landing at Comorn, I hastened across the bridge of boats, and in consequence of information I had received, made direct for the hotel. It was already pre-occupied; but I finally succeeded in procuring an

apartment in a ruined habitation in the vicinity, for the evening.

Though the fate of Comorn was an enviable one, compared with that of Neusatz, still more than a third of the town, and that too in the most *élite* localities, had been destroyed by the Austrian bombardment. The principal *café* in the town was roofless: the upper stories had been completely carried away, yet it was open to the public as usual, and a cover of tarpauling did the duty of its more impervious predecessor. The same fate had befallen my own place of residence. Every church in the town, save one, had been reduced to a heap of ruins. The population, having had no means of exit, as at Neusatz, they experienced a mortality which more than compensated for the comparative exemption from loss of property.

Comorn is a large, but not a very important town. From its position, at the confluence of the Waag and the Danube, it possesses, however, a considerable timber trade. The timber is felled in the Carpathian range; it is then carried down the Waag to Comorn, where it is formed into rafts, and floated down the Danube, sometimes as far as Semlin. The Sclavacks, who fell it, conduct it to its destination The progress of civilisation has little, if at all, affected that race of Parias. To this day, they are the same loathsome, indolent savages as were their fathers, three centuries ago; and, since their habits of intemperance seem rather to be on the increase than otherwise, so in proportion do they become the slaves of the Jewish usurers, who swarm in the region they more particularly inhabit.

Towards its confluence with the Danube, the Waag rivals in width the parent stream; but as it pursues its tortuous course along the plain, and enters the valley on

which it has bestowed its name, its channel becomes more circumscribed. Its appellation is appropriately derived from the Latin word *vagus*; for not only is the Waag a tortuous, but it is a capricious river, which delights, even more than the Danube, in a periodical change of bed.

My place of sojourn not affording alimentary entertainment, I betook myself to the solitary hotel to supper. The accommodation was of a very humble description; but its defects were fully compensated by the hospitable reception I experienced from the company present, which included the Town-Major and other Austrian officers. The first-named functionary was conversant with the English language, and evoked all the reminiscences of a visit he had paid to England some years ago. In taking leave, he invited me to make a tour of inspection over the fortress on the morrow.

The fortress of Comorn was commenced by the Emperor Ferdinand II., towards the close of the sixteenth century; but it did not receive its final completion till within a recent period. In the reign of Ferdinand, the discovery had begun to be made, that the real strength of a fortress did not necessarily consist in the selection of a lofty or inaccessible position; but in one combining, like Comorn, certain rare attributes of a different order. The Dutch, by their famous defence of places similarly situated, had demonstrated the *rationale* of the new theory—and engineering science began to adapt itself to the novel exigency.

Comorn, then, is insulated by the Danube and Waag; the island, on which it is situated, is called the Little Schütt. The outworks extend to the other side of the Waag, and to the southern bank of the Danube. Perhaps there is scarcely a fortress in Europe which covers

so vast an extent of ground, or is capable of containing so large an army within its walls. It was that which rendered its possession of inestimable advantage to the Hungarians. Had Görgey been more intent on developing himself in the character of Washington than that of Arnold, Comorn would, perhaps, like West Point, have turned the balance of the war. It is almost superfluous to remark, that there can be no comparison, for an instant, between the critical and forlorn state in which Washington found himself placed, and the disorganisation of Görgey's army. The latter could calculate upon the support of a population of six millions in his rear; the former had to husband his resources with the most unparalleled parsimony, in order to keep the field. The latter could command ready and unlimited supplies of provisions; the former was often on the brink of starvation. No one of the crises Görgey underwent should necessarily have been fatal; those encountered by Washington were sufficient to appal any other than a sterling patriot and soldier.

It is difficult to see how an enemy could undertake an effectual blockade of Comorn. That attempted by the Austrians was very inefficient. Guyon, when sent to take the command of the garrison, swam the Waag, in company with twenty-three huzzars, in safety, and surprising one of the enemy's posts, defended by forty men, took them as prisoners along with him into the fortress. Comorn possesses, however, its weak points, which would be severely tested were an attempt made to storm it. The barracks and officers' quarters within the fortress are very extensive, but were nothing like sufficient for the Austrian garrison, a part of which was accordingly lodged in the town. Immense trains of waggons, laden with military stores, passed and

repassed the bridges of boats thrown across either arm of the Danube, as if the new tenants felt the insecurity of their tenure.

In consequence of a heavy fog, the steamer I proposed to embark in was several hours beyond her appointed time. These delays, and worse, a non-arrival, are of constant occurrence at this period of the year. The fog of the Danube may vie, any day, with its rival on the banks of the Thames. At six in the evening we were under weigh for Gönyo; but we had scarcely proceeded two miles before the captain gave orders to lower anchor. It was not until the morning, therefore, that we reached our destination.

At Gönyo I embarked on board a branch steamer, plying between that place and Raab. Raab is situate ten miles up the river of the same name. It is a pretty agricultural and commercial town, with a population of twenty thousand inhabitants. Although the place is indefensible, and at some distance from the highway either by land or river, the same proportion of soldiers and police appeared to be located there as elsewhere; and the handsome cafés and hotels numbered Austrian officers among their chief customers. Among the company in the steamer was a young and handsome maiden, attired in deep mourning, not for her brethren, but for her country. The air of dejection by which she was overcast, was not peculiar to her. None had espoused the cause of their country with greater earnestness than the women of Hungary. Almost universally, they assumed the sombre funereal garb, as the most appropriate to their fallen state. Methought a country had no cause for despair, when its women had become so deeply imbued with the sentiments of nationality!

In entering the town, I accompanied a Honved officer

on his return home from Peterwardein. According to the terms of the capitulation, he was in full uniform and in possession of his arms. As may be supposed, our party elicited no little observation in its passage through the streets, both from the population and the Austrian soldiery. I spent the day at Raab. Notwithstanding that it presents little perceptible evidence of private enterprise, the town is very substantially built, and is a perfect picture of order and cleanliness. The market square is adorned by some very handsome and lofty buildings; and the streets in general contrast to advantage with an English town of the same class.

On the following morning, I returned to Gönyo. As the steamer was not expected until late in the afternoon, I had time to inspect the locality, which offered few objects of interest. The seat of Count Paul Esterhazy, which was now occupied by the Danube Steam Navigation Company, is at Gönyo. It reminded me of an English mansion of the same class. During the war, the village of Gönyo, and the extensive hotel had become the theatre of a terrible catastrophe.

Observing the approach of an Austrian flotilla, laden with military stores, Görgey, who was then posted with a large force on the Great Schütt, summoned it to surrender, as it lay opposite the village. Instead of complying with the demand, the crew escaped from the vessels; upon which he opened a fire, when they immediately exploded, and destroyed every house in the vicinity.

An engineer was now employed, with a number of men, in raising the vessels, which impeded the navigation. I had an opportunity, therefore, of comparing the relative efficiency of Magyar and English labour; and the conclusion to which I came, left us no cause for regret. All continental labour is of an inert and

slovenly character. At Gönyo I met with an Italian officer, who enlightened me as to the springs at work within the mechanism of that heterogeneous compound, the Austrian army. According to the account I gathered from him and various other sources, the whole system would have fallen piecemeal in the outset, but for the promised aid of Russia. That only it was which kept the machine in activity. My informant was as opposed to the Government as a man could possibly be, and hesitated not to tell me so. He carried about him the portrait of Kossuth as a talisman; and when engaged in a secret service by the Austrians, had proceeded, on one occasion, so far as to shoot a number of them, when they questioned him as to his designs.

The fog having again set in towards evening, the arrival of the steamer was again protracted for several hours; and we had no sooner cleared the quay than the captain gave the signal to anchor. Of timidity and excess of caution, whether by sea or land, the Austrian is the personification. Their railways scarcely average the speed of an English four-horse coach; and you can never condemn their sailors for precipitancy. No such fog would have impeded the progress of an English steamer for an hour. Many of the passengers, conscious of the probable time of detention, left the vessel, to proceed in Magyar waggons to their destination.

At the expiration of *forty* hours we proceeded on our course, our keel grating every now and then on the shallows, and arrived at Presburgh on the day following. In a few minutes, I was installed into an apartment at a grand and spacious hotel called the *Grünnen Baum,* in the great square. As I bore a number of letters of recommendation from my friends at Pesth to the leading Magyars of Presburgh, I was received by them with

great kindness; but they implored me not to renew my visit, for one of them had only just been released from incarceration for suspected disaffection; and his means of support having failed him in the interval, his wife and family had been indebted for their support to the assistance of friends. The city of Presburgh was thronged with visitors at the time of my arrival, in consequence of the disbandment of a free corps of Sclavonians, which had been raised at the expence of a great proprietor. I thought I had never seen a more uncouth or grotesque squad of plough-boys. The employment of such warriors, on a large scale, would act as a preventive to all wars; for it would simply make them ridiculous. The officers were scarcely a whit more civilised than their men; and I could not fail to observe that they were in a manner contemned by the officers of the army, as much for their offensive and dirty habits at table, as for their unsoldier-like bearing.

I was accosted at dinner by one of the officers I had become acquainted with at Comorn; and through him I was introduced to an Irish officer in the Austrian service. Our countryman was heartily sick of his false position, and fully appreciated my surprise at finding him serving in the ranks of despotism. He mentioned that Haynau had lately passed through Presburgh on his way to Pesth, and had rendered himself generally odious by his unmitigated insolence: not an officer refrained from characterising him as he deserved. It appears that there is a certain degree of uniformity in the absolutistic system. My new acquaintance assured me, that he was at that very moment the object of as pertinacious a persecution by military spies as ever I could be by the agents of the police. Necessity alone induced him to remain. In consequence of his deficient income, he could never

have hoped to enter the English service, and he had now, therefore, become unfitted for any other career than the one he had selected.

The pay of an Austrian captain scarcely exceeds that of a sergeant in the English army; but such is in general the cheapness of provisions, that a tolerable livelihood is within reach. So great, too, is the prestige which attaches itself to the profession, in a country so exclusively military, that it secures for itself a position superior to its intrinsic worth.

I had frequently reason to admire the spirit of good-fellowship which prevails in every department of the service. It is true, that the cavalry officer, there as elsewhere, will at times give himself airs of superiority; but in general a spirit of fraternity leavens every gradation, which is calculated to operate most beneficially on the harmonious working of the system.

Since the death of the gallant Digby, I am happy to say Austria no longer counts an English officer in her service. The untimely fate of that noble youth has been lamented alike by friend and foe. In a sharp *rencontre* at some outpost the Austrians had proved victorious, and were reluctant to give quarter to their Hungarian prisoners. Digby had interposed to rescue them from death, and the better to ensure his generous mediation, entered an apartment along with them. Meanwhile the fortune of the day had been retrieved by the Magyars. In ignorance of his humane intervention, they approached the place and demanded the surrender of Digby. On refusing to give up his sword, he was shot on the spot. When they had entered the room, and heard the tale of his late generous interposition, the Magyars burst into tears, and kissing the prostrate corpse, buried it with the usual military honours.

Including the Italians, we shall find that the foreign officers in the Austrian service somewhat surpass, both by their number and respective rank, those of native extraction; if, then, we further subtract the Servians, the Croatians, the Dalmatians, the Hungarians, and the Bohemians—or, in a word, the people less essentially Germanised—we shall find a very small residuum representing the interests of Austria proper. To glance for a moment at the superior officers — Radetzky is a Bohemian; Nugent, an Irishman; Welden, a Bavarian; Haynau, a Hessian; D'Aspré, a Neapolitan; Schlick, a Hanoverian; and so forth. The same peculiarity is even still more palpable in the navy: the admiral is a Dane, and the major part of the officers are Italians, Illyrians, or Dalmatians. The people of the German provinces, wherein I include the Tyrol, Moravia, Styria, and Carinthia, had recently remonstrated against this dangerous policy, and had striven to counteract it. In this manner, the seeds of disunion were beginning to be sown in the entire corps of officers, and jealousy and suspicion already promised to usurp the seat of the old freemasonry. Few as they were in number, it could not be concealed, that the Irish officers had proved the most efficient of any in the service; still they were the objects of jealousy, on account of the critical manner in which they spoke of the operations in the field. From the lips of my friend, I learnt a true version of the manner in which matters had been conducted during the war. Guyon he especially singled out, from the Hungarian side, as having distinguished himself by the manner in which he brought up his corps to action.

During my residence at Presburgh I made several excursions into the country in the vicinity: one along the eastern slope of the Jablunka Berg, which is a cele-

brated vine country; and another to Haimburg, on the Danube, the vicinity of which abounds in romantic scenery.

The surface of the Danube above Presburgh is occupied for some distance by a number of old-fashioned water-mills; and in the centre of its course, at the foot of the town, the river is crossed by a rude bridge of boats, the delay in moving which one would have supposed to militate against their retention.

The fortress of Presburgh is a very massive structure, located on the most elevated site of the inhabited part of the town; but it is commanded from the hills in the rear. From the terraces a magnificent view of the town and surrounding country is to be obtained. Some years since, the castle was set on fire by an Italian regiment, which, disliking the labour of carrying water up the steep from the river, thought the destruction of the fortress the best and surest means of consummating their project. It was now being repaired, and rendered defensible.

The town of Presburgh, which contains a population of 45,000 inhabitants, has, within late years, undergone very considerable improvements. Though inferior to Pesth in grandeur and magnificence, it may claim for itself much that Pesth is deficient in. Chief among these, are its edifices of great antiquity. Presburgh is, essentially, a German, not a Hungarian town. It presents, therefore, all the characteristics of a German city of the second class; such, as well-ordered streets and squares, a fine promenade, several handsome churches, a quaint old stadt-house, and innumerable public buildings. Of these, a portion was formerly appropriated to the service of the local government of Hungary. At the theatre of Presburgh, as at Pesth also, I witnessed the performance of several English

pieces, such, for instance, as the plays of Shakespere, and a German version of the "Old Curiosity Shop."

I now became anxious to ascertain whether the correspondence which I had forwarded to England, since my arrival at Semlin, had been intercepted in its passage, or had duly reached its destination. To satisfy myself in these particulars, it was necessary to proceed to Vienna; for the English papers were then prohibited in Hungary, and to proceed to Vienna, was to throw myself, for the second time, into the power of Governor Welden. Rumour alleged that the state of siege had been of late somewhat relaxed, whence, it naturally occurred to me that the regulation which prescribed the delivery of passports at the railway station might have been equally dispensed with. Such, too, appeared to be the general opinion of my friends, but, to make myself as safe as possible, I wrote to the agent of the journal for which I acted, at Vienna, in order to ascertain the precise state of the case. His reply comprised a solution to every query but the essential one; still, I was unwilling to incur further delay. Having, therefore, first procured a *visé* for Vienna from the police, I left my baggage at the hotel, and started on my journey on the following morning. The railway between the two places traverses several long tunnels in emerging from Presburgh, and at the Hungarian frontier it merges into the Great Northern line, leading to Prague and Olmutz. Owing to some mal-arrangement we had three hours to wait for the down train. What with the long distance we had taken to join the Prague line; what with our tardy progress, and the three hours' stoppage, the distance of forty-three miles was practically greater than that from London to Liverpool.

In traversing Moravia, we passed the great battle-

field of Wagram, and other places of historic interest. No sooner had we arrived at the Vienna Railway terminus, than my worst fears were realised, by the approach of an officer of the police, who politely demanded my passport. To aggravate my position, he informed me that I must apply for it in person, at the Stadthauptmannschaft; nor did the announcement of my intended return, by the night train, to Presburgh, weigh with him for an instant. It was necessary, therefore, to prepare myself for a new and unforeseen danger.

After accomplishing the primary object of my visit, my next step was to seek out the American Consul, to whom I had brought a letter of recommendation from England, and to request his advice in the emergency. M. Schwartz is an Austrian subject, and so staunch a a believer in Metternich, as to scout men and things out of the absolutistic pale; yet, as the representative of a republic, he deemed it only consistent with his duty to assist me as far as he was legally able, and commenced, by assuring me that I had placed myself in an apparently inextricable dilemma. No time was, however, to be lost; so he proposed that we should proceed in search of a person whom he indicated as the most likely to rescue me from the consequences of my temerity. As it happened, he was not to be found, now that his presence was indispensable. My worthy friend was fain, therefore, to advise me, as a sort of forlorn hope, to venture in person, as best I could, through the dreaded ordeal; and held out a chance of my escape, in consequence of a change of the officials since my late deportation from Vienna.

No other alternative presented itself. I followed his advice, and entered the bureau of foreign passports.

Once within doors, I was immediately recognised; and no sooner was that the case, than the loud exclamations of the chief and his subordinates attracted round me a crowd of officials, some gesticulating vehemently, others shouting, some dancing in their joy—all indulging in one sort of pantomime or other. As soon as order had resumed its sway, one of the *Chefs de Bureau* was sent to Welden to receive instructions as to my disposal. The officer, on whom it had devolved to conduct me to Scharding, re-appeared on the scene, to ask me, in his gentle English, "to wait a little bit," and the group of functionaries aforesaid had formed themselves into a circle, and were probably canvassing the media through which I had so unexpectedly reappeared on the stage. I had seated myself on a chair at no great distance from the door, and lost no time in weighing in my mind the various contingencies of remaining or escaping. An instant decision one way or the other was indispensable. The chief would return in ten minutes with orders for my incarceration. Moreover, Lord Ponsonby was ignorant of my arrival, and the circumstance might suggest itself to them in dealing with my personal liberty. For the last three or four minutes I had noticed that the circle above me was too absorbed with astonishment at my audacity to contemplate the subject of it. I had no yearning for the portals of Spilberg. I had no faith in Welden's moderation or humanity. To beat a retreat would compromise my dignity; but my liberty was too precious to permit me to indulge in any such sentimentalism. I rose quietly and backed towards the door unobserved, lifted noiselessly the latch, darted down the stairs, and had rushed past the three sentinels in the court, before the officials could rouse themselves from their stupor of

bewilderment. In making my exit at the outer gate, I just caught the sound of "Wait a little bit," as it was repeated from the top of the stairs by my conductor *de la vieille*; then threading the labyrinth of streets in the vicinity, so as to baffle pursuit, I ultimately arrived out of breath at the British Embassy.

Lord Ponsonby did not appear, until I had recovered myself sufficiently to explain the occasion of my unexpected visit. He recommended me to betake myself to some quiet retreat in the Faubourgs, and to call upon him at noon on the following day. In the mean time he promised to write to Marshal Welden, and endeavour to obtain for me something like terms. I called, as he requested, on the morrow; but he had received no reply. Four days had passed with the same result. I had come up to Vienna with the intention of returning to Presburgh the same evening. I had brought, therefore, neither a change of linen nor even the requisite funds. I found it necessary to change my hotel every night. On the fifth day his Lordship received a letter from Prince Schwarzenberg, in which he intimated, that he had accidentally met Marshal Welden on his return from Schönbrun, whither he had betaken himself to lay the matter before the Emperor, and take his pleasure as to my fate; that the Marshal had resolved to detain me for two years in a fortress, but that he had taken the case out of his hands, and would now communicate his decision, which was to the effect that I must, as soon as possible, quit the country, either by Trieste or Scharding; that I could not be allowed to return into Hungary, and that I must surrender myself to the Police, and remain in prison until my luggage should arrive. He added that the government had received

information, on which they could rely, that I had come up to Vienna, in defiance of the order of Marshal Welden, with the view of exciting an insurrection in that capital; and that they had positive proofs of my having formed a design for gaining over the Hungarian regiments in Italy by means of the non-commissioned officers.

I shall not insult the understanding of my readers by attempting to expatiate upon the grounds of this senseless calumny, but shall proceed to observe that having in the interval obtained a loan from a friend, sufficient to relieve any temporary anxiety as to the means of subsistence, I was not quite so willing to accept, as Messrs. Magenis and Grey were to urge, my instant compliance with the edict which consigned me, as indifferently as a bale of goods, first to prison, and then to deportation. Before accepting the passport, therefore, which they proffered, I addressed a letter to Baron Werner, requesting a modification of the terms. Not meeting with a satisfactory reply, and Mr. Grey having threatened to make a communication to the police, amounting to a repudiation of protection, I resolved to trust for once to the honour of the officials, and proposed a conference with M. Brodie, with the provision that I should be at liberty to depart whithersoever I should please, in case his proposals were unsatisfactory. At the appointed place of meeting I was accosted by my old companion, who inquired if I had any objection to accompany him to the Stadthauptmannschaft. "None whatever," was my reply, "if I may trust to the honour of the bureau." "I will give you an assurance on that point," said he. On my arrival, I was questioned as to the hotels at which I had taken up my residence during the week,

in order that the proprietors might be punished for their non-compliance with the police regulations. Unwilling to compromise any person by an indiscreet avowal, I refused acceding to the request of the Commissioner; upon which he immediately informed me that I was under arrest, and ordered my removal to the *Polizei* house. On the way I recollected I had two small but dangerous letters in my pocket; these I now pushed up the finger of one of my gloves. I had no sooner entered the prison than I was searched, and among other articles, the gloves in question were retained. I had kept the letters more as a souvenir than for any other and more cogent purpose. Conceive my surprise, therefore, when on the termination of my imprisonment, I discovered that the treasonable documents had remained secure all along in their repository.

An inspection of the dungeon to which I was consigned by no means reassured me. It was a small and miserable apartment, devoid of all furniture, with the exception of a bed, and the prospect of solitary confinement in such a cell seemed only to aggravate the calamity. Within the last few days, winter had set in with excessive severity. Snow had already fallen to the depth of several feet, and the Bohemian turnkey could offer me no hope of the arrival of my luggage until it had disappeared. "The government has ordered, however, Sir, that you are to be treated as a state prisoner of the first class; and you are to be allowed five florins (ten shillings) a day, at the expense of the country."

We shall soon discover how this, like all other Austrian pledges, was fulfilled. After the lapse of two or three days, I was, at my own request, removed into a larger room, which I was destined to share with

two other political offenders, students of the University. The elder was undergoing a lengthened imprisonment for the part he had taken in the insurrection; the younger, for having been overheard by a spy, calling the *Kaiser* a *spitzbube*, i. e. a fool. For that unpardonable offence he was condemned to suffer a year's imprisonment, and then to serve for three years in the army as a common soldier. Yet the Austrian has been called a paternal government.

The habits of my companions were not such as to impress me with their attention to cleanliness or good breeding. Everywhere the floor bore evidence of the impartial measure with which their saliva had been meted out over its whole surface, and their over predilection for *Meine Vaterland* rendered their presence eventually wearisome. To the first infliction I was resolved not to submit in silence, and finding that no attention was paid to a verbal remonstrance, I intimated that another infraction of the rules of decency would subject the offenders to unpleasant consequences. The annoyance ceased from that moment; for the physical superiority of an Englishman is everywhere uncontested on the continent.

The mode in which the Austrians are accustomed to treat prisoners committed for larceny is very reprehensible. Several criminals of that class were employed in waiting upon us, or performing other in-door labour. Yet their ancles were manacled with heavy irons, such as we only place on the most desperate of convicts, and grated sadly on the ear, as they rattled at every movement along the whole corridor.

A fortnight elapsed ere my luggage arrived, when one of the subordinates of the department called to announce the fact. I inquired if my luggage had been

submitted to any search. He replied in the negative; but I inferred, from his manner, and the circumstances which subsequently transpired, that his veracity was not altogether to be depended upon. At length I was summoned to the office of the commissioner of police, to hear a notice, or *warnung* read, by the terms of which I was to be interdicted from ever again entering the Austrian territory, under pain of twenty years' imprisonment. I could not refrain from smiling at the singular phraseology in which it was couched. It being understood that I was a member of the legal profession, I was styled, by the framer of the document, neither more nor less than Attorney-General of England. After the *warnung* had been read and witnessed by a number of the clerks, I was requested to sign it; but to this I demurred, on the ground that I was not a free agent. So the paper was carried to the record office, to be stored among the other archives, until another revolution drags it from its receptacle.

The same morning Lord Ponsonby sent his secretary to inquire if he could be of any service. That gentleman intimated that the commissioner had informed him, in a recent conversation, that my letters to England had all been opened, and that they were found to be of so sanguinary a character, as to be sufficient, in themselves, to kindle a war between the two countries. I was naturally indignant under so unwarrantable an imputation, and could not refrain from taxing the commissioner with his breach of faith. Whereupon, to our surprise, he called God to witness that he had not only not been privy to the opening of my correspondence, but that he was, at that moment, ignorant of the fact of its violation, and denied having made any such commu-

nication to my informant. So unblushing a falsehood could hardly enter into the conception of an officer of similar rank in our own country, but the whole gang employed in ferreting out political offenders, were, with an exception or two, a broken-down-tradesman sort of looking persons, who, in assuming an odious profession, to save themselves from penury, scrupled at nothing to render themselves acceptable to their employers.

I was now sent down, under escort, to Trieste. At Gloggnitz we descended from the carriages, took our seats in omnibuses for Murzuschlag, where the line recommences. The intermediate country is very difficult, and has already taxed the skill and energy of a large body of engineers, miners, and labourers, for several years. Between Murzuschlag and Grätz the line follows the course of the Mur, and maintains it until that river assumes an easterly course. A short interval of cutting then succeeds until the road opens upon the valley of the Drave, and one of its tributaries. A little further excavation brings it to the valley of the Save, which it follows to Laybach. There the most arduous portion of the great undertaking commences, and there the traveller resumes the more homely *diligence*. The soil being volcanic, and, in many parts, cavernous, doubts will always be entertained of the security of such a foundation. Whether the line, as a whole, will ever return interest for the capital sunk upon it, will for years remain a problem. The number of passengers is very considerable; but it should be taken into consideration that the opportunities of transit are limited to two trains per day. The transport of goods is of a very insignificant character, and is not likely to increase very materially. Grätz is the chief

city between the termini; and, from the beauty of the locality, Grätz is much frequented by pleasure-seekers. The railway station, is, therefore, very extensive and magnificent; and the town equally picturesque and pleasing. One of its principal features is the old castle, beautifully situated on an elevated mound, rising naturally from the plain. Grätz numbers among its attractions several handsome squares, streets, and public buildings; the population, too, is rapidly on the increase. The only other places, of any note, on the route, are Marburgh, Cilli, and Laybach. As a whole, perhaps, the valley of the Save is one of the most picturesque in Europe as yet traversed by a railway. The whole road, moreover, is enlivened by a variety of natural wonders, such as the traveller seldom meets with by that mode of transit.

On arriving at Trieste, I was permitted to take up my quarters at the National Hotel, until the departure of the steamer. I had remained there a day, when I received an order to appear before the Commissioner of Police. That functionary read me a dispatch from Vienna, by which he was directed to deduct my travelling and prison expenses from the sum found in my possession; notwithstanding the assurance which had been given me at Vienna, that as a State prisoner, I should receive a daily allowance from the government. Upon an examination of the items, I found myself not only tricked in the manner described, but defrauded, in addition, by the functionaries of the prison; so that the balance was insufficient to cover the cost of my passage to Corfu. The Commissioner affected to sympathise with my indignation at the unworthy manœuvre; but he intimated, that I must find some means of getting

away, since the government had issued peremptory orders for my imprisonment, in case I should fail to embark by the next steamer. I thought I traced a deep laid design for carrying into effect, at Trieste, what was not to be realised at Vienna, and set myself to work to discover a means of extrication. I was the bearer of a letter to an English merchant connected with the Austrian Lloyd's. No sooner had I mentioned the circumstances in which I was placed to him, than, in the most handsome manner, he spontaneously offered to relieve me from the difficulty. I afterwards understood, and I think it right to mention it as a proof of his benevolence, that Lord Ponsonby, anticipating the design of the Austrians, had given instructions to the Vice-Consul to furnish me with whatever sum I might require; but as I was not then made aware of the fact, I did not broach the matter to that functionary, and the circumstance did not then transpire.

The police at Trieste appeared as chagrined as their superiors at Vienna at the manner in which I had succeeded in outwitting them on the various occasions I have described, and now bestowed no slight pains to conciliate me, in the hope of eliciting the mode in which I had operated with such success. I was afterwards informed that the Imperial government had particularly enjoined upon them, to obtain by some means or other, possession of the secret relating to my re-appearance on Austrian soil; but as their conduct after my deportation to Scharding, had not been such as to merit any such indulgence, I forbore from satisfying their curiosity. A gentleman mutually acquainted with myself and the Commissioner of Police, communicated to me a detailed account of the system of espionage pur-

sued in my regard during my brief residence at Trieste. It was minute even to absurdity. Any change in my dress; any peculiarity of manner; what I had eaten at the several meals; to whom I had been seen speaking; where I had called; and, in short, the most insignificant of my movements had been duly recorded by my indefatigable observer.

CHAPTER VII.

Embark for Greece and the Ionian Islands, *viâ* Ancona and Brindisi.—Local Wind in the Gulf of Trieste.—A slight Swell causes the Captain to put in at Ancona for two Days.—Timidity of Austrian Sailors.—Description of Ancona.—Effects of a Papal Regimen.—Fracas between the Frolic Brig and an Austrian Frigate.—Brindisi and the Neapolitan Coast.—Arrival at Corfu —the Blockade of the Greek Ports.—Capture of Greek Men-of-war.—Dine on board one of them in the Harbour of Corfu.—Proceed to Cephalonia.—My Attention is called to an Advertisement in the *Osservatore Triestino*, issued by Haynau, in which 5,000 Florins is offered for my Apprehension.—Cause of Haynau's needless Alarm.—Proceed to Patras.—Adventure at a *Café*.—Description of the Town and its Environs.—British and Ionian Fugitives.—Anniversary of Greek Independence.—Conduct of Otho, and the Policy of the Government.—Depart for Athens.—Scenery of the Gulf of Lepanto.—Vostizza.—Leutraki.—Calimaki.—Corinth.—Salamis Bay, and the Blockading Squadron.—Landing at the Piræus.—Foreign Squadrons.—Athens.—Political Parties.—Opinion of Foreigners as to the Enforcement of British Rights.—Excursions into the Country Districts of Attica.—The Plain of Athens.—A Bavarian Colony.—The Royal Palace and the *Souvenirs* of the Greek Struggle.—The Greek Army.—The King.—Hungarian Refugees. Proceed to Syra in the Ægean.—Anomalous Character of the City.—Greek Maritime Enterprise,—The Cyclades.—Scio—Vourla Bay.—Smyrna—Its Aspect from the Water.—Peculiarities of the Place.—The Surrounding Country.—Departure for Constantinople.—The Countess Guyon.—Mitylene.—Tenedos.—Distant Views of Mounts Athos and Olympus.—Ida.—The Dardanelles and its Castles.—Gallipoli.—The Sea of Marmora.

EVERY preliminary having been completed, I embarked on board one of the line of steamers plying between Trieste and Calimachi, and which call at Ancona and

Brindisi, on their way. On resigning his charge, my good-humoured conductor remarked to the captain, that he had a passenger on board who had wielded a strong pen, from which the Government had sustained much damage, and he hoped he would give him no occasion to call it into requisition, in reference to his entertainment on board.

What is called at Trieste a *bora* prevailed at the moment of our departure; it is a cold biting local wind, frequently dangerous to vessels exposed to its more violent paroxysms. Happily we were soon removed out of the range of its influence; but upon nearing the Italian coast, we found a heavyish swell running, which our timid captain showed little disposition to encounter. The pedantry and centralising spirit of the Austrian bureaucracy has extended even to the maritime service, so far as to thwart or confine with every species of restriction, anything like seamanship on the part of the *employés*. A series of rules, from which no departure is allowed, render science, judgment, and skill, so many superfluous qualities. Exceptions will be found to every rule. Wherever you find an experienced English engineer in foreign service, you will notice that he requires a large amount of latitude, and will take it. If the captain supports him, a happy conformity of system is soon apparent in the confidence of the passengers and crew. In this instance, a distrust of our commander seemed to be entertained by all alike; when, therefore, we found ourselves snugly ensconced within the harbour of Ancona, we felt that we had heen relieved from what was, under such guidance, no imaginary peril.

The weather having become *caitiff*, to employ the Italian expression, we remained two days at Ancona, and not only found leisure to inspect everything worthy

of notice in the town, but to undertake an excursion into the country. It may be laid down as an axiom, to which not even Belgium affords, in every particular, an exception, that countries subject to the sway of the Papacy, are lost in filth, neglect, and decay. Ancona, perhaps, is about the truest picture of squalor and brutality the human eye could light upon. How Turkey should have appropriated to herself the exclusive honour of wafting the plague and pestilence into Western Europe, must, after an inspection of Ancona, appear a marvel. The very harbour is a reeking mass of noxious feculence, amply sufficient to poison the whole continent. Among the sights of Ancona are Trajan's arch—a plagiarised version of which we possess in the metropolis, and which has of late been rendered further remarkable, from its having lost its key-stone; the cathedral, constructed during the Byzantine era; the fortress, erected on a hill which commands the city; and the Roman aqueduct, the walls, and other ruins. Some of the latter are, of their kind, exquisite specimens of workmanship; and after a lapse of fifteen hundred years seem as perfect as on the day of their foundation.

Like all Italian towns, everything yields precedence to ecclesiastical supremacy. It is needless to add, there are more churches than there are congregations—more priests than there are communicants—more unbelievers than devotees. The people of the Romish states have come by degrees to regard the priesthood as the incarnation of every vice that can pollute humanity. Enter a church at Ancona at the hour when the multitude are wont, in other countries, to flock to those receptacles of superstition, and what do you find? Probably twenty aged or infirm persons, bereft of the strength of mind which could alone avail them to withstand the sapping

and insidious schemes of a wily priesthood. Some stress has of late been laid upon secessions from the Romish church in Ireland; but that movement, however encouraging, becomes insignificant in comparison with the mighty current of liberal ideas now pervading the Italian mind.

To reach the fortress of Ancona, a long and tedious ascent is necessary: the walls, in which the Austrians had succeeded in effecting several breaches, were still out of repair, but were, nevertheless, garrisoned by two or three regiments of Croats. From the keep, an excellent view of the Appenines and surrounding country may be obtained. The country in the vicinity of Ancona is very picturesque, fertile, and populous, yet a curse withers every branch of industry; and the whole scene impressed our party as a living type of misery and desolation. Having partaken of an excellent breakfast at the hotel, in company with the Honourable Mr. C——, and the Honourable Mr. P——, we returned to the vessel to dinner. We now began to feel uneasy at our unlooked-for detention, and to insinuate to the captain that his over-caution was justified neither by the state of the weather, nor the appearance of the sea outside.

Ancona is not without its fine edifices and public works. The exchange, filled with tasteless portraits of successive Popes, the Lazaretto, Roman pier and streets, attest its rank as the Liverpool of the States of the Church. A large number of vessels are employed in the fishery, and several local manufactures—such as rope-yards and maccaroni factories—though now on the wane, somewhat serve to indicate former prosperity. Next day, after dinner, we again hinted to the captain that an English sailor would discover no impediment.

to proceeding under similar circumstances, and worried him so far effectually, that he engaged to weigh anchor in the evening, providing the weather remained favourable. He kept his word, and ere the morning of the morrow had dawned, we were lying within the long and narrow harbour of Brindisi. Among the additional company we had taken on board at Ancona, was a French officer on furlough, from the army at Rome, who, from his short-necked, corpulent person, and plethoric and bloated appearance, furnished the spectator with momentary cause of alarm, lest he should be seized with an apoplectic fit.

Previously to our arrival at Ancona, the unauthorised detention of an English merchantman by an Austrian frigate, had served to test the metal of the Austrian navy. No sooner had Captain Vansittart, of the brig Frolic, become advised of the outrage by the British Consul at Ancona, than he immediately sailed in quest of the offender, and came up with him, while in the act of bearing the ship in tow. It required no small degree of daring to send a peremptory message, demanding her instant release; for two of the ship's boats, together with the lieutenants and men, had gone ashore, so that his crew was considerably short of its complement. The Austrian commander, aware of the circumstance, hesitated not to return as peremptory a refusal. Thereupon, the captain gave orders to pipe to quarters, and prepare for action. Once more he sent a message to warn the Austrian, that, unless he yielded up his prize within twenty minutes, he would fire upon him. Just before the expiration of the allotted period, the enemy cut her adrift, and abandoned her. We did not land at Brindisi. From the harbour, the appearance of the town is very striking; yet the same

squalor and misery, as we had noticed at Ancona, would have probably greeted us, in case we had set foot on shore. The fort, which is in an indifferent state of repair, lies on an islet in the middle of the harbour. After taking in a quantity of figs for shipment to England *vid* Corfu, we proceeded on our course direct for that island, the captain having at length ceased to conjure up visions of treachery on the part of the "*mare perfidum*" of the Roman bard.

After getting into mid-channel, we could clearly descry the Castle of Otranto on one side of the channel, and the Acroceraunian range on the other. We did not reach Corfu until the evening. It is not my intention to furnish the reader with a narrative of my proceedings in the Ionian Islands, for it will shortly appear in another shape.

The blockade of the Greek ports commenced soon after my arrival at Corfu, and naturally gave rise to strong feelings of excitement in all the islands. One after another of the mimic navy of Otho were brought in by our cruisers, and made to anchor in the dock, just under the guns of the principal fort. An invitation to lunch on board one of the larger prizes by an officer of H.M.S. *Rosamond*, who was placed in charge of her, gave me an opportunity of scrutinizing the efficiency of the Greek marine. With one or two exceptions, the officers had taken the seizure of their vessels as a personal affront, and refrained from holding any communication with their British guardians. Judging from appearances, the prizes were scarcely worth the trouble and expense of a removal; most of them would have been long since condemned by our Admiralty as no longer seaworthy. The stench emitted from the boxes, called by courtesy cabins, was almost insupportable.

How the health of the crew could be maintained, under the influence of so noxious an atmosphere, was marvellous to us all.

After a considerable stay at Corfu, I proceeded to Cephalonia and the other islands. Whether my disappearance from Corfu had aroused the suspicions of the Austrian consul, or whether the Austrian Government had received false information as to my designs, I cannot even at this time say; but on chancing to take up a number of the *Osservatore Triestino*, I was startled by seeing my own name emblazoned in large characters, in a proclamation issued by Haynau, as Governor of Hungary, with a reward of 5,000 florins offered for my apprehension. The alleged motive of this hue and cry was the report of my being concealed in Transylvania; but it might possibly have been resorted to with a view of preventing any further attempt of mine to effect an entrance into the country.

After a minute inspection of the Ionian Islands, I proceeded to Patras, which I found blockaded by H.M.S. *Growler*. Notwithstanding that the excitement occasioned by the forcible detention of the Greek marine had somewhat subsided, considerable irritation still prevailed, and it was judged imprudent by our countrymen of every class to stray beyond the precincts of the city. A trifling incident, in which I was personally concerned, revealed the necessity of caution. On my return from visiting the remains of the magnificent Roman aqueduct, by which the ancient town of Patræ was supplied with water, I chanced to pass a small *café* in the suburbs, and requested the waiter to bring me a cup of coffee. Instead of obeying the order, he ran in and related to the company within that there was an Englishman outside, upon which they all rushed out, and eyeing me in a

savage manner, vociferated ὀξω σχιλλε Ιγγλησικε (ἐξω, κυων Ιγγλησικε). Any symptom of alarm might have tended to encourage personal violence; I remained, therefore, in my place, and continued to smoke my cigar, in apparent ignorance of the meaning of their abuse, until, perceiving it was not their intention to serve me, I departed without molestation.

Whatever might be the sentiments of the people of the town, I felt convinced that they had taken little or no root among the population of the country, and hesitated not to walk unaccompanied to the castle of the Morea, about five miles distant from the city. The fortress is reached by a road across the plain. However strong its defences may have originally been, they are now in so tottering a condition as to be unable, apparently, to resist a ten minutes' bombardment. The officer on duty was no less surprised than his men to receive the visit of an Englishmen at such a juncture; but he was none the less polite, and readily allowed me to fulfil the object of my mission. Directly opposite to the castle of the Morea, lies the castle of Roumelia, in which a company of troops were also stationed. On my return to Patras, I found that the heavy rain, which had fallen during the day without intermission, had caused a mountain-torrent, intersecting my road, to swell to an unlooked-for extent. To make the matter worse, the shepherds, who were endeavouring to restrain its irruption into their cottages and grounds, were unwilling, in spite of all my offers of remuneration, to carry me over on their backs. I was obliged, in consequence, to resort to all sorts of expedients to cross its numerous channels.

The town of Patras is more interesting to the traveller, from the reminiscences with which the older

inhabitants can furnish him of its past appearance, and from the prospect of what it may eventually become, than from what it now is. Unpaved, unlighted, devoid of sewerage—devoid, in point of fact, of all the elements of comfort, which are held essential to civilised life in a large community; not all its increasing commerce, nor the awakened energies of its people, can save it from creating an unfavourable impression on the opinion of a stranger. Moreover, though Patras can boast of its numerous and spacious mansions, and of its increase both in wealth and population, it can also unfold to our view many of the most squalid and abject abodes of human misery. The forlorn and beggarly appearance of the Greek troops, who retain in this place the striking, but by no means martial, costume of their country, together with the wild, tattered, and hideous-looking beings who flock from the rural districts to the town to dispose of their produce, help, when combined, to yield an impression of one's having suddenly alighted upon an improved Indian settlement in the States, rather than the second city of Modern Greece.

The western portion of the Morea was scourged during the period of my stay, by bands of marauders of the most ferocious character. On one occasion, when I had wandered towards the castle of Clarenza, I was warned of the danger I incurred in venturing without protection, by a party of Cephalonian peasantry employed in a vineyard near the road.

The anniversary of the Greek Revolution occurred during my visit to Patras. A grand illumination, accompanied by a display of the pyrotechnic art, for which the Greeks still remain famous, took place on the occasion. Commander Stoddart, with that good feeling which in a few days had won for him the esteem of all

the inhabitants, lent himself and her Majesty's ship "Growler" to the celebration, and the *fête* passed off with great *eclât*. Yet, with all the exultation of the moment, the Greeks could not regard the prospects of their country without mingled feelings of trepidation and suspicion of the freedom they had nominally won, they were obliged, at this very juncture, to witness themselves baulked the moment they attempted its exercise. The approach of the elections developed the incompatible action of a free legislature, and a self-willed and despotically disposed monarch. The opposition candidates were subjected to a surveillance more akin to that prevailing in enslaved Austria than in a country which had won a charter of rights from its Sovereign. Wherever they made the attempt to canvass their constituencies, whether in town or country, they were invariably frustrated in their aims by the *gendarmerie;* while their rivals were free to roam about the country at their discretion, and boast with effrontery of the effective means adopted to stifle the public voice. The amount to which peculation and the mal-appropriation of the public money is to this day carried, considering the slender resources of the country, would, to an Englishman, appear incredible on paper, unless he had been an eye-witness of their credibility. Patras is one of the largest sufferers from these glaring frauds. Local duties are there professedly levied for specific objects, such as the improvement of the town, or of the roads in the vicinity; but the money is abstracted by the *employés* with an unblushing effrontery, without a parallel in the annals of official malversation; and the principal street of Patras was impracticable for a carriage at the time of my visit. The king, to all appearance, the dupe of a party, or, according to some, an accomplice in the

system, has never at any time interposed his authority to reform abuses. The dilapidation of the finances, the plunder of the foreign creditor, and the increase of brigandage and piracy, are matters of small moment compared with the unlimited exercise of the royal prerogatives, and the advancement of regal favourites. No wonder, then, that unhappy Greece suffers under a chronic stagnation, and sighs for change from whatever quarter it may arrive. Such a result is inherent in her system of administration; and springs, not as some would have us suppose, from the conflicts of parties.

What with the hospitality of the officers of the *Growler*, and the kindness of the consuls, both of whom enjoy the same Christian and surname, without bearing the slightest relationship to each other, the time hung anything but heavily on my hands. The Consul, Mr. Thomas Wood, senior, is Consul-general of Greece; the Vice-consul, Mr. Thomas Wood, junior, is a partner in the firm of Barfe and Hancock, and manager of the branch of the Ionian bank established in Patras. Both are in the highest degree efficient public servants, and contrast most favourably with many of our consular officers in Eastern Europe.

After a stay of some days, the *Archiduco Frederico* appeared off the harbour, and I embarked in her, in company with my landlord, for Athens. Good-natured and obliging as was the last-named personage, he was reported to harbour some very questionable characters; and, like many other persons in Patras, to take advantage of the fears and ignorance displayed by British and Ionian fugitives on their first landing on Greek soil. While at Zante, I had been apprised by the officers of the force stationed in that island, of the desertion of an English sergeant, who had carried off with him several

stand of arms. There being little or no distinction of rank at Patras, I was destined to encounter him in the coffee-room of the hotel on the day of my arrival. At first he regarded me with suspicion, which became, however, relaxed as soon as he discovered that my business had nothing in connexion with himself, when he offered to assist me in effecting the repair of an article I had broken. I was curious to learn the moral effect produced by the desertion of a steady calling for that of a speculative one, and followed him to the shop which he had stocked with his plunder. The result was just what might have been expected. The man had commenced his career by marrying a Greek. She appeared doatingly attached to him; but the apparent frivolity and vanity of her character rendered her by no means adapted to make an Englishman comfortable. Although his calling was at a premium in Patras, and the place furnished scope for an ample livelihood, remorse had got possession of him, and was depicted in the very expression of his features. I felt satisfied that he was already a ruined man. As a proof of his recklessness, I may mention that he had actually ventured on board of the mail steamer, and H.M.S. *Growler*, by either of which he might have been re-consigned, in a few hours, to the island from whence he had eloped. British, Italian, and Ionian malefactors of every class are accustomed to flock for refuge to Patras; the place is not, therefore, particularly safe for the traveller, moreover, none of the hotels offer him cheap or tolerable accommodation.

During the seasons when the vine is being hoed, and the vintage gathered and prepared for shipment, Patras is much frequented by strangers; in the former case, by the people from the isles, more particularly by the Cephalonians; during the latter period, by the foreign

merchants, many of whom, while keeping up a permanent establishment there, only visit it at that period.

From the roads, Patras has a striking appearance. Its ancient castle, built by the Venetians, but now in ruins, is seen from thence to considerable advantage. Nevertheless, a stay of five minutes on shore is sufficient to dissipate the illusion. After proceeding a short distance beyond the castles of the Morea and Roumelia, you turn the angle, on which the castle of Lepanto is situated, and issue from the gulf of Patras into that of Lepanto. The modern town is very prettily situated on the margin of the gulf, below the ruined castle, which is now unserviceable, being commanded by the hill in its rear. Insignificant as the place may be, Lloyd's, with true commercial instinct, are particular in stopping both here and at Vostizza. The shore, on either side, is skirted by mountains; but the scenery has nothing in particular to recommend it until you pass Vostizza, a town on the Morea side. A number of striking objects then follow each other in rapid succession. Parnassus looms in the distant north-east. To the right the range becomes elevated, and is fringed in parts with a pleasant foliage. Soon you gain the Crisean gulf, leave Parnassus and a host of kindred mountains in the rear, and gaze fondly on the Acropolis of Corinth, and those artificial-looking hills which fill so conspicuous a niche in Grecian story. Then you approach, but do not enter, the gulf of Livadostro (*Alcyonium Mare*). Should a clear atmosphere lend its aid to the fiery brilliancy of a setting sun, you will snatch a sight, not only of all the objects already enumerated, but of the castle of Lepanto, more than sixty miles distant. From so remote a distance are objects visible in these summer seas, and so contracted a compass does space appear to assume, that the gulf of Lepanto wears

the aspect of a mere lake; and the small extent of the Morea itself, suggests the facility with which, were the occasion to arise, it could be retained by a maritime nation like our own; just as it was long held by the Venetians against the whole force of the Ottoman power.

We arrived at Leutraki after sunset. Conceiving that beds would be provided for us at the magnificent station which Lloyd's have erected at that place, I lost no time in getting on shore. To my disappointment, two chairs, or the choice of the floor, were the only provision the company offered us on shore; and as to supper, or anything in the way of refreshment, that was out of the question. The majority of the passengers, better instructed, remained in the vessel, and were free from the inconvenience. The Greek in charge of the station happened to be a person of a very irascible temperament, and, on rising in the morning, I was considerably diverted with the peremptory and somewhat ridiculous manner in which he conducted the arrangements for the disembarkation of the passengers, and the landing of the merchandize. Contrary to general practice, a through ticket from Patras to Athens is dearer than a division of the fare; and our Greek passengers of the superior class, true to their thrifty character, availed themselves of the arrangement with considerable advantage. At Leutraki we entered a diligence for Calimaki, situated on the other side of the isthmus. A tolerable, but circuitous road, connects the two places, from which a fine view of Corinth and the surrounding mountains is obtained during the journey. Every now and then we fell in with a party of gendarmes clad in the usual beggarly attire of their class; but we could not help feeling how small a protection we should have derived from them, in case of our having been

assailed by a band of robbers. We had not remained many minutes at the station at Calimaki, before the Baron Kubeck, another of the Company's steamers, was ready to carry us forward to Athens. Judging from the number of passengers on this occasion, one may reasonably infer that the line is a profitable one. The Greeks, even more than ourselves, are a very locomotive people, where their means allow; and I must confess I was subsequently surprised at the number I found passing between Corfu and Constantinople. I could not help noticing the extraordinary precautions adopted by the officers of the steamer to prevent deceptions on the part of the Greeks; of whom, many of the upper classes were alleged to be in the habit of taking a ticket of an inferior class, all the time that they frequent the after-deck.

The coast, until we lay off Megara, presented little or nothing of an attractive nature; but, as we approached Ægina on the one side and Salamis on the other, we did not fail to be struck with the tranquil beauty of the scene. Ere long we opened up the entrance to the channel of the bay of Salamis. In the distance, we could plainly descry the wooden walls of Old England proudly reposing on its unrippled surface; and anchored alongside of them the Greek merchantmen, their prizes. On entering the Piræus, we found that beautiful harbour, in like manner, alive with ships of war, and the vessels prevented from putting to sea by the blockade. A French man-of-war of one hundred and twenty guns, a frigate, several steamers belonging to the same nation, the Odin, and other English steamers, together with Austrian and Russian frigates and smaller craft, served to fill up every vacant space that could be found.

On landing, I was immediately beset by a crowd of

calêche drivers, vociferating the merits of their respective vehicles; but a German gentleman having politely offered me a seat in the carriage he had already selected, I proceeded along with him on the road to Athens. The landlord of the hotel at Patras had recommended me to an hotel kept by a friend of his own; but as my companion, who was a resident at Athens, was ignorant of its existence; I chose rather to follow his advice, and took up my quarters at the *Hotel de Grande Bretagne.*

I have no intention of entering upon a topic so threadbare as a description of Athens: I shall, therefore, limit myself to a few remarks as to the situation of the country at the period of my visit, and to any matter of interest or novelty that may arise in the review thereof. The dispute with England was naturally the all-engrossing topic of discussion; yet, with all the strenuous efforts of the more corrupt portion of the English press to mystify a question that scarcely admitted of mystification, and the equally glaring misrepresentations resorted to by the journals in the pay of the Greek Government, so palpable, nevertheless, was the real point at issue, that they failed to persuade the Greeks in general, either as to the policy or the equity of the protracted resistance of their Government. Whether it was that they were incapable of generalising, or whether it was that their bigotry prevailed over their political acumen; all I can say is, that in cases where they took an unfavourable view of the English intervention, the Greeks always avoided allusion to the broken pledges and bankrupt faith of their corrupt rulers, and confined themselves to an entirely collateral question—the demerits of the Jew Pacifico. The English party, as may be readily supposed, made itself heard everywhere; exposed the shallow sophistry of "our own correspondent,"

and the mendacity of his assertions in relation to the matters in dispute. Foreigners resident in Athens, whether French, Germans, or Italians, were unanimously of opinion, that the time had at length arrived when a term should be put to Greek perfidy and fraud; and as the hope of redress by any other than coercive measures was simply ridiculous, they were agreed that, for the general interests of Europe, no less than for the moral lesson necessary to be enforced upon the Greeks individually, Lord Palmerston was devoutly to be thanked for the stern but salutary lesson he was now enforcing on them. The rupture with England, which most of the Greeks themselves had foreseen as a necessary consequence of the perfidy of their successive governments, was undoubtedly a godsend to the Austrian Government, which was generally supposed to have stood at the elbow of the obstinate Bavarian on this occasion. The same means which had been employed to mislead the English public on the Hungarian, were still more unblushingly resorted to to deceive them on the Greek question. One English journal, in particular, completely threw off its disguise, and condescended not only to receive its inspirations from the lips of royalty itself, but to receive the reward which royalty offered it as its mouth-piece.

Whatever irritation might prevail against the English at Patras, little or none of it had extended to Athens. For the period intervening between my arrival and the termination of the blockade, three or four English visitors only were resident there; yet we experienced the most polite attention from all classes. In point of fact, we became the lions of the hour, and found cause for inquiring of ourselves whether this arose from the confidence the Greeks were pleased to see us place in their national character at such a crisis, or whether the discussion of the Greek question and its antecedent

had not served to remind that people of the immeasurable obligations they were under to our country, which, more than any other had consummated their independence.

After a minute inspection of the monuments of ancient art, and every surviving relic in the city, I determined on making pedestrian excursions into the country districts of Attica. The first was to Mount Pentelicus, in company with Count F., a Milanese nobleman. From its summit, we gained a noble view of Attica, including the plain of Marathon, Eubœa, and the isles of the Ægean; but we were overtaken by darkness on our return over the plain, and did not escape the quagmires with which the roads were interspersed. The second I made alone, across the plain of Athens, to the site of the ancient Eleusis, and the territory of Megaris. I thus acquired a complete idea of the whole topography of Attica. On my route I encountered a savage-looking class of beings, who might have been taken for bandits, had they been less deficient in smartness. I became somewhat alarmed, for I considered myself little, if at all, protected by the equally ferocious-looking patrol of gendarmes, that sped past me from time to time. Happily I was left unmolested. On returning to Athens by way of Salamis, I fell in with a number of my countrymen, some of whom were under instruction in the practice of gunnery, on the island of that name; others were engaged in diversions on shore. Soon afterwards, I met the ambassador and his lady, the admiral, and a number of officers, taking their evening promenade in the vale of Daphne. The size and appearance of our vessels, as compared with the French or Turkish vessels of the same class, is rather apt to disappoint one on a close inspection. On this occasion I thought the fleet had appeared to far greater advantage

when seen from a distance; but in its rigging, no less than in its living freight, it had a manifest advantage.

A trip to Hymettus though sufficiently laborious, adequately repays one for one's trouble. A noble view of the Archipelago, and it is even said Crete, is from thence obtainable. Let not the tourist, deceived by its apparent proximity to Athens, postpone his departure after mid-day. The distance seems insensibly to increase as he approaches the object of his ambition; and that steep, up which the ascent appeared so easy, is found to contain its gorges and its passes; to clear which is a work of time. The delightful balmy fragrance of the wild mountain-flowers enthrals the senses of the pedestrian, as he steals along that solitary region, disturbed only by the flight of the partridge, the hum of the bees, which still swarm where the wild thyme grows, or the noise occasioned by the miners in the marble quarries below. The re-opening of that neglected source of wealth betokens a new era for Greece. Were a tramway formed from the mountain to Athens, and another to the Piræus, both of which are perfectly practicable, not only would the cost of the material be considerably reduced, in respect to Athens itself, but a considerable export trade would immediately spring up, and give employment to all the shipping Greece could supply for years to come.

One of my chief delights was, to pass, from time to time, from Athens to the Piræus, in one of the numerous *calêches* plying between the two places. The town of the Piræus is rapidly increasing, and bids fair to surpass, within a few years, her inland rival, both in wealth and population. Unlike Athens, but little has been accomplished for her by Bavarian taste; she may, therefore, be considered more characteristically national.

The harbour, small as it may be, is as still as a dock, and can at all times float the largest vessels. At the period of which I am now speaking, it assumed a very imposing appearance, owing to the number of Greek vessels of all sizes, detained within it; the vast proportions of the ships of war, and the life and animation which the constant passing and re-passing of the ships' launches and other boats infused into the scene. It was especially amusing to watch Jack ashore, to note how coolly and unconcernedly he conducted himself in what might turn out to be an enemy's country, and how inveterate was his love for grog, at whatever price. Being anxious to seize the first opportunity of paying my respects to the ambassador, I obtained a passage, on one of these occasions, by the courtesy of the officer in command, on the launch of the Queen, to that ship in Salamis bay; and was taken over her various sections by the officers of the watch.

The plain of Athens is very extensive. Originally it must have exhibited a fair specimen of that aridity of soil for which Attica was once distinguished; yet, to judge from present appearances, the soil must have been brought by the patient industry of the Athenians, as the ballast or return cargo of many of the vessels engaged in her maritime commerce. The portion of the plain which adjoined the Piræus, was occupied, on several occasions, for the purposes of cricket, by the midshipmen of the British steamers in the harbour. At no great distance from the same spot might be observed huge stakes, from which depended a number of buffaloes, slaughtered to supply the wants of the thousands of hungry British mariners in the bay of Salamis. Although duly contracted for, the demand had trenched so much upon the means of supply, that the price had risen

to fivepence a pound; while every other article of provision had risen in a like proportion. Whatever there might have been the loss sustained by the Greek shipping interest from the blockade, the agriculturists could scarcely have failed to reap great benefit from its occurrence.

The spring was now far advanced, yet we had little evidence of its genial temperature. Cold northerly winds and a cloudy sky were not exactly the phenomena to be expected in sunny Greece. But the winter had been equally unprecedented. The olive trees in the plain of Athens are reported to be five hundred years old. Most of them perished during that inclement season. On one occasion, a launch dispatched from the fleet in Salamis, to take in water at the Piræus, was prevented from returning by a contrary wind. The officers were found in a cave in which they had taken shelter; but the exposure to the cold was attended with fatal effects to a portion of her crew. On other occasions, the sailors of the fleet were deprived of their fingers by the severity of the weather. The author had bathed in the sea at Corfu in the month of December; in the month of May such an attempt would have been foolhardy in the extreme.

On one occasion, I visited the Bavarian colony which was introduced some years ago by the king, and planted on the plain, at about six miles' distance from the city. A church had been erected, and the priest was then in attendance; but I cannot say the settlement struck me as being a very successful one. How could it be otherwise with a people so devoted to superstition as they appeared to be. I procured, however, some tolerable wine of home manufacture at the house of one of the peasants.

The plain of Athens, great as are its capabilities, is grievously neglected. Want of roads is, undoubtedly, an obstacle to improvement; but there is a greater one, the commercial genius of the people. It is this which leads them to import rather than to become the producers of corn, and other articles of subsistence. How altered would become the aspect of Greece if she would learn to combine the two interests! Climate, not soil, is the great fertilizing agent in these regions. Why should not Attica, then, regain her long-lost character as a fruit-producing country, for which she is as well adapted as Anatolia? Well husbanded, the rivers Cephisus and Ilissus would amply suffice to water the whole plain.

The road between Athens and the Piræus, though sufficiently level and direct, does not speak much for the sagacity of its Bavarian constructors. Owing to the badness of the material, travelling on it in summer is intolerable, from the clouds of dust; and, in winter, the water pouring down from the Hymettus range either floods it or washes away the foundation; both of which might have been obviated by raising it in the middle, and metalling its surface in a proper manner. On one occasion I found a number of Neapolitan refugees employed on its repair. One of them, a very intelligent person, assured me that the apostasy of the Sicilians, Savoyards, and of the Italians, in general, from the Romish church, had been prodigious. He showed me, with pride, an Italian Bible, with which the English clergyman at Athens had presented him. In general the Italian refugees were well received by the Greeks; who, to do them justice, are a very compassionate people; and, though they could scarcely sustain life on the wages they received, yet, as a temporary

shift, it was of service. I was not a little amused at the *lingua franca* in which my interlocutor superintended the Greek workmen, and conveyed his instructions. It sounded somewhat novel to hear him, in addressing a particular man, describe him as *Questo ανθρωπος*.

The cafés and hotels of Athens are numerous and well supported. The former have been established on the German model. They are much frequented at all hours of the day by crowds of Greeks, young and old, intent, as ever, after the *τι καινον*. The hotel d'Angleterre, situated on an eminence in the outskirts of the town, is an equally magnificent and expensive place of resort. Close in its train follow four or five equally respectable but more moderate establishments, and such as the economist will assuredly prefer. The two principal streets of Athens intersect each other at right angles. One extends from the western entrance of the town to the palace, the other from the promenade to the Acropolis. Some very fine structures, after the German style, have been very recently raised in the vicinity of the palace, and go far to redeem the town from the aspersions which a witty Englishman has cast upon it. A perfect mania for building has now seized upon the people, much to the improvemeat of the city as a modern capital, but not to its advantage as the receptacle of the relics of ancient art.

Within the marble palace of royalty is to be found the record of the Greek contest, in its several stages, in the shape of pictures commemorative of the incidents of the war, and the king's accession to the throne. It is anything but satisfactory to the Englishman who may scan the tablet on which is comprised the list of the great names who had a share in the liberation of the country, to notice *Ὁ Βυρων* slightingly classed in the

lower rank of her defenders, while individuals, only significant by their intrigue, are allowed to fill the more prominent positions. Heavy as may be the effect produced by the *ensemble* of the palace, yet its lofty position earns for it a degree of grandeur in harmony with surrounding objects. The gardens, in which the queen takes a great interest, occupy no great extent of ground, but admit of enlargement; and are as tastefully laid out as the nature of the soil permits.

The university of Athens has wonderfully increased in size and importance within a very recent period. Many of the professors are Germans, and great zeal appears to be displayed by all concerned with it in advancing the interests of science. Whatever excellence it may one day attain, the Greek press, at present, owes its very existence to its fostering care.

The greater proportion of the Greek army is stationed permanently at Athens. The men are smart and well-formed, but apparently deficient in discipline. After watching the evolutions of the artillery on one occasion, I adjourned to dinner with one of the officers, an Ionian, the young Count R——. He was greatly smitten with the new theory of Panhellenism; but acknowledged that he was struck with the force of my remarks as to the disadvantages likely to accrue to his own country from the coveted annexation. I found little or no difficulty in extorting an admission that the Ionian republic, as being at least half-a-century a-head of continental Greece, had everything to lose and nothing to gain by the exchange of masters. After dinner we were diverted by a little French midshipman who had espoused the cause of the Greeks. Full to satiety of his own importance, he disclosed imaginary secrets, which he professed to have gained through a

confidential channel, for the comfort of his Hellenic friends. Unfortunately, nobody seemed to credit his statements; and next morning brought us the intelligence of the king's definitive abandonment of his ground.

Several oppportunities had been afforded me of catching a glimpse of his Majesty, as he emerged from the Palace to take riding exercise, on which occasions he complies with Oriental precedent in receiving the petitions of his unruly subjects; but I thought I had never seen a man, whose physiognomy more closely indicated his defects of character. Petulance and obstinacy are there imprinted in the most unmistakeable lineaments; the latter failing nearly lost him his crown on this occasion. The people of the isles, ere another month had expired, would assuredly have arisen to dethrone him. Well was it remarked, the Germans are the most obstinate of peoples; the Bavarians are the most obstinate of Germans; but Otho is the most obstinate of all Bavarians. Unwarned by the hint thrown out by his subjects in the last insurrection, he had again reverted to his autocratic principles; and will one day pay the penalty of the violation of the Charter.

Just previous to my departure from Athens, I was accosted in the street by an unfortunate Hungarian refugee, to whose father—a man of high rank, shot by the Austrians at Arad—I had carried letters of recommendation from England.

He recollected having met me at Viddin, and now implored me to relieve him from the state of misery in which he was then involved. To keep soul and body together, he had been reduced to the necessity of transcribing German airs for the students of the University. I was happy in being enabled to succour him effectually.

My Italian friend provided him with a supply of clothing; I raised something for him among my other friends; and, having drawn up a memorial in his behalf for circulation among the officers in the fleet, he obtained a considerable sum. Thanks to the humanity of Sir James Stirling, I was fortunate enough to procure him a passage to Malta in the "Howe."

From Athens, I proceeded to Syra in the "Baron Kubeck," in company with the late Vice-Consul of Greece at Cephalonia. That deserving young man had been degraded to the inferior and less lucrative post of Vice-Consul at Venice, in order to mark the displeasure of the Greek Government, at his having admonished the British authorities of Cephalonia of the pre-meditated outbreak in that island. In the transit to Syra, the voyager obtains a fine view of the coasts of Attica and Eubœa, with the exception of the latter, however, none of the Greek islands in the Ægean group possess agricultural capabilities. From the sea, Syra, like all the other islands of the Archipelago, appears a naked rock; but no sooner do you enter the harbour, than you discover its admirable position as an entrepôt.

Although little more than an aggregation of cottages, capped by a Greek church, the amphitheatrical form of the town gives it a most imposing appearance from the water, only to be dissipated immediately upon landing. In vain will the stranger search for anything in the shape of a street; the place is neither more nor less than an irregular cluster of houses, and blind lanes, arranged so as to defy classification. Nor are amends made for this state of chaos by the beauty or grandeur of the structures, or the cleanliness of the devious roads. Weary, therefore, of threading the mazes, in which a barbarous instinct has led the citizens of Syra to

indulge, I prepared, after breakfast, to take a trip into the interior of the island.

In emerging from the town, I came upon the ship-building establishments in the centre of the bay, at all of which vessels of one size or another were in process of construction. Much as I had heard of the progress of Greece in maritime wealth, I confess I was astonished both at the number, size, and symmetry of the craft on which her artizans were then at work. Syra is only one of the numerous establishments giving birth to Greek maritime enterprise. Other, and in some cases, larger yards exist at Hydra, Ægina, the Piræus, the Negro-pont, etc. Not only are the Greeks enabled to undersell other nations in the construction of their ships, by reason of the cheapness of labour, originating in the spare and cheap diet on which a crew is supported; and the low price of the material; but also by the system according to which they are manned. In most cases, the captain is either the owner of a moiety of the vessel, or has a share in the cargo; or perhaps selects his crew from his own family or connections. It will easily be understood how important a result is capable of being achieved under such a mutual system of co-operation. Ultimately, and in case there should be no disturbing re-action caused by the success of the screw steamers, the Greeks will monopolise again the greater part of the commerce of the Levant. Farther than that they will not go; for they are unfitted alike by their habits and education for the prosecution of long voyages. Signal, however, as may have been the success of the Greeks, under the circumstances already mentioned, the same happy result has not always extended to Greek bottoms carrying foreign produce, by reason of the perfidy and dishonesty of the commanders, in cases

where a check has not existed to peculation and fraud. The rate of insurance is, consequently, remarkably high, and acts in itself as a preventive to the expansion of their foreign trade. There is every reason to believe that Greek commerce, like Greek agriculture, has undergone no material change in modern times. The same co-operative system was the keystone of ancient commerce, and worked then as it works now, admirably in the prosecution of short voyages.

From the marbled steep to the west of the town, a fine view is obtained of the harbour and the country seats of the merchants. By what appeared to be intended for a road, I made for a cluster of these quiet retreats, situate about three miles inland, and embosomed in a delightful shade of orange, fig, and other luxuriant and fragrant vegetation. The fig is the only tree which can be said to flourish spontaneously in Syra; and the parched aspect of the country at this early period of the year, coupled with the creaking, groaning sound emitted from the axles of the rude water-wheels seen in motion in every direction, betokened a state of things anything but pleasing to contemplate during the torrid months.

Before taking my departure, it was necessary to procure the *visé* of the Turkish Consul, in order to proceed to Smyrna and Constantinople. Of that I had no reason to complain; but I thought it rather too exacting when the Greek authorities came to demand a heavy fee from a stranger who, like myself, had only set foot a few hours on shore.

In the afternoon I embarked on the "Europa," one of the largest of Lloyd's steamers. Owing to the irregularity of the Postmaster, we were detained a full half-hour for the mails. At length, just as we were about

to proceed, the frightened official was signalled hastening up to us at full speed, and, having taken our charge on board, we soon left Syra in the rear.

Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, most of the isles forming the Greek portion of the Archipelago, past which we now steamed so rapidly, were visible at one and the same time. Of these, Syra is, perhaps, the most populous, the town containing from twenty-five to thirty thousand souls. At Tenos my attention was called by a fellow-traveller to a Greek church, reputed to be the finest in the kingdom. Early in the morning we had crossed the channel intervening between the two groups and were abreast of Scio. One of the Company's steamers, which had met with an accident during a recent voyage, having put in for repairs at Fogio, we called to inquire whether she was in need of assistance, and then entered the gulf of Smyrna. After passing the celebrated headland at the mouth and English island, remarkable for its deceptive appearance of proximity to the main, we sighted Vourla bay, in which the British fleet had very recently anchored. The mouth of the Hermus, which we next reached, offers considerable impediments to the navigation of the channel, throwing off a long spit, to avoid which vessels have to approach close to the southern shore. From a distance the low position of Smyrna gives it a very characteristic appearance, which is insensibly exchanged for a feeling of admiration as you pass the finely-wooded heights, the beautifully verdant shore, the—from this distance apparently noble—town, and the lofty mountains which close the picture in the rear. As to one of these objects, you are soon undeceived; for, save and except the picturesque castle, the cypress groves, and the barracks, you see nothing of an attractive character about the town, from the water at least.

No sooner had we fairly cast anchor, than we were beset by a swarm of boats and caiques, manned by Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Maltese. In one of these, as we had twenty-four hours to stay, I landed on shore, and was soon threading my way through the bazaars of that singular city. The cemeteries were the next objects of attraction; and thither, therefore, I bent my steps, after a visit to the Persian, slave, and camel bazaars. The tall cypress groves extend a great distance, and throw a pleasing shade over the variously wrought and strikingly coloured tombs, most of which are erect, and girt at the top with the effigy of a turban. The stranger is astonished at the vast space occupied by the cemeteries in Turkey, indicating as it does, so inordinate a mortality among the Ottoman population. I next ascended the lofty hill which overlooks the town, and entered the walls of the ancient castle. So violent, however, was the hurricane which blew at the moment in that elevated spot, that it was with difficulty I could stand erect and preserve my equilibrium. From the castle a beautiful view is gained, both of the town and the interior of the country. The soil in the vicinity of Smyrna is exceedingly fertile. Even on the apparently barren heights, the finest pine and other timber will flourish. The fig, so highly prized at home, is also derived from the immediate locality.

The khans, in which are the merchants' offices, are very singular edifices, and, as their name implies, are a species of caravanserai: the principal of them run latitudinally between the quay and the main street of the town, and the gates by which they are enclosed are shut after sun-set at the two extremities. The European Consuls in general reside within the khans. A long staff, capped by a coronet, denotes their respective

establishments. During my stay at Smyrna, I obtained some insight into the corruption and peculation pervading every branch of the Turkish service. For a petty bribe, such as a mendicant in England would spurn, a Turkish official will wink at the most flagrant breach of the law, and permit smuggling to any extent. An Ionian ship chandler, on one occasion, while in the act of landing me, performed a feat of this description, and made no secret of the facility with which he carried on his operations.

We stayed nearly two days at Smyrna, taking in a considerable cargo, and a great number of passengers for Constantinople. The traffic between the two places is immense; and each of the six or seven companies which touch at Smyrna, *en route* to Western Europe, find their profit from it. On the Lloyd's boats, due attention is paid to Turkish prejudices, and a portion of the vessel is religiously railed off, and set apart for the Turkish ladies, who, be the weather what it may, never quit it during the voyage. Among the passengers whom we had taken on board at Syra, was the Countess Guyon, wife of the Hungarian general, and her three young children. They had only been recently liberated from prison, at Presburgh, where they had been confined for some months, on their having been reclaimed as British subjects, by Lord Ponsonby. I was, much to her delight, happy in being able to assure the countess of her husband's safety and welfare, and to promise her that he would be ready to meet her at Constantinople.

We left Smyrna late in the afternoon. Upon getting abreast of Scio, darkness soon ensued; soon, too, a heavy swell, accompanied by a stiff breeze, set in, and the weather became uncommonly cold. Having been informed, however, that we should stop two or three

hours at Mitylene, I resolved to remain on deck, in order that I might not forego the opportunity of forming an idea of its position and its resources. That long and narrow island seemed interminable, till at length the lights of the town indicated our arrival in the harbour, when the Mityleneans, to do them justice, did not keep us long in ignorance of their presence. It seemed as if Bedlam was all of a sudden let loose. Such flurry and confusion—such screeching and shouting seemed to defy imitation, taking the numbers engaged in it into consideration. Mitylene, like Scio, Rhodes, Lemnos, Tenedos, and the whole of the Turkish group in the Archipelago is very rich and fertile. We reached the latter island and its dependencies, called the Rabbits, with the dawn of day. At Tenedos is produced the famous wine of the same name, which is in great demand both in Greece and Turkey. It possesses, with that of Brussa, the monopoly of the market at Constantinople, and so close is its resemblance to port that an hotel-keeper, whose conscience admits of a convenient elasticity, will supply your demand for the Portuguese article by the infusion of a little logwood into the first bottle of Tenedos he may happen to find.

After clearing Tenedos, you are abreast of the Plain of Troy, and ere long Mount Ida is seen distinctly in the distance. Two tumuli, and one in particular, of pyramidal shape, offer some pretext for the pious fraud which the Greeks, who declare it to be the tomb of Ajax, attempt to impose upon the stranger. Simultaneously with the view of Ida, you catch also a distant glimpse of towering Olympus. Turning to the north-west, you will descry Mount Athos gleaming athwart the distant waters. Lemnos and Imbros next offer

food for your observation, until you are alongside of the Castles. The Dardanelles have been described in such glowing terms by the majority of tourists, that the imagination of those who follow in their track is necessarily wrought up to the highest pitch, a proportionate disappointment is, therefore, the natural result, when, on reaching Gallipoli; at their north-eastern extremity, you have discovered few or none of the features of beauty or sublimity on which they have lavished so much of admiration. Not but that the physical conformation of that narrow gut, connecting so many and o vast an expanse of seas, is not of itself an object of wonder; not but that the classical associations of the spot render it in a manner sacred—not but that sky and sea lend their most potent effects to enhance the picture, but there is withal a tameness and monotony in the scenery, wild and devoid of cultivation though it be, which not all the interesting objects that follow each other in rapid succession, on either bank, can altogether redeem. Formidable as the Castles appear on board ship, wondrous as may be the size of the engines of destruction contained within them, one must ignore the improvement which modern science has effected in the art of war, to suppose that they are capable of resisting a fleet commanded by an officer of adequate enterprise and resolution. On the land side they are in general commanded by eminences in the rear; the heart-shaped fort, on the European side, is alone capable of a protracted resistance, and as to the range of the artillery in general, unless an enemy be polite enough to stand motionless in face of it, or having once received his fire, be polite enough to return for the same purpose, its influence would, from the absence traversing carriages, be in a manner nugatory.

On entering the Sea of Marmora, we were overtaken by the night, and with night the weather became boisterous. There are times when vessels are obliged to return and put in at Gallipoli, unable to stem the heavy tide and heavier sea which the treacherous Euxine propels forward, and the neighbouring mountains help to swell. All these inland seas are capable of being lashed into fury at the shortest notice, and will often catch an unwary navigator on the hip before he can prepare to meet them.

CHAPTER VIII.

Constantinople and the Golden Horn.—Optical Illusion.—True Side of the Picture. — Hungarian Refugees. — Pera and its Promenades.—The Ramazan and Bairam.— Climate of Constantinople prejudicial. —The Author is attacked by Intermittent Fever.—The Sweet Waters.—The Bosphorus and its Charms.—Impetuosity of the Currents, and the dangerous Consequences.—Labour Combinations.—Trip to Belgrade and its Environs.— Dr. Millingen and Papal Violence.— Further Proofs of its Iniquity.—Count F—— and his sad History.— The British Consul-General. — Exposure of various crying Abuses.—Specimen of Greek Chicanery and British Negligence. —The Wonder is that the Commerce of Western Europe can withstand the unequal Competition which Greek and Armenian Fraud has opposed to it.—Our Merchant-Captains.—Sir Stratford Canning. — Attempts of the Turks to naturalize Manufactures. — Result of these Efforts. How defeated.— Cupidity of Turkish *Employés* of every Rank and Grade.— Examples of the Manner in which the State is defrauded.— The Osmanli Character when removed from Temptation.— Fires at Constantinople—Their Frequency.—Ionian and Maltese Criminals the supposed Incendiaries.—Plain of Nicomedia.— Scene in a *Caïque*.—Deference paid to the Sex in Turkey.— Military Barracks at Scutari.— Description of Pera, Galata, and Stamboul.—The Mosques.—Slavery in Turkey.—Palaces of the Sultan.—The Golden Horn as a Harbour.—Turkish Tobacco. Impolicy of our Restrictions upon its Use.—Steam in the Bosphorus.—Attempt of the Austrian Government to Procure the Assassination of Kossuth. How frustrated.— Take a Passage in the Screw-steamer *Brigand* for Malta.— Ipsara and Anti-Ipsara.--Ionian Sea.—Quarantine at Malta.—

Cholera.—Remain a Month in the Island.—Proceed in the Screw-steamer *Hellespont* to England.—Pantellaria.—Cape Bon.—Bay of Tunis.—Algiers.—Gibraltar.—The Bay of Biscay and English Weather.—Reflections on landing in England.

We entered the Golden Horn at daybreak, and through a glorious sunshine had leisure to satiate ourselves with that unrivalled panorama, which such an infinity of objects combine to form. Fortunately, my prediction to the exiled countess was verified by the immediate appearance of her undaunted helpmate; and I had the pleasure of sharing in the unlimited joy arising from their unexpected re-union. Constantinople, like the views of it, which now attract so many visitors, is an optical illusion. Not that there is not such a place; but that the components of that picture of sublimity are only wonderful when grouped, and, with few exceptions, cease to astonish you as you review them in detail. You have not had time to set a foot on shore, before the senses revolt at the squalor, stench, and poverty-stricken aspect which greet you on every side. You are made at once sensible that you have landed among a semi-barbarous race, retrograding in many points, even though they be advancing in others. You will find that unrivalled harbour, which not all the accumulated feculence of centuries has sufficed to fill up, pregnant with malaria and death. You will find a custom-house, inadequate to the requirements of a third-rate British port, appropriated to the purposes of an aggregation of cities counting six hundred thousand souls. The streets you will find scarcely wider than London passages, and, in like manner, impracticable for carriages; the houses, some of mud, and sufficiently wretched; the others of wood, of transient duration, and painted in gaudy colours. What was it, then, that charmed you so a few minutes

ago? It is only by piecemeal, and at long intervals, that you catch, through an opening which some fire has created, a portion of the panorama which delighted you so on entering. But why should I attempt to portray Constantinople? Are not its features already familiar to the reader? And has not a work been recently issued from the press, unrivalled as a compendium of everything most worthy of note in it? Rather, then, let us confine ourselves to what has escaped our predecessors, and, true to the egoism which has pervaded this little book, speak of the place in its relation to ourselves.

Eschewing *Hôtels d'Angleterre*, with the instinct of the experienced traveller, we preferred a location in the upper part of Galata, near the ancient palace of the Venetian commandant, to which we had been recommended by an officer on board the steamer. A week's residence was, however, quite sufficient to impress us with the desirableness of change; the warm weather had evoked unnumbered vermin from their places of concealment; we were glad, therefore, to accept the offer of a worthy English family in the immediate neighbourhood, and to take up our abode under their hospitable roof. Galata and Pera were, at this period, crowded with Maygar, Polish, and Italian refugees; more than a hundred had lodged themselves in the Venetian palace alone. For the most part without funds, dragging on a weary existence from day to day, living from hand to mouth, their situation daily became more critical; the Turkish government, which had supported them up to their quitting Schumla, after giving them a donation of five hundred piastres, had now left them to their own resources. A portion of them had already embarked for America at the expense of the British and Ottoman governments, a smaller

section had contrived to obtain employment, either as artizans in the government establishments, or as assistants to tradesmen in the place; but the great majority could find no vocation for their talents, and hung on listlessly, the unwelcome accessaries to a great city. Four or five bands of these unfortunates enlivened the promenades at Pera with their strains, and attempted by that means to gain a livelihood. One of them, better *organ-ised,* succeeded beyond expectation, and drew crowds every evening to the promenade abutting on the great cemetery. To me it was a source of considerable pleasure to betake myself on the summer evenings to that cool and agreeable retreat, among the cypress groves, from whence one of the finest views in Constantinople gladdens the eye of the observer. During the Ramazan and Bairam, the gigantic capital assumed an inexpressibly grand appearance, as it was seen illuminated in the twilight from that commanding point, nor were the huge men-of-war, in the Golden Horn below, the least important accessaries to the effect. A twinkling light flickered from every port-hole, and the masts were hung with transparent lanterns.

Whether it was on one of these occasions, that the dank malaria, issuing from the adjoining and overcrowded grave-yards, or the miasma escaping from the puddle dock below, or worse, an imprudent exposure to the sun during the day, crept with their wonted stealth into the system, to terminate in intermittent fever, I even now know not; but in the month of July I was visited with a most severe and virulent attack of that distressing malady, which, in a few days, reduced me from a state of robust health to one of extreme debility. At the hottest period of the year, Constantinople is subject to the influence of the most subtle and piercing

winds, of which a North-easter is the most formidable. That wind, which emanates from the fetid and pestilential steppes of Western Tartary, has not been sufficiently rarified by the Black Sea ere it arrives in Europe to partake of the piercing influence of the local currents of air, with which it becomes blended on its passage. Thus a person sallying forth at mid-day in summer, when the heat is most oppressive, is liable, in encountering one of these currents, to receive such a check to the system as may at any time produce an attack of ague. I imagine we are accustomed in England to judge of the climate of Constantinople rather in reference to the latitude in which it is placed than to its physical position, and the conformation of the country in its vicinity. In winter the cold is often almost intolerable. The winter preceding my arrival had been one of Russian severity; the snow had lain upon the ground for weeks, to the depth of from six to eight feet. On my arrival in May, the cold was frequently inconvenient. All this is to be attributed to the exposed situation of the greater portion of the city, which renders it a prey to the winds from every quarter. Even from the south, Olympus wafts her icy breath during spring, with telling effect on the thermometer.

The country in the vicinity of Constantinople possesses almost unrivalled attractions. Eastward from the city stretches the Thracian Bosphorus, dotted with the villages of Bebec, Therapia, Byukderé, and other well-known haunts of pleasure. Belgrade, more inland, contains within her ample domain rural charms of no common order. The Sweet Waters are the fashionable place of resort of the Turkish, Greek, and Armenian fair. There they may be said literally to hang their harps upon the willows, not like the captive Israelites of

old, in sorrow, but in the full expression of mirth and festivity. To the south of the city are situated Scutari and its lovely environs, Kadykeui, Fanari, and the Prince's islands; to the west, the picturesque shores of the Sea of Marmora. A sail up the Bosphorus is of itself worth going from England for, not that you even there realise the sublime: it is the picturesque and the beautiful that are shadowed forth in a degree unsurpassed elsewhere.

What astonishes every stranger, and the British sailor more than all, is the fragile nature of the canoe in which he navigates that pent-up, impetuous current. He feels that the slightest deflection of his person on either side would immediately upset the little craft. When, to make the matter worse, he perceives that she only possesses a purchase of the water in her middle, the extremities fore and aft running bow-wise from out of it, his wonder is for a long time alternated with apprehension. On one occasion I accompanied a friend to an appointment with Sir S. Canning at Therapia. No sooner had we landed one of the American missionaries at Bebec, than we were overtaken by boisterous weather. Although the distance between the two places scarcely exceeds three miles, it took us four hours to accomplish it, the *caïquejés* twice putting in on the way to recruit themselves from their exhaustion. In case we had been upset, the surf and current would have assuredly prevented our reaching the shore. I confess it was not without anxiety that I beheld the flood of water, which every now and then broke in upon the boat, baled out at the risk of finding ourselves on her beam ends. Fortunately, though drenched to the skin, we finally succeeded in effecting a landing in safety. On the return passage we had the wind in our favour, and

accomplished in a few minutes, without risk, what it had taken us hours to effect in starting. Very many melancholy accidents have taken place on the Bosphoru within a comparatively recent period. Just before my arrival three young men, employed at the iron works at Zeitoun Bournou, had been capsized in rounding an angle where the current is most impetuous; two of them were swimmers, and contended long, but in vain, with the eddying whirlpool. They were drowned. The third of the party, ignorant of natation, was carried by the current to the next projection of the shore, and landed on the sand unharmed. In returning to inquire after his friends, he found, instead, their corpses on the beach, a few hundred yards above. In winter, it is for weeks together impossible to cross the narrow channel between Stamboul and Scutari. The communication could always be kept up by steamers, but for a class interest—that of the *caïquejés*. No sooner was the proposal to employ steamers mooted, than those sturdy athletes rose in a body, and demanded the revocation of a scheme which would have rendered them so many supernumeries in the labour market. Mob law, and labour combinations, are as equally prevalent, and far more successful, in despotic countries than with us, where capital can accomplish next to impossibilities. The project to which I have alluded, was, therefore, dropped. About the same time, and probably in consequence of the successful opposition referred to, the women of Stamboul, alarmed at the increasing demand which had of late sprung up for their youth for military service, from which, for some reason or other, they claim an exemption, in like manner hastened to the palace, and, on being refused admittance, gave vent to their displeasure in terms such as the sex of the lower orders only can

employ, and the authorities were obliged to withdraw the offensive requisition.

But to return to the Bosphorus, and its seats of pleasure. On one occasion, I went to Byukderé accompanied by my friend, Count F., on one of the steamers which ply twice a day between that place and the capital. The hotels at Byukderé are excesssively high in their charges. I had received an invitation to the house of a friend in the place. My companion, disgusted at the imposition practised on him, returned early next morning to Stamboul. I was left, therefore, to pursue alone a little pedestrian excursion, which I had marked out for myself. It consisted in following up the channel of the Bosphorus to its embouchure into the Black Sea. In striking across the country to Philen, a Turkish town and fortress on the Black Sea, retracing my course from thence to Belgrade, in the interior, and returning to Byukderé in the evening, in all, a distance of thirty miles. Nothing could be more striking than the first part of the *route* through the picturesque fishing villages, in which myriads of small fish were hung up to dry on stakes, and along side the ancient forts, which Turkish negligence is permitting to fall fast to decay. The space required to describe all the objects of interest which delight the eye between Byukderé and the Symplegades, is here forbidden me. Proceed we to observe that at Fanaraki, in the immediate vicinity of the last named rocks, is a light-house, and close by it, the last of the forts which line, but do not guard, the shores leading to the capital, the key of the empire. It must be the firm belief which the Turks maintain in predestination, that can have alone induced them to leave exposed to a Russian fleet, posts, such as the application of a small amount of science, and no

great expence, might have rendered invulnerable. After passing Philen, I was surprised to notice the desolation which had been occasioned over a large tract of country, by the loose sand blown up from the beach by the wind, for the sea could not possibly, heavily as it may beat on this coast, attain such an altitude. Worse than all, fertile as may be the whole of this angle of Europe, nine tenths of it remain uncultivated.

The entrance to the forest in which Belgrade is situated is very romantic and beautiful. For a time, the pedestrian winds along roads skirting precipices and dells, their whole surface covered with the finest timber, until he reaches the valley itself; there he crosses those gigantic dams all of the finest marble, which Justinian constructed to retain the waters of a neighbouring stream, and which, subsequently entering an aqueduct, supply Constantinople. These dams and bridges are of the finest materials and workmanship, and do honor to the Greek architect and his Turkish imitators. The village of Belgrade has many rural charms, and is much frequented during the summer season. The forest in which it is situated, rejoices in the most noble timber; and the mineral waters, for which it is famous, are a great resort for invalids. I returned to Byukderé by the road which follows the aqueduct to Constantinople, and is carried alongside of it for some distance, by the same giant viaducts over the ravines and valleys. The valley in which Byukderé is situated is surpassingly beautiful, and richly cultivated withal; for it admits of being plentifully irrigated. At the time of my visit, the green crops assumed a surprising luxuriance. I arrived at my journey's end at sunset, passing through the great brick-field, in the outskirts, which employs a great number of hands.

It was on my return, on this occasion, to Constantinople, that I fell in with Dr. Millingen and his son; the name of the former has become known to Europe by his having accompanied Lord Byron, in his travels in the East; he is now physician to the Dowager Sultana; the latter had just been rescued from the fangs of a gang of miscreants, with whom the Greek or Albanian bandit might compare with advantage. From the statement of the youth, it appeared that, after the separation of his father from his Greek wife, he had been invited by an aunt, then resident in Italy, to join her there, in order that she might impart to him an English education, which was not to be obtained at Constantinople. She was then a Protestant. Her brother, therefore, had no scruple in accepting for his son the proffered boon. No sooner had he arrived, than she embraced the Romish superstition; whereupon the first fruit of her apostasy was to consign the youth, who had so strong a claim on her honour, fidelity, and affection, to that den of iniquity—a Romish convent. To its shame be it said, no measures were taken by the British Government to obtain his removal. In vain Dr. Millingen persuaded the Sultana to address her Majesty the Queen of these realms, with a view to the enforcement of his son's delivery. The agonized father had witnessed one after another the futility of every effort, and had renounced the struggle as a hopeless one, when by the interposition of Providence, the hurricane of the Revolution burst, like a torrent, on the Romish States, sweeping before it the profligate herd of priestly *debauchées* who had so long profaned the sacred seat of Coriolanus and the Gracchi. To Rome Dr. Millingen therefore hastened, with all the despatch which a father, robbed of his offspring, could employ. A brother practitioner, a Roman

Catholic, also residing at Constantinople, had, nevertheless, written by the same channel, to advise the authorities of the convent of his contemplated mission. No sooner, however, had Dr. Millingen laid before the triumvirs the object of his arrival, than they at once issued an order to enable him to enter the convent, and furnished him with a guard, in case of treachery, or of a refusal to deliver up his son. He preferred to enter the convent as an English traveller who was anxious to satisfy his curiosity, and begged to see the pupils of the Establishment. As one by one they passed before him, he finally recognised his own son, in spite of his disguise, and now imparted to the authorities his intention of removing him from the establishment. Unconscious that the Government had interested itself on behalf of their victim, they refused to deliver him, until the Doctor exhibited his order, and intimated that a body of soldiers were outside, ready to act in case of an emergency. They were then fain to submit; and the boy was allowed to return home with his father. He is a youth of a very handsome and pre-possessing appearance, and apparently very intelligent; but so disgracefully had his education been neglected for the mummery of idolatry, that he could actually speak *no* language fluently, not even the Italian, or Latin, in which he was wont to be addressed. Of English, he had some smattering; but could with difficulty answer my questions.

Whatever may be its precepts, it will be almost universally allowed, that the practice of a faith such as this, is about the greatest scourge that can be inflicted on a country. The Greeks, debased as they are by a scarcely less puerile superstition are, happily, exempt from the dark designs and crafty system of intrigue pursued by their Roman rivals. Moreover, even under

the modified form of simple toleratlon, meted out to the Roman Catholic clergy in their own country and in the East, the Greeks have long learnt to view them with an abhorrence which they are at no pains to conceal. I had occasion to come into collision with the schemes of one of these sainted gentlemen, in a matter which I shall proceed to relate:—While residing at Corfu, I had formed the acquaintance of a Count F——, a Milanese nobleman, of an age similar to my own; he had formerly held the post of Lieutenant in the Imperial Guard in Vienna: but, on the breaking out of the revolution, the Italian and Hungarian components of the force were suspected and disbanded; and the officer found himself suddenly shut out from a brilliant career. On his return to his native city, he found the prospect of things at home anything but encouraging. Only a small portion of his father's property had been as yet inherited by his sons; the mother retained in her hands the bulk of the estate, and she had of late become so infatuated as to lavish it on the Romish priesthood. Her children hated the priests and their religion, with the undying hate with which the rising generation of Italians are animated towards it. The misfortunes of his country contributed, with causes such as these, to bring on a fit of dejection, to alleviate which the young officer was recommended by his friends to travel. He acquiesced, and was at Bologna when that place fell into the hands of the Austrians. The police were not to be satisfied with his assertion that he was a stranger to the political movement; they refused to believe that he could have visited Bologna at such a time on motives of pleasure, and ordered his incarceration. At the expiration of a year, his brother succeeded in bribing the mistress of the

Austrian commandant, and he was set at liberty. No long time elapsed ere he arrived at Corfu. He professed a great wish to accompany me into the East, and I found him duly expecting me at Patras. At Athens, we remained together for some time, but I had preceded him by some days to Constantinople. On his arrival at that place, he unburthened himself to me of all his griefs, and intimated his intention of making away with himself. I remonstrated with him against such an idea; but I must confess that I doubted, on many grounds, the firmness of his resolution, and treated the whole affair as a jest. On one occasion, he asked me to take possession of all his effects, and, after sending a memento to his friends, to dispose of the rest at my discretion. Shortly afterwards, in paying my usual morning visit, I was startled by the *maître d'hotel*, with the information that he had actually carried his threats into execution. It appeared that he had taken a *caïque* to Fanari, on the Asiatic side, had there shot himself with a pistol, which was found on the ground near him by a Turk, who had left him weltering in his blood to rouse the nearest military post, and that he had been carried in great agony by the soldiers to the house of the Romish priest at Kadykeui. Thither then I hurried, as quickly as possible, and found my unhappy friend in the state described. The Italian doctor assured me that he could not possibly live twenty-four hours, it being impossible to extract the ball.

The Austrian Embassy, with the rapidity of its own eagle, had already scented out the dying man, and I found one of the clerks taking an inventory of the spoil. I intimated that I had been left my friend's executor, and that I intended to act as such

that the Austrian Embassy was the last place in the world to which he would resort for a measure such as they appeared to contemplate; and that as an Italian, he loathed the oppressors of his country. On discovering from the baggage then on the spot, that there were scarcely sufficient effects to cover the cost of the funeral, the Austrian retired. The priest I found scarcely less eager to serve his own turn from the melancholy occurrence. A number of the inhabitants warned me of his artifices. To save, therefore, the property and valuables which my friend had left at the hotel at Galata, I induced his agents to write to his relations in Milan to acquaint them with the occurrence, being prevented from taking that step myself by a pledge I had before unthinkingly given to him. Strange to say, the ball had passed sideways and having remained lodged in the flesh, thanks to the corpulence of his person, had injured no vital part. In three weeks he was convalescent, and his brothers had him removed to an hotel in Pera. Whether or no he caught cold in crossing the water, I cannot say; but he was soon seized with an attack of fever. On quitting Constantinople, I left him hurrying to the tomb, having had the satisfaction of discharging all the duties of friendship that could be expected of me.

It was on a personal matter connected with my friend's affairs, that I had occasion to communicate with the British Consul-General at Constantinople. Perhaps I had formed too high an expectation of the suavity and attention to business becoming so highly paid a functionary; but however the case might be, I had not calculated upon meeting with a rebuff at the very door of the Consulate, such as the humblest British subject would have a right to feel aggrieved at. The British

Consul-General at Constantinople receives a salary, in cluding fees of nearly two thousand pounds per annum.

The office may be no sinecure, yet its duties, important as they may nominally appear, having reference exclusively to the *haut* commerce, are comprised within the smallest compass. The functionary lives in one of the best houses of Pera; he is noted alike for his arrogance and ignorance. Rumour, ever busy in the cities of the Levant, ascribes his elevation to aristocratic favoritism, and indulges in details such as I do not think it right to transcribe. Whether correctly or incorrectly, his appointment is reputed to have met with the disapproval of the Ambassador. In proportion to his assumption, is his inaccessibility. *Kavasses* check your progress at the entrance. You pass this impediment, and a line of kennels, containing pointers and setters, when your summons at the door of the mansion is answered by a Greek servant, who acquaints you that his master is engaged. You can wait then until he is disengaged. But he bars you from admission. Can it be the British Consul who lives here? ask you in your wonderment. Yes, then tell him that a British subject requests an interview, and begs that he may be allowed to sit down in his office until he is ready to receive him. The veracity of the statement respecting his engagement, at least on the business of his office, is belied by his immediately appearing in that apartment which before was tenantless. The Greek servitor remains in the room to listen to your conversation. You politely intimate that you will be happy to enter on the subject on which you have sought his presence as soon as the attendant is dismissed. As soon as you are *tête à tête*, you wonder what can have induced you to seek information from so supercilious and ignorant a personage. You came to

ask his advice on certain points connected with the *lex loci*; he knows, or affects to know nothing, and you depart as wise as you came. I must refrain from making anything more than an allusion to the strong opinion which the merchant-captains frequenting Constantinople and the Black Sea have formed respecting this functionary. They, it will be said, are passionate and violent men, and through ignorance, impute motives such as a distempered imagination would conjure up from the constant, though it may be accidental, occurrence of unlooked-for contingencies. But it is a great misfortune, as well as an absurd anomaly, that the Consul-General should be wholly independent of the Ambassador; for it gives rise to nothing but blunders, losses, and inconveniences. Just previously to my arrival at Constantinople, representations had been made to Sir Stratford Canning by parties most seriously injured by the incapacity, wilfulness, and tardiness of the Consul-General. Sir Stratford was generally supposed to have admonished him; but the official himself made no secret of his entire independence of any superior.

The most glaring abuses are in consequence permitted to transpire without an attempt at correction. A Scotch engineer, who had been formerly employed on the Austrian Lloyd's, and subsequently, in the same capacity, on an English vessel, having been seized with a violent fever, made application for admittance into the British Hospital, an institution supported by the dues payable by every British sailor. Although the man was clearly in a dangerous state, he was refused admittance, on the ground that the privileges of the institution could only be shared by sailors, and, that as an engineer, he did not come within the prescribed rules. Frenzied at this barbarous refinement, the man declared that they must

remove him by force; and, seating himself on the floor of the hall, looked, to use the words of a bystander, as if he were only preserved from death by the indignation to which he was excited by their cruelty. He was raised up, however, by the Turkish *gendarmes*, and placed in the street to die, if he had continued there many hours. Fortunately, a benevolent fellow-countryman, confiding in French generosity, ran on to the French hospital, the lady superior of which at once consented to admit the sufferer, on condition that his preserver would guarantee the payment of his actual maintenance. There the poor fellow received the greatest kindness and attention, and recovered after the lapse of a month.

I shall not stop to weigh the official pedantry which left a fellow-countryman to perish, or to be taken in by strangers, when there was a richly-endowed institution, with ample means at hand, to receive him; but shall proceed to show in what manner our Consular system in the East operates, in relation to the interests of British commerce. The soul of commerce is generally supposed to be credit. There can be no credit where there is no faith: we have to show, then, the causes of a want of faith; and, for that purpose, we have little more to do than to quote an established axiom which has prevailed in the Levant from time immemorial, that no reliance can be placed on the word of either Greek or Armenian. To all general principles, there are exceptions; and there are individuals of either people who are behind none in probity and fair dealing. It is the mass, however, with which we have to deal. But, it will be said, a species of credit does, and indeed must, to some extent, prevail in the East, as elsewhere; and it is to this class that the case, of which we are about to speak, refers. A poor Scotch engineer, thrown out of

employment through some unforeseen casualty, was induced to enter into a contract with a Greek capitalist, to undertake the distillation of whiskey, in a country district; in return for which he was to be fed and clothed at his expense, and to receive besides a half of the proceeds arising from the sale of the article. The proprietor further bound himself under the penalty of one hundred pounds, to maintain the contract inviolate, unless it were dissolved by mutual consent. For a time, the parties pulled together admirably. Ere long, however, the Greek bethought himself of a more profitable outlet for his surplus capital, and cogitated on the readiest means of ridding himself of the incubus on his prospective advancement. He now pronounced the whiskey execrable, and sent a specimen to some of his compatriots at Constantinople, who, true to their character, returned an answer in accordance with his instructions. The Scotchman, however, had also privately sent a sample, and to his appeal the English houses returned for answer, that they would be prepared to purchase any quantity he could supply. at the market price of the article. Foiled on this side, the Greek now averred that both parties had agreed to the abandonment of the contract, and, after suborning a number of his countrymen in the village to confirm his statement, shut up the distillery, and, at a moment's notice, and without any compensation, turned his unfortunate partner adrift to shift for himself, as well as he could. For a moment, overcome by the calamity, the luckless man yielded to his fate, and sank under it; but, as soon as he had regained a portion of his energies, he drew up a statement of his case, and submitted it to the British Consul.

The matter had already been litigated two years when

I arrived at Constantinople, and has since been abandoned in despair by the unfortunate plaintiff. What progress had been made during that long interval? The case had been, in the first instance, brought before the Greek Consul, who appointed *two* Commissioners for the defendant, both friends and fellow-countrymen; the plaintiff, who could only nominate *one* Commissioner, was also advised to have recourse to another Greek to act for him in the matter. How was the case brought before a tribunal thus impartially constituted? One might have supposed, as the contract had been signed, sealed, and ratified, at the respective Consulates, and no annulment in any form, legal or otherwise, had been submitted to the same authority, the British Consulate would have placed the matter upon that issue, and suffered no collateral question to arise to disturb it. The strong ground upon which they should have stood was, however, abandoned at the outset, and ample scope was thereby afforded fer the interminable chicane and perjury to which a Greek will so unscrupulously resort. The latter brought up his perjured array; the plaintiff could not prove a negative; the two Greeks accordingly decided in favour of their countryman, in defiance of the protest of the Commissioner for the plaintiff. The case, notwithstanding, could not be allowed to pass over in this manner. For months it rested in abeyance, until the plaintiff demanded a new trial. This time he selected an English merchant to act as his Commissioner; as often, however, as the case was about to come on for adjudication, one or other of the Commissioners were absent. Things were in this state when I arrived. I was requested by the plaintiff and his friends to take up the case. I did so; but, after a very unsatisfactory correspondence with the Consul-General, the only

information I derived was, that the Commission was not a Commission of Arbitration, but a Commission to try; that he had no jurisdiction in the case; and further, that he had no power to require that it should be tried in any other manner. He omitted, however, to refer to the improper shape in which the matter had been allowed to be taken cognizance of by the Greek authorities.

To whomsoever the blame of this state of things is to be attributed, I think my readers will unanimously agree with me, that it is time the system should determine speedily and for ever. So flagrant a mockery of justice is without a parallel, even among the most barbarous and despotically-ruled communities. By reason of their extensive commercial operations, our countrymen are naturally the greatest sufferers by the system; hence is to be attributed the cause of the gradual decay of our Levant trade; hence the disappearance, one by one, of all the firms which rendered our commercial position respectable. But let any Frenchman, German, Italian, or American, be asked what confidence any one of them has in any court in which a Greek or Armenian defendant can exercise a predominant influence, and they will spontaneously answer—none whatever. In point of fact, they are seldom or never known to litigate a case, preferring rather the first loss to the perpetual vexation and expense attendant upon a prosecution. In nine cases out of ten, the same course is adopted by the English, a reluctance, which has so emboldened the Greeks and Armenians, that, whenever an opportunity presents itself, they seldom or never hesitate to adopt every species of artifice to elude a settlement. Frauds like this necessarily paralyse all commerce; and let it be recollected, that two-thirds of the commerce of the

Levant pass directly or indirectly through the hands of Armenians and Greeks. When to these unfair advantages are added their subtlety, the perfect acquaintance they possess of the Oriental character, their influence with the Government, and their control over its various departments, the wonder is that Western Europe has been enabled to withstand so unequal and ruinous a competition so long. No amount of energy or pertinacity will succeed to secure the recovery of a debt from a Greek when fraudulently disposed. Even supposing him to be a Greek subject; and the case to have been pressed against him so closely, that no apparent means of extrication from his embarrassments remain, he will, Proteus-like, abandon his nationality and become a rayah. That step at once renders all the proceedings hitherto taken null and void; and should the plaintiff be still determined to proceed, the affair has to be submitted to a Turkish court. There the Greek is sure to come off victor, even supposing the case ever likely to come to a conclusion, for he can bribe the judges, where his antagonist cannot; and to render the matter still more certain, he can always *levant*, if the worst should happen, with impunity. The Americans, who are generally reputed to be the least deficient in acuteness and enterprise of any people now existing, have failed, even more signally than ourselves, in maintaining their footing in the Levant. One by one have they abandoned the trade in despair. The only American now remaining there is a commission-agent, who, if I am informed aright, could unfold some singular tales of American loss incurred by a reliance on Greek and Armenian honesty. But it has not been in commercial enterprise alone that they and the people of Western Europe have suffered. They, and the English more especially, have been the

means of introducing whatever manufactures are now to be found within the Turkish dominions; they have been its ship-builders, its iron-founders, its cotton-spinners, its printers; in fact, the mechanics of the empire. It is true none of these undertakings have repaid their original outlay, all have been carried on at a heavy loss; why, we shall presently see; but as the agents of the work, they, at all events, have done their best to ensure success.* One by one have they been

* Of all the various peoples with whom it has ever been my lot to come into contact, the Armenians are at once the most thoroughly selfish and grasping. They are not a penurious people; on the contrary, the money they earn by dint of fraud, or, to say the least, a singular disregard of character, is lavished with a careless hand as soon as it is obtained. But a love of self predominates, and is seen to pervade every action of their lives. The settlement of Europeans in the East is one of their peculiar objects of aversion. Strange to say, this antipathy concurs with the policy pursued by the Turkish Government, which in like manner fears the settlement of strangers. To prevent the imaginary danger, a law has been recently enacted, forbidding the purchase or possession of lands or houses by any other than a Turk or Rayah. Formerly a European had a right, through his wife, to become possessed of what property he might think proper to purchase; the Turkish Government, with a professed chivalry, taking women under its special protection. Now the case is altered; and it is only by a connexion by marriage with a Turkish subject that a right to property can be established. The law is, of course, evaded by every species of subterfuge: property is held in the name of servants, but more commonly of Turks themselves, on whose honour the strictest reliance is deservedly placed. But to render the matter still more certain, the Turk gives a bond, generally in excess of the value of the property, which is retained as a check against every contingency. It is more to be hoped than expected that the Ottoman Government will discover the folly of such legislation, and henceforth favour and protect, rather than oppose, the colonization of her vast wastes. The right even to erect a mill, or engage in any private

undermined by Greek or Armenian craft, and displaced to make room for them or their protegés, ignorant or incapable as they might chance to be. But to revert to the original question—How far can justice be assured

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undertaking, however insignificant, is made a question of patent, the profits of which are appropriated by the Government functionaries. Thus the right to grind corn by steam pertains to the sisters of a French convent, which they have found it necessary to purchase; and when one of their countrymen imported machinery, and, in ignorance of the law, had begun to rear the foundation of a rival establishment, a complaint was made to the sultan by an officer in his suite, and the building was ordered to be demolished forthwith. From so glaring a specimen of misrule, the reader may be disposed to infer that Turkey would be benefited by a change of masters. A little reflection will shew that the evils which I have depicted not only could not diminish, but might even increase, under Russian auspices. We all know the rottenness of the Russian system, how the germ of every corruption is already implanted therein, and how, despite of all the vigilance of the emperor, the most enormous peculations are of weekly occurrence. How, then, could the Russians check the present system? But granting that they could, the evil would re-appear immediately, under a new and less transparent guise. It is only fair to infer, that if they cannot eradicate corruption in Russia, where they are cognisant of the means employed to deceive, they will prove still more incompetent in tracing it, when pursued by Greeks and Armenians. Again, as far as liberty and the happiness of the human family are concerned, will any one for a moment compare the condition of the Turk with his religious republic, of which the sultan is president, to the all-absorbing power of the Czar, felt through every subordinate, and known only as a crushing tyranny. No! the population of Turkey is, at least, more free and happy than that of its neighbour; and though it cannot count such lofty palaces, noble streets, great armies, and other evidences of the machinery of power, it can at least claim for itself (what, after all, is the more important consideration), that it gives the greater happiness to the greater number.

to British subjects, and by what agency are their rights most likely to be protected? It would be presumptuous in me to more than indicate the mode, patent as it may be. The first to suggest itself is a board of Vice-consuls, or properly qualified legal persons, chosen from the respective embassies, any three of whom might be chosen in rotation for a day's sitting, and before whom a case should be judged on its simple merits; or, if a legal tribunal were requisite, a competent judge might be selected from any one of the four great nations, and a code, formed from the Code Napoleon, but simplified, to meet the exigencies of the particular case, might be introduced. The pleadings and proceedings generally, should be carried on in the Italian language.

I have now performed the duty I have imposed upon myself in calling attention to this crying evil; it must devolve on abler hands to weigh and mature my suggestions. None can be fitter to take the initiative in so important a measure than the high-minded and elevated Canning, the illustrious representative of British interests at the Ottoman Court. For him, I, in common with all the world, have the deepest veneration and respect. He is regarded, and justly, by the Turks as the father of their country;—more than once he has stepped forward as its saviour. The *imperium in imperio*, which his transcendant abilities and lofty patriotism have justly earned for him over the destinies of Turkey, has never been exercised for the exclusive benefit of any single nation, but for the common interests of humanity. I am sure our American brethren will ever have reason to venerate his memory. Stepping beyond the narrow limit which separates us from our Trans-atlantic offspring, he has, in every case, supported their interests, as if he had been specially retained in their behalf, with

a vigour and disinterestedness as yet unknown in the annals of diplomacy.

A corrective to the evil I have so inadequately described, lies not with him, as I have before remarked, unless he receive new and enlarged powers adequate to its removal. Wherever British interests have been submitted to *his* keeping, they have been sustained with energy and success. The first of living diplomatists, by his advocacy of enlarged views on every question, he has gone far to redeem what was fast becoming an exploded science, and degenerating into bootless subtleties and petty Machiavellism, from the stigma which was so justly attached to it. Long may he live to protect the civilization of the West against the aggression of the northern hordes, and remain the powerful agent for the diffusion of light, truth, and a spirit of justice, among the fallen children of the East!

It was a proud day for him, when, standing at Unkiar Skelessi, as the representative of the most powerful nation of the world, he forbade the Russian fleet from proceeding, as it had threatened, to seize upon the Ottoman capital. Perhaps that was the most imminent danger in which Turkey ever has been or ever will be placed. As years have rolled on, the Czar must have discovered the insuperable obstacles to the success of his darling project. England and France, thanks to modern science, are as near the object of his cravings as himself. Russia, to men of foresight, has ceased to be the bugbear of Turkey; it is the Greek she has now cause to apprehend and none other.

I have spoken of the ill-success of the Turks in attempting to naturalize European manufactures within the Ottoman territory. Under any circumstances, such a result might readily be expected. Who ever heard

of a government becoming a manufacturer, and its subjects profiting thereby, even under the most economical management, and a practice of the most perfect system of integrity. Could, however, the originators of these establishments, and did they, anticipate any other than a wholesale system of malversation from the very commencement? Rather did they not deem it necessary to strike out a new plan through which to plunder the state, the old ones having become too transparent; and did not this suggest itself as the readiest and most certain: wearing, as it did, the guise of patriotism. What then do we find? That at least a third of the various articles manufactured at the various establishments are abstracted by the pashas for their own private purposes, as soon as they are completed. That the stores are robbed by them and their subordinates at discretion, and that false entries are made in the public books to an almost incredible extent. On more than one occasion I have been myself an eye-witness with how infinitely small a sum you may gain over a Turkish underling. I employed an agent to clear the baggage of my Italian friend at the custom-house in Galata. The authorities were, at that time, particularly jealous of the importation of books, the Armenian priests having loudly complained to the government of the attempts made to proselyte through that agency, by the American missionaries. They were, therefore, in a manner prohibited. In return for a piastre (2¼*d.* English), which the agent slipped into his hand, the douanier was induced to pass the baggage almost without examination, and turned aside as soon as he saw the books.

Under a proper system of supervision, the customs duties are of themselves capable of supporting the

entire expenditure of the state. At present they chiefly find their way into the pockets of the Armenian farmer; and, whatever benefit individual officials may derive from them, the Turkish government receives little or nothing. To the English reader all this, and what more I could relate, naturally appears incredible. Were he on the spot, his astonishment would cease at the instant. While reading such statements in his easy chair, he is induced to ask,—What is the Sultan about? Are there no honest men in Turkey? Certainly there are: but honest men are very frequently deficient in the inflexibility of purpose, and the dauntless courage requisite to proceed against such fearful odds, and unmask corruption. Conscious of his powerlessness to avert the evil the honest man then sits blindfold while the robbery is being committed. As for the Sultan, he may never have heard of what is transpiring, or, with all his affection for his subjects, he may be a mere cypher, incapable of remedying such abuses. But, were he as energetic as his father, and were he again to make the Seven Towers the receptacle and place of punishment of the vultures by whom he is surrounded; were he to bowstring never so many of these hardened culprits, what then? The system has taken far too deep a root ever to be so eradicated. An offender is now and then emboldened to diverge from the beaten track and commit too glaring and palpable a fraud, or appropriate too huge a spoil; his fellows become alarmed, or are rendered jealous, and determine to betray him. What is the consequence? A hungry, needy follower of the government is immediately put in his place. He proceeds, perhaps, with great dexterity and sharpened appetite to trace the malversations of his predecessor. Or he may at once enter into collusion with the accused,

and at the price of a handsome bribe, gloss over his enormities, and reduce them to some infinitesimal degree of culpability. Let us suppose he pursues the former course. He profits by it none the less, and quickly satiates himself. Now he has a vested interest to protect. Visions of a palace at Stamboul, and a retired *otium cum dignitate* in the winter of his years are already presented to his eyes. Thenceforth, he, too, perceives that it is equally practicable for himself to live, thrive and fatten on the public spoil.

Two years ago, one of the principal Armenians in the service of government was accused of a series of peculations, and imprisoned. Whether from a previous understanding with his accusers, or from some apprehension that he might betray them, in case matters were carried too far, his son was immediately appointed to the vacant post, and the father was released after a brief incarceration. How this gentleman conducted the business over which he was set, was a matter of public notoriety! There is a sad want of trusty public auditors in this land of Turkey! Otherwise it is hard to see how three or four thousand tons of coals, or as many of ship timber, find their way so frequently into the public accounts without ever having arrived at their destination. There are English subordinates, honorable men too, who have been made privy to these frauds, yet conscious of the futility, and the no less imminent danger of exposing them, have been content to accept the humble donatives the more powerful birds of prey have vouchsafed to fling them.

How many millions have been sunk over the giant structures, in which those piece-goods, that ornamental iron work, and a hundred other articles have been fabricated, I am almost afraid to say; but it has been

calculated that any first-rate house in Manchester will turn out as many yards of print in three months as they are here capable of producing in a year. Costly as are the appliances. compared with their insignificant results, a screw is continually found to be loose in the organization. Either the designers are not ready, with their patterns, or the dyes have not arrived from England, or some other impediment obstructs the progress of business.

To judge of the resources of the state by the offices in which its public business is transacted, more especially in the districts remote from the capital, you might suppose the empire to be on the verge of bankruptcy. For what purpose then are designed all these gorgeous iron castings, and that beautifully wrought tracery which you are told are intended to adorn the entrance of some provincial pashalic? For the private use of his highness as soon as he is liberated from the weighty duties of office, and is able to retire on his well-earned gains into a splendid retreat at Stamboul, or on the banks of the Bosphorus. Some speculative Americans had established a steamer to ply between Galata and Byukderé. It met with a mishap, and when raised, was consigned to Stamboul for repairs. When overhauled, it was found to be in a leaky condition, and its owners were willing to listen to the terms proposed for its purchase by two cunning Pashas. It was sold for what purpose, think you? To be completely refitted at Zeitoun Bournou, at the expense of the government, and then to be engaged again, as private speculation by those honorable men. But why quote example after example, to prove the ruin accruing to the country from this gigantic and well-organised system of fraud? Simply to show that

to it, in great measure, is to be ascribed the gradual but unerring decay of the Turkish empire. In the Osmanli character, where uncontaminated by the pernicious influence of bad example, will be found to abide much of that primitive nobility of character, which, however sullied by ferocity, elevated the country for a time to the first position among European states, there still remains much of that simple dignity and personal courage, which rendered them such formidable antagonists to Eastern Europe. But what avails isolated virtue against concentrated and organised vice? Were a Pombal to arise, and for a brief moment to stem the tide of infamy, where is his successor? Wherever the Oriental parasite fixes itself to the monarch, however lordly, of the forest, natural history tells us the monarch step by step succumbs, and becomes the inanimate log a child may topple over. Such will be the fate of Turkey, such of Russia, perhaps; unless the evil be checked in the latter country by some violent uprising of the popular impulses.

During the period of my residence at Constantinople, a number of those devastating fires, the ruinous effects of which can scarcely be appreciated in a country like ours, where the measures for extinguishing them are of so prompt and efficacious character, succeeded each other with frightful rapidity. Owing to the elevated and sloping position of the various quarters of the capital, the narrowness of the streets, and the inequalities of the trottoirs, which render them impassable for carriages, no efficient engines for the extinction of a great conflagration are to be found within the circumference of the giant city. A primitive sort of box, with which two men can run with ease, but which is utterly inadequate for the purpose for which it was designed,

is, therefore, the only remedial measure that can be applied. When, then, the reader is informed that the aforesaid machine will contain no more than five or six gallons of water at any one time, and that, in consequence of the want of reliance manifested towards their employers by the Armenian porters, the instruments generally employed on these occasions, every bucket has to be paid for, at the time and on the spot, he will form some notion of the rapid and fatal progress of a great fire. The stranger residing at Galata, or any central spot, can readily gain the earliest intelligence of these events, by means of the certain and unerring *indicia*, which nature, taking compassion on human helplessness, has suggested for the occasion. No sooner has a fire broken out in any quarter, than the hordes of dogs, bivouacing in its vicinity, raise a shrill and sustained howl, which is borne without interruption, and in an instant, by their fellows along the whole area of the metropolis. The lofty towers on either side of the Golden Horn are then quickly ascended, and the locality of the fire is designated. Soon the watchmen hurry along the streets, repeating the tidings acquired from canine sagacity. The whole city is on the *qui vive* in a moment, and rushes out of doors to the quarter indicated. Then the gates and bridges, which divide the metropolis into so many departments, are thrown open, and the multitude is free to roam at pleasure. It has often suggested itself to me, on these occasions, that the Greeks, who will, one day or other, assuredly seize upon the theatre of their former glory, will make the occurrence of a fire the medium by which to accomplish their design. At present, these conflagrations are supposed, in most cases, to be the work of incendiaries, Greek, Maltese, or Ionian plunderers, the scum of the

population, who contrive to appropriate to themselves a considerable spoil with the occurrence of every similar accident. In the month of July, three fires broke out simultaneously at three different points. The first, in the rear of the French Embassy, was not stayed before sixty-four houses had fallen a prey; the second, carried off twenty-four; the third, twelve. In this manner vast wastes are to be found in every quarter of the city; for it is a considerable time before the impoverished proprietor has the courage to clear the ruins, and erect new houses on their site. From these causes house-rent is excessively high, both at Pera and Galata; and since its liability to casualties renders the wooden house far more costly, in the end, than one of brick or stone, the prevalence of incendiarism has effectually prevented the establishment of any system of insurance. The Maltese and Ionians had long been a scourge to the peaceably disposed inhabitants of the capital, and every means had been tried by the Turkish Government, but in vain, to rid themselves of the incubus, for the British Embassy had invariably interposed to throw its shield of protection over these banditti; till, at length, the Government was induced to offer the ambassador guarantees for their proper treatment during incarceration, and a fair trial afterwards, and prevailed upon him to permit their apprehension. Before, then, they could possibly gain an inkling of the fate in store for them, some hundreds of the more hardened malefactors were arrested and clapped into a Turkish prison, much to the satisfaction of the whole population.

The Ionians and Maltese are the most numerous of all the British subjects in the Levant. They are to be met with in every part of the coasts of the Mediterranean and Black seas. From Algiers to Egypt, from

Egypt to Constantinople, from Constantinople to Trebizond, from Trebizond to Varna, and from Varna to Dalmatia; no subject of the British crown exacts, and none obtain, a more complete and effective protection for life and property. The majority too frequently abuse the privilege, and adopt it as the cloak of their bad designs; but I am happy to state that there are exceptions to the allegation; and that in two or three cases which fell within my own observation, the Ionians, settled in the maritime towns of the Danube, behaved in the most noble and generous manner to distressed British subjects, who had been engaged in the Hungarian struggle, and relieved their necessities, in a manner to call forth my acknowledgments in behalf of the objects of their charity. Nevertheless, the British character cannot be said to have been exalted in the estimation of the Turks by our defence of our insular *protegées*. The Turks are not ethnologists; and as often as they are reminded of the preponderance of *mauvais sujets*, who style themselves *Inglesas*, the moment they are caught in *flagrante delicto*, they are naturally disposed to class all of us under the came category.

However beautiful the environs of Constantinople on the European side may be considered, I confess those on the Asiatic had for me the greater attraction. No sooner has one fairly emerged, at any point of the compass, from the town of Scutari (the ancient Chalcedon) than scenery of the grandest description, and finest colouring, meets the eye at every turn. Let us suppose ourselves at the western terminus of that vast cemetery, appropriately planted with the funercal cypress, and extending on every side far away beyond the range of sight. In our rear are the Golden Horn, Stamboul, Galata, and unnumbered beauties. To the

north-west is the northern shore of the Sea of Marmora, adorned with the palace-like manufactories, reared by Turkish inexperience. Beyond, stretches the long outline of the coast; inland, the undulating plain of Adrianople. To the south, the eye embraces the long line of the Sea of Marmora, capped in the interior by Mount Olympus. To the south-east, is the gulf of Nicomedia; inland, a bold range of hills. At one's feet, is the beautiful group called the Prince's Islands, where the Colossus of Rhodes was fashioned and cast. Nearer still, are the Kadykeui and Fanari, presenting a sea of verdure; contrasting so beautifully with the dark foliage of the cypress, and somewhat with the parched plain, from which the eye embraces all these glorious objects. Whether from her position, or the superior condition of her inhabitants, the town of Scutari, though containing a population of more than one hundred thousand souls, is less offensively squalid than her European sisters: her streets are kept in tolerable order, and numerous pleasant villas dot her vicinity in all directions, even up to the foot of Three-tree Hill. From that commanding spot, a magnificent spectacle presents itself, embracing many of the objects already mentioned; besides including within its range the plain of Nicomedia, which can be commanded in a straight direction for upwards of sixty miles. Although it is intersected by one considerable, and several minor streams, the advantages which might accrue from the cultivation of the soil, under a proper system of irrigation, are, as usual, entirely neglected; and its now arid yet naturally fertile surface, that of itself could supply the capital in the greatest profusion, with every necessary and many of the luxuries of life, is chiefly distinguished by the tracks, apparently half a mile in breadth,

which Eastern travellers, with their wonted carelessness, have worn along its vast expanse.

It was in company with a Greek, that I, for the last time, made the ascent of the far-commanding hill. We found an aged Greek priest, accompanied by his children, on the summit; who advanced, and seated themselves beside us. A Bulgarian hawker next approached with his wares. From the conversation which ensued between the trio, I gathered a notion of the discontent which prevails in reference to the present state of things, and of their impatience under the yoke, which has occasioned so vast an expanse of fertile soil, within sight of one of the largest of the European capitals, to become a howling wilderness. It was on this occasion, that I was tempted to wander too far into the interior to return to Scutari in time for the last passage-boat to Constantinople. The communication between the straits is closed after gun-fire at sunset; after which the tardy traveller is fain to content himself with the accommodation offered by the filthy khans. In vain did I hasten as rapidly as possible, to the appointed rendezvous. The prospect of being benighted became increasingly apparent. In vain had my Greek friend offered a bribe, to tempt the cupidity of an adventurous *caïqueje*. Not a boat would answer my hail, on my arrival on the beach. I was without a lantern, and dreading arrest, I had returned to a khan in the vicinity of one of the principal barracks, to learn whether it would be possible to communicate with the Greek surgeon attached to it. "You are too late," was the reply; "you will not gain admittance to-night." I determined, however, to assure myself on the point by making the experiment. Watching the sentinel narrowly, as he paced to and fro, I contrived to slip in unperceived, and hastening up to the apartments

of my acquaintance, claimed his hospitality and a shelter for the night. He was bound for Thrace on the morrow, consequently he had packed up all his baggage; but, with true Greek politeness, he insisted upon unpacking so much of it as was required to render me comfortable; and I passed, what would otherwise have been a sleepless night, in perfect tranquillity.

On my return to Stamboul, in one of the passage-boats, on the following morning, I had an opportunity of learning, by personal observation, the degree of deference, to employ the mildest term, with which the Turkish women are treated by their lords. The sun becoming powerful, a stalwart Servian, of our party, very politely raised his umbrella, and held it over me, so as to shelter me from its scorching rays. At his side sat a very masculine and weather-beaten Turkish matron, whom the ribs of the umbrella somewhat inconvenienced. In a very imperious manner, she commanded him to close it; and when she found he was recalcitrant, she seized it, and shut the offensive instrument with her own hands. He again opened it, when she rose, and seizing him by the hair, belaboured him in the most unmerciful manner on the head with her clenched fists, until the other passengers and the *caïquejés* interposed and called upon him to obey her. For me the scene was one fraught with a curious interest, to witness the submission of so powerful a man to the behests of a vindictive old harridan, whom he could have toppled over into the water with the movement of his little finger. One of two conclusions was to be inferred: either he feared that his fellow-passengers would, by asserting her cause, humiliate him even more, or that he unconsciously bowed to the moral right accorded to women in this singular country. During

the progress of the quarrel, he had used, it would seem, some very offensive expressions, in which a stigma was thrown on her chastity. As soon as she had somewhat calmed, she inquired of her other neighbour, a Greek, whether he thought I understood the Turkish language; and if so, whether I was likely to comprehend the injurious epithets. With the view of amusing himself and the other passengers, he assured her I was but too well acquainted with the language, and whispered to me aside the nature of the Servian's insinuations. Looking the two other Europeans full in the face, and among them were a Frenchman and Italian, she remarked quite audibly, that she cared not so much for the effect it might have had upon the minds of the others; but that the worst feature of the *contrétemps* had been the exposure before the young Englishman.

Scutari is noted among other notabilities for its barracks, edifices of gigantic size and extent, capable, in themselves, of housing a large army. Some years back the interior of one of the largest of these structures had been gutted by an appalling fire. Into such consternation had the government been thrown by a visitation of Providence, such as a little foresight and precaution on their own part might have entirely obviated, that they had only just found courage to rebuild it. Similar vast buildings are applied to the same purpose on the European side of the strait; for what purpose, it is difficult to imagine, seeing that Turkish indifference or fatalism has left open the door to the capital to the only external enemy whom they have reason to fear, and barred admittance to the allies on whom they hope to count in the moment of emergency. A short walk from Scutari brings the traveller to Kadykeui. Thanks to the cliff on which it is perched, which enables it to enjoy the

sea-breeze, and opens to it the most lovely of marine scenery, the village is a charming place of resort in the summer months. Many of the Greek and foreign merchants are located there and at Fanari.

The city of Pera, for so it may properly be termed, it being under a different administration, and separated from the other cluster of towns by the Genoese wall, has undergone wonderful improvements of late years. It consists, for the most part, of two main streets, from which smaller and lateral streets diverge at certain points. The edifices are chiefly European; among the most remarkable, by their grandeur, are the Russian, English, and French palaces, which far surpass anything similar in the other capitals of Europe, each country having apparently selected Pera as a fitting theatre for national rivalry. The Russian Consulate is an edifice of scarcely inferior extent. The great proportion of the private houses are constructed after the quaint style of mediæval Italy, but the more recent erections have all the air of a newly-built region in Tyburnia or Belgravia. Below the town to the north-east, stretches the far extending Mussulman cemetery, thickly planted with the most magnificent cypresses, amid the branches of which the pigeon and the turtle dove securely nestle. By reason of its charming eminences and graceful undulation, it admits of being laid out in the most enchanting manner by the landscape gardener. Like Turkish cemeteries in general, it is choked, however, with corpses, many of which are so carelessly interred in the winding sheet, as to afford little or no obstacle to the inroads of the carnivorous animals which make the place their principal resort. In the outskirts of Pera are located the artillery and other military barracks, the new Mussulman college, the Greek, Armenian, and foreign

cemetery, from whence a commanding view is obtained of the Bosphorus and the Asiatic shore opposite.

The town of Galata, situated between Pera and Stamboul, was built and fortified, as every reader of Gibbon knows, by the Genoese and Venetians, to protect their increasing commerce from the vexatious supervision of Byzantine jealousy. The population consists almost exclusively of Greeks and foreigners, for the few Turks still remaining are gradually being elbowed out of the locality by their more adventurous rivals. From its position on the slope of the hill, combined with Turkish neglect, its streets are almost impassable for carriages, and the houses in most quarters have a mean and poverty-stricken appearance. It is only in the proximity of the old Venetian palace that any vestige of its former grandeur is now traceable—and at that point the massive grandeur of the more ancient edifices serves to recall the splendour of which they were once the scene. Traces of the vigilance which the Venetians observed towards their Greek allies, are still discernible on the walls of these buildings, which, to prevent surprise or treachery, were made the receptacle for their oars. Galata, like Pera, is separated from the other quarters of the metropolis by walls, which are now, in many places, on the brink of ruin.

Stamboul, only a part of which is built on the ruins of ancient Byzantium, is of itself a city of colossal size. In certain quarters the streets are comparatively straight and wide, and there it is adorned by picturesque and even handsome residences; but the larger proportion of its surface is a labyrinth of squalid huts, on which filth and every noxious matter is suffered to fester and contaminate the atmosphere *ad libitum*. With the exception of the Seraglio, the Great Bazaar, and the

Bureau of the Ministery, every public building is either the legacy, or a servile imitation, of Greek magnificence. Thus the mosque of Saint Sophia, recently restored to much of its pristine splendour, has furnished the model for all the similar edifices erected by the Turks; indeed wherever the grand and noble principles of Byzantine architecture have been departed from, the result will be found to be equally faulty and ignoble. The great bazaar, the idea of which the Turks have borrowed from their Persian neighbours, is, perhaps, without a rival in Asia—for the variety of objects to be met with within its capacious territory—but the associations connected with it are not those of progress. The idea of man's stationary habits never quits one in the East; and Turkey is no exception to the rule.

Adjoining the bazaar is the slave market. Slavery in Turkey is what many of our proletaires would accept to-morrow with eagerness. Exclusive of the question of liberty, the condition of the slave is certainly an enviable one. The free labourer, even in Turkey, has reason to begrudge him his lot—the bondman is always well fed, clothed, and housed. Often, in consequence of his unbridled temper and imperious will, he has become, from the slave, the friend and confidant; and from the friend and confidant, the virtual master of his former lord. The kidnapping, the passage, and his confinement in the market huts until a purchaser be found for him those are his only grievances.

But to revert to the mosques: St. Sophia, as I have already remarked, had just been restored at the time of my visit; and a silver medal, commemorative of the event, had been struck by the mint, and presented to the several ambassadors. In many respects, St. Sophia is without a rival even when compared wth the most

stately cathedrals of Western Europe. In all the sublimer features of art it is certainly pre-eminent. A want of unity is to be discovered in the exterior, whether in regard to the building itself, or to the style of the accessories which Turkish ignorance has appended. Externally, the larger mosques founded by the Sultans are, in most respects, superior. This remark applies not so much to the original Greek design as to the edifice in its present shape. Within, the genius of the architect reigns supreme. All else is mean beside it. The marble, the porphyry, and the exquisite embellishments, render it in that point of view unique. Over the altar-piece, in the chancel, still remains the head of the Madonna, which Turkish oversight neglected to efface; and, on that sacred relic the Greeks fondly rely, as an efficacious means for their restoration to their lost dominion. Access to the mosques is gained by a firman, which is procured for a party, previously organised for the purpose, by the head-waiter at the Hotel d'Angleterre. He contracts for a stipulated sum, varying, as the case may be, from £1 to £3 per head, himself bearing the cost attendant upon the procural of the firman, and the contingent expenses. He contrives to reap a considerable profit from the speculation, with a minimum of trouble to himself; for his whole cicerone-ship is but of three, or at the most four hours' duration. Parties on entering the mosque are obliged to take off their shoes, and put on slippers provided for the purpose.

The traveller rarely gets a sight of the interior of the seraglios except when the Sultan is from home. The objects contained within are said, however, to be in no way remarkable for taste or magnificence. The extent of ground it occupies is almost incredible. From the lattices the eye can penetrate to, and commands, a

splendid view of the Golden Horn below, the first reach of the Bosphorus, the Asiatic shore, Prince's Islands, and the Sea of Marmora. A park, the only thing of the kind in Turkey, runs along its eastern confines. The mint is within the walls of the palace; and Englishmen have the control over the higher departments. The machinery and the system generally is borrowed from England. Close to the entrance to this establishment is an elm of extreme antiquity. The interior is completely hollow, and is now converted into a shop. Adjoining the mint is the armoury, which contains some fine ancient armour, a large collection of muskets, and a small repository of the relics of Greek and Egyptian art.

The Sublime Porte is now occupied as the bureau of the ministry. From a distance, the building has a fine effect; but a nearer approach is far from awakening any feeling of enthusiasm. To enumerate all the wonders of Stamboul would of itself fill a book. To be brief: they include—besides the huge reservoir which was constructed by Constantine, for the supply of water to his capital, in the event of a blockade, or of the diversion of its external supplies by a besieging enemy—Sultan Mahmoud's tomb, the ruins of Byzantium, the seven towers, the new university facing St. Sophia, the monastic establishments, and, above all, the walls which extend several miles in circumference, and are unrivalled, whether for breadth or length. The great iron works, already alluded to, are situate at Zeitoun Bournou, one of the suburbs of Stamboul. They are complete in every detail of construction; but in the agency employed in their supervision, and the quality of available labour a complete re-organisation is necessary. A mile below the iron works is the cotton factory, in like manner super-

intended by an Englishman. These industries have given birth to a new settlement, composed of the English and Armenian mechanics, employed in the respective establishments. Some distance beyond it, commences the vast plain of Adrianople, which is much infested by bandits, who have at times ventured within the precincts of the capital, and levied contributions in its suburbs.

In the Golden Horn, Turkey possesses one of the finest and most secure harbours of the world. Up to its junction with the Sweet Waters, a distance of more than a mile and a half, it affords a depth of water sufficient to float the largest ships of war. So great, moreover, are its advantages for the construction of vessels, that all the Turkish ships of the line have been there laid down and launched as securely as in a British dock-yard. Since it is the only naval arsenal the Turks possess, it is on the most extensive scale, and gives employment to a vast number of artificers and convicts. Englishmen and Americans have been chiefly engaged of late years in the construction of Turkish vessels, too often, thanks to Turkish ingratitude and Armenian subtlety, but to consummate their ruin. The time-worn hulks of the vessels, saved after the disaster of Navarino, are still to be seen, rotting in front of the arsenal. The Turks will not hear of their being broken up, conceiving for them the same affectionate superstition as for the dolphin, which may be seen taking its somersets undisturbed by their sides; or for the flocks of seagulls, which float as securely on the Golden Horn, as the ducks on an English pond. The same humanity is extended to the dog, the Turkish scavenger; for the maintenance of which, regular endowments still exist at Constantinople. From the swarms the stranger meets in every street, lane, and alley, he

may reasonably infer that they are little inferior in number to the human population. The Greeks poison them annually by thousands, both in Pera and Galata; still they are far from exterminated, even in those localities, and the gaps are occasionally filled up from the other side of the water. The sagacity which has led these pariahs to apportion out to each other, with so clear and unerring a definition, their respective quarters, from which a departure is never known, except in the case referred to, is truly wonderful. I was previously somewhat incredulous as to this super-bestial instinct, well as the statement had been authenticated; but I had such infinite proofs of its correctness during my residence, that from ceasing to doubt a fact that was so patent to the sight, I became inspired with a feeling of awe at the unparalleled development of something like sentience in so despised an animal.

The quarter of Topkhana is distinguished by the Palace of the Sultan, which is almost entirely constructed of wood. The gardens and conservatories are laid out in the European style, and connected with the palace by a bridge thrown over the road. At no great distance stands the New Palace, now being erected for his Highness by Mr. Smith, an English architect. It is of stone, and the workmanship is in exquisite taste. Mr. Smith has been employed in most of the great buildings recently reared in Constantinople. On the opposite side of the strait and facing these palaces, stands another royal edifice of similar handsome proportions. The Sultan possesses also two chateaus on the banks of the Sweet Waters, and kiosques in all parts; so that his Highness counts as many establishments as any of his brother potentates. Like them, too, he has his expensive fancies. In their fondness for imitation the

Government have devoted a large building, near the Palace, to the maintenance of agricultural stock, for what beneficial purpose it would be difficult to indicate, the animals which are principally English, apparently enjoying their *dolce far niente* undisturbed.

I had heard so much of the premature appearance of the present Sultan, that I was agreeably surprised to see a person corresponding little to the rumours in currency. Of middle size, and slightly marked with the small-pox; but with a most benevolent physiognomy and graceful carriage withal: the young prince, though apparently displaying little of the vigour and energy requisite in the Sovereign of so disturbed a country, carries about him a means of popularity, to which his predecessors never dreamt of aspiring. The last occasion I caught sight of him, was on the festival of the Bairam. The Ramazan, or Mahommedan Lent, a period of fasting and penance, during which the Turks taste no food whatever from sunrise to sunset, had just terminated; and with the Bairam had commenced the season of rejoicing. Brilliant as the illuminations had been during the Ramazan, they became redoubled in magnificence during this festival. The Sultan heralds its advent by riding in state to the mosque of St. Sophia, as soon as it is light. That is the most remarkable holiday of the year to the enthusiastic Mussulman. The troops exchange their coarse blue serge for English scarlet cloth; their arms and horses are furbished and brightened up for the occasion; the civil and military officers don their choicest horse-trappings, on which a number of diamonds may be occasionally seen to sparkle; the Muftis and Mahommedan ecclesiastics appear in their strange costume; and a crowd of many thousand people of every nation set off the magnificent spectacle.

It was very amusing to see the horses caracoling with their riders, old bearded Turks, as plethoric as a London alderman, and arrayed for the nonce in garments which, from tightness of fit, served to render them particularly ludicrous; and, in case of their being thrown, portended a sort of tragedy.

Clean in their persons, as the Turks undoubtedly are, and constant as are the ablutions prescribed by their religion, I was surprised to find the preference they seemed to give to the most squalid and noxious localities for the enjoyment of the chibouque. Strange to say, the chibouque khans are generally on the margin of the water; and when by "the margin of the water," is understood a collection of the most putrescent matter the human imagination can picture to itself, one is at a loss to reconcile this glaring contrariety of tastes. I have noticed this peculiarity, in a less degree, in Holland, where the people are equally remarkable for cleanliness. The use of tobacco is to the Turk as essential to an existence in which contemplation and repose predominate over action, as a strong diet is to us. I have often considered how great a benefit the English statesman might reciprocate with Turkey by a reduction of the duty on that article. Turkish tobacco would, in that case, rapidly supersede every other in the English market; for not only have certain species all the desired strength of the American product, but they retain all that delightful flavour peculiar to an Eastern climate. It has long been a puzzle to the publicist, how Turkey is enabled to make her returns for the vast quantity of our manufactured goods every steamer brings her. Certain it is, that her bullion disappears almost as soon as it is coined; and were it not that the balance of exchange, both with Russia and Austria, is generally on

her side, it must ere this have become totally extinct. At present, Turkish tobacco is at an almost fabulous price in England. The better qualities are to be purchased at Constantinople, at from sixpence to tenpence a pound, and in the interior of Roumelia, I have bought some of excellent quality as low as twopence halfpenny. There is another important consideration involved in the substitution of Turkish for American tobacco: I refer to its salubrity, and the absence of expectoration and a desire for drink, both attendant upon the use of American.

Of late years, the increase of steamers plying between Constantinople and other parts of Europe, has become very remarkable. From fourteen to twenty may be now seen at one time at anchor in the Golden Horn. The largest are those of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, which has been compelled to put forth all its strength on the station, to make head against the inroads of the two Screw Steam Companies, running from London and Liverpool to this port. The Austrian Lloyd's also have taken up a no less spirited position on this line. Russian steamers run from hence to Odessa; and the French maintain two lines; one of which was set on foot by private enterprise. The Turks, some years ago, becoming jealous of the pre-eminence of foreigners in their own waters, summoned up courage to undertake a line of steamers to Trebizond, and another to Smyrna. Minor enterprises, such as between Constantinople and the villages on the Bosphorus, and Prince's Islands, have followed in their train; but it is a question of doubt, whether any one of them covers the heavy expenses inseparable from a government concern. The screw steamers have accomplished a wonderful revolution in the carrying trade, short as their career has been. Their

success has led to a corresponding reduction, on the part of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, of the before excessive cost of freight and passage. Yet an ample scope for a further diminution still remains. In consequence of the greatly lessened consumption of fuel, arising from the co-operation of sailing qualities with the powerful propulsion of the screw, that class of steamers are enabled to take, as cargo, what the paddle-wheel steamer is compelled to reject. Thus, in the spring and summer they can carry corn, the more costly species of timber, and numerous miscellanea, all productive of profit, which have hitherto been confined to merchantmen. It is highly probable, that under a more perfect organisation, they may come to supersede the rising Greek and Austrian marine in their own seas.

Previously to leaving Constantinople, I had been prostrated by a virulent intermittent fever, which had left me in a deplorable state of weakness. Two Turkish frigates were at this juncture about to sail for England; my medical adviser, happening to be one of the physicians to the sultan, kindly intimated that he would endeavour to obtain me a passage by that channel, under the impression that the odour of a steamer might prove offensive to a person in my delicate state. Unfortunately, they had broken through the regulation which prohibits the setting out on an expedition until the conclusion of the festivals; and the commander, finding himself in possession of a favourable wind, had reached Gallipoli before we could be apprised of their intentions. I was obliged, in consequence, to take passage for Malta in the *Brigand*, a screw steamer plying between this port and Liverpool. The size which this work has already attained will prevent my describing what transpired during a trip into Asia Minor;

I shall now, therefore, conclude the task I have undertaken by furnishing the reader with any novel incident that may occur on the voyage home.

With the wind in our favour, we scudded rapidly down the Sea of Marmora, and on the following morning found ourselves abreast of the town of the Dardanelles, at which vessels are compelled to wait half an hour for the necessary papers. At times, some of the steamers have taken advantage of a dark night, and cleared the channel in safety, without submitting to the required form; at times, in making the attempt, they have have experienced so sharp a fire from the castles, as to sustain the loss of the jib-boom or a top-gallant mast. The complaints of the shipping interest are not without reason, for the charges to which they are liable, to the Consuls from Smyrna to Constantinople, amount, when taken in the gross, to a heavy annual tax. After clearing Smyrna and getting into the centre of the Ægean, we were overtaken by a heavy swell from the north, which continued until we were abreast of Cape St. Angelo. Our course lay a little to the south of Ipsara and Ante-Ipsara, two apparently barren, but nevertheless thickly-peopled islands, affording tolerable anchorage to vessels, and inhabited by a frugal and industrious little Greek community, devoted to the pursuits of commerce. A considerable distance is saved by taking, as we did on this occasion, the Dora passage, through the Greek Archipelago. On arriving in the Ionian waters, we experienced the usual chopping sea and heavy swell, which a few hours' bad weather is sufficient to evoke in that locality. We approached within sight of Malta just before gun-fire in the evening. Since we had been duly signalled, we were glad to learn, on arrival, that we had saved the day, which reduced the

duration of the quarantine to a thirty-six hours' confinement on board ship. The virulence with which the cholera was at this period raging in the island, carrying off as many as twenty-five a day, was urged by my fellow-passengers as a most powerful reason to induce me to continue the voyage in their company; but as I should thereby lose the opportunity I set so much store on, of a personal inspection of the island, I resisted all their arguments, and landed as soon as possible. At Malta I remained a month, and by dint of giving myself constant employment and combining with it a sufficiency of exercise, became rather strengthened than otherwise by my sojourn, and regained much of the energy I had frittered away during the fever.

At length I embarked on the screw-steamer *Hellespont,* one of the vessels now employed in carrying the mails to the Cape of Good Hope; the wind being favourable, we made rapid way, and passed the Island of Pantellaria, a Neapolitan convict-station, early in the morning. As our course lay more to the south than that of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, we approximated close to Cape Bon, caught a distant view of the Bay of Tunis and the whole of the North African coast up to Algiers, the white buildings of which were distinctly visible in the distant horizon. As it disappeared, we were repaid by the opening vista of the bold and perpendicular steep of the Spanish coast, and the stupendous mountains in the background, one of which, the Sierra Nevada, was already capped with snow.

The Bay of Gibraltar presented a very animated appearance on our arrival. The Turkish frigates, which had given me the slip at Constantinople, having arrived

the day before us, after a long and tedious passage, were now in quarantine; the ship-chandlers, anticipating a harvest, had already been alongside to solicit orders. Imagine their mortification, then, on learning that the whole requirements of the temperate Mussulmans were limited to a supply of bread and water-melons. After taking in coals, the *Hellespont* proceeded on her passage up the Straits. We obtained a splendid view of Ceuta, Tangiers, Tarifa, Cape Spartel, and Cape Trafalgar, and the next day passed Cape St. Vincent. The Portuguese coast appeared to enjoy a verdure denied to its southern neighbour, and gladdened the heart of one weary with the lugubrious vegetation of Eastern Europe. Then followed a distant prospect of Lisbon and Cintra; soon after which we skirted the singular group of rocks called the Berlings, bade adieu to land, and were soon launched into the Bay of Biscay. No sooner were we fairly in the centre, than a heavy swell from the Atlantic, occasioned by the autumnal equinox, burst suddenly upon us; and a stiff breeze from the south-west, setting in at the same time, combined to test the sailing as well as steaming qualities of our little craft. Her sharp proportions, the lightness of her draught, and her peculiar buoyancy, operated also to call out all her beauty, as she scudded before the wind, at the rate of fourteen or fifteen miles an hour. Ere we had made the chops of the Channel, our increasing proximity to the hazy atmosphere and weeping climate of Albion became unmistakeably evident, and called up the reminiscences of a home, a return to which had more than once appeared problematical. My family, which could scarcely have failed to read the announcement in the continental journals of my arrest and confinement by a

merciless enemy, could only recently have learnt of my escape and safety: perhaps even I might be the first to bear the tidings of my deliverance. Those only who have themselves incurred perils, can fully appreciate the sentiments by which one is animated when, under such circumstances, one again steps on the shores of one's father-land.

APPENDIX.

Correspondence with Prince Schwarzenberg.

(A)

Copy of a Letter from Baron Werner to Mr. Pridham.

Vienne, Août 2, 1849.

Monsieur,—Monsieur le Président du Conseil des Ministres, Prince de Schwarzenberg, a reçu la lettre que vous lui avez adressée en date d'hier. Son Altesse me charge, en réponse, de rappeler à votre souvenir, Monsieur, la conversation qu'elle a eue avec vous à l'occasion de votre demande d'un passeport pour la Hongrie. Vous vous souviendrez qu'alors le Prince vous a représenté, que c'était dans votre propre intérêt, et par des motifs d'humanité, pour ainsi dire, qu'il vous refusait les moyens de vous rendre sur la scène d'une guerre civile terrible, où l'étranger, qui n'a rien à y voir, était exposé sans remède à des dangers de tout genre, et à des complications d'autant plus grandes. Ce qui vient de vous arriver, confirme la justice des présages du Prince de Schwarzenberg.

En quittant la route, qui vous était tracée dans votre passeport, visé pour Trieste ; en vous aventurant à travers champs vers les confins du pays insurgé ; en passant ces

confins sur un point éloigné des grandes voies de communication, vous avez dû nécessairement exciter les soupçons des autorités civiles et militaires chargées de surveiller rigoureusement la frontière. Si les mesures, que, pourtant, elles ont dû prendre à votre égard, vous ont été désagréables, vous ne les pouvez attribuer qu'à un état de choses qui vous était connu d'avance. M. le Prince de Schwarzenberg, tout en regrettant vivement les désagrémens auxquels vous avez été en butte, se voit donc hors d'état de contribuer à ce qu'ils soient réparés.

Recevez, Monsieur, je vous prie, les assurances de ma parfaite considération.

WERNER,
Sous-Secrétaire d'Etat.

À M. CHARLES PRIDHAM.
Stadt Hotel de Trieste.

(B)

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Pridham to Prince Schwarzenberg.

Stadt Hotel de Trieste, August 5, 1849.

May it please your Highness, — The present critical state of the relations subsisting between Great Britain and Austria, and the natural desire to in no way complicate, by a question of personal interest, matters already sufficiently embarrassing, have led me maturely to consider the best course to pursue on this occasion, in reference to the treatment I have experienced within the Austrian dominions. Your Highness could scarcely expect me to be satisfied with the letter Baron Werner has done me the honour to address me, seeing that the argument employed therein, and which I may observe, *en passant*, is strained to the utmost, affects neither the

duration of my arrest, nor the cruelties suffered at the hands of the Austrian police. I was at some pains to give your Highness a detailed and circumstantial account of my treatment, principally with the design of anticipating such general reasoning, which cannot in this case be said to apply, from the almost entire absence of the circumstances therein assumed.

Leaving general reasoning, then, I may just remind your Highness, *that several other travellers passed through Friedberg on the day of my arrival in perfect safety;* that my passport had been several times examined, and was found to be correct; that for miles to the east and west of Friedberg, the population is entirely German, and though geographically a part of Hungary, it is as tranquil a state as any part of Styria; that there were several Austrian posts to the east of Friedberg, all of which I must have had to pass to accomplish the object attributed to me; that the scene of war is far removed from this place; that the slight deflection I made from the general route in no way affected my position, as I contrived to make myself generally understood; that my explanations, and the verification of them furnished by my passport, were of themselves a proof of innocence, which should have silenced suspicion; that upon nothing having been found upon me, I should have been allowed to proceed to Warasdin; that no excuse can be found for the refusal of pens, ink, and paper, on the part of the man Hansch (who perfectly understood everything I required), even if I had been an Hungarian spy, because they are conceded to all prisoners in every country; that even if I had been an Hungarian spy, there was no occasion, and it was unlawful, to employ the cruelties which have been perpetrated on this occasion; that among all nations, calling themselves civilised, the establishment of an exceptional state of things, should lead to a more lenient interpretation and administration of the law; and that, irrespective of the violation of the law of nations in my person, the *Austrian* law has *itself* been violated. It is not always the case that justice is compatible with sound policy; but, in this

instance, they admit of being brought into unison. It has been well remarked by an eminent jurist, that the refusal of redress, where demanded by justice, may be attributed either to the weakness or tyranny of a government. In the present situation of Austria, it will certainly not be urged as a proof of its strength in England; but rather as an evidence of the desire to assume an appearance not justified by fact, and by which the ignorant can alone be deceived.

Wherefore, I pray your Highness to accord the very moderate demands I made in my letter of the 1st instant, which I am bound to maintain and follow up through all their consequences, equally as an Englishman and a man of honour.

I have the honour to remain,

Your Highness's most obedient humble Servant,

CHARLES PRIDHAM.

HIS HIGHNESS THE PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG,
Hôtel des Affaires Etrangéres.

(C)

An unsuccessful, but deeply-laid, scheme to poison Kossuth was detected during his stay at Viddin. A short time previously to my arrival at Constantinople, another conspiracy, having for its object, the assassination of Kossuth, and the other chiefs of the Magyar emigration, had been laid bare in all its hideous details, through the instrumentality of the Correspondent of the *Morning Herald* in that capital. The plot had been frustrated at the outset through the well-grounded suspicions of Kossuth and his followers; but it was reserved for the gentleman in question to unravel the web of mystery in which the affair had been shrouded, and to trace to the highest quarter, the Austrian Ambassador himself, the concoction and direction of this infernal project.

The reader familar with the current events of that eventful period, will recollect that the Vienna Correspondent of a leading journal, but too notoriously known for its leaning to absolutism, in referring to the widely spread rumour of the conspiracy, contented himself with simply chronicling it, and informing the public that it was not for him, but for the Austrian government, to refute it. The subject was never again mooted by him, for the best of reasons, and the Austrian government, aware that its machinations had been rendered perfectly transparent through the agency above referred to, maintained a discreet silence. Fortunately for the perpetrators of this diabolical scheme, public opinion in Western Europe, indifferent as might be its estimate of Austrian honour, refused to believe in the commission of so atrocious an act in this enlightened age, and the meditated assassination of the helpless exiles soon floating down the stream of time along with other dark and sinister rumours, passed into oblivion. The Author was made conversant with the means adopted to trace the conspirators, and learnt the fullest particulars from the person a (Greek), engaged in unravelling the affair. To succeed in his object, the latter was obliged to have recourse to stratagem; and being furnished with a key to the mystery, and to the character of the parties engaged in it, he soon wormed himself so far into their confidence as to be actually supposed an accomplice in the plot. I am not aware whether any one of the parties implicated in this nefarious transaction received the punishment they deserved at the hands of the Turkish government. The Porte doubtless felt the peril it would incur in venturing on ground of so dangerous a character, to which fate might fix no assignable limit, and with more prudence than resolution, only noticed the matter to express their abhorrence and detestation of it. The Austrian Internuncio,* as soon as

* The attempt upon the life of Kossuth was not the only criminal act by which this person contrived to render himself notorious. An inhabitant of Fiume, who had acted as a sort of agent for the Hungarians

the storm had somewhat subsided, confessed, as I am informed, his privity to the transaction, and apologized for it on the hollow and absurd ground that it had been designed to show Kossuth and his companions the futility of making any attempt to escape. If such were the case, the persecution soon afterwards set on foot by the Ambassador against the individual who had unmasked his treachery, was equally unwise and inexplicable. The Internuncio has since deemed it prudent to resign the post he so long held at the Ottoman Porte, for he could not but perceive how altered a reception he experienced at the hands of the whole community, accustomed as it might be to the narrative of Oriental treachery; nor could he be altogether blind to the superior influence of England, which had gained for Bem and Guyon the military command of two important provinces.

(D)

In the course of my wanderings, I had ample opportunities of forming a correct opinion as to the character, habits, and qualifications of those employed in the command of our merchant navy. With some few exceptions, they are a disgrace to the country. A more gross, incapable, and debauched class of persons cannot be said to exist.

As a proof of the justice of these remarks, it is sufficient to state, that when the English captain is thrown by chance into the company of the French, Greek, or Italian, his society is studiously avoided by them all, as that of a being unfit to move in a civilised sphere. The same observation applies

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in Smyrna, and had been the means of supplying them with arms, was claimed as a felon by the Austrian Consul at the latter place, at the instigation of the Internuncio. Seized and torn from the altar of a church, in which he had taken refuge, he was, to the horror of the people conducted on board one of Lloyd's steamers, and carried to Trieste.

ROYAL BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

equally well to the common sailor. When brought into contact with the foreigner of the same class, no fusion ensues of taste or sympathies; the Englishman becomes as isolated from the gentler and more refined stranger, as his own island is from the Continent of Europe.

I am satisfied, moreover, after a close observation of the character of our merchant captains, that the shipper is too often grossly defrauded in the ports of the East, by collusive dealings between the ship-chandlers and captains, and that the expenses of the voyage might be considerably reduced, were a more vigilant eye kept on the expenditure of a ship while she remains in port. These are points deserving of regard, at a moment when our commercial marine is called upon to enter into a serious competition with the foreigner.

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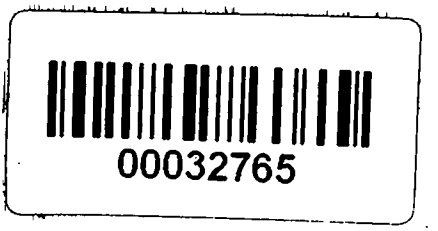
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